JUNE 4,
1938

Liberty

5¢

FTER SPAIN
–WHAT?
y H.G. Wells

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HER
GENTLEMAN
SECRETARY:
A Novel of
psy-Turvy Love
in 1938
by Dorothy
Speare

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WHAT IS
VRONG WITH
AMERICAN
YOUTH?
by Father
natius W. Cox

ROBERT G HARRIS

Henry Picard LOOKS THE SITUATION OVER

"I've never favored one particular cigarette, Mr. Picard. I can see *you* do though. Do you find Camels *different?*"

"Camels are *distinctly* different from other cigarettes, Mr. Stahl, different in many ways. I appreciate their natural smoothness and mildness — the mildness that's easy on the throat. Camels never tire my taste. Camels *agree* with me. They *do* — from *all* angles. I hear so many golfers praise them. Camels never get on your nerves. Most top-flight golfers I know smoke Camels. They set you right!"

Picard's game seems effortless. He's a long driver — in a tight spot, a heady strategist. "A cigarette, too, has to be sized up from a lot of angles," he says.

FAMOUS GOLFERS — men who need steady hands for that winning stroke — and millions of people under the strain of everyday life, all appreciate this fact: CAMELS SET YOU RIGHT! Smoke Camels—see why they are different from other cigarettes. Note particularly the greater pleasure you get from Camel's *costlier tobaccos!*

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IT'S CAMELS for Mike Maguire, tunnel engineer. Bossing 200 men deep under mud and water means, as Mike puts it: "I can't risk 'jangled nerves.' I stick to Camels."

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TOBACCO PLANTERS SAY:

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Top prices, that's what J. B. Jackson, successful planter, got from the Camel buyer last year. He says: "Camel pays more to get the best tobacco. That means finer tobaccos for Camels. I say cigarette quality has got to be grown in tobacco."

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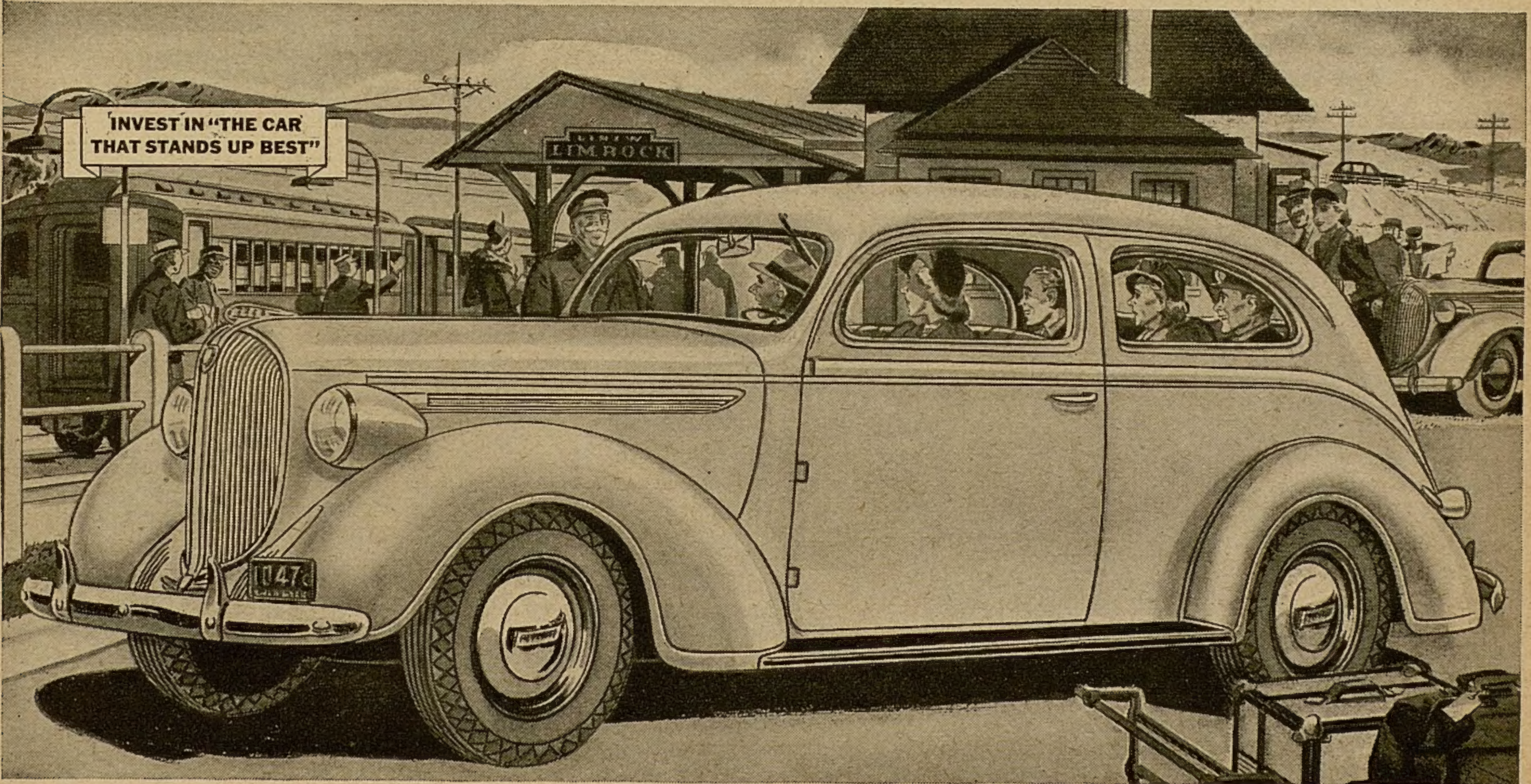
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PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

THE "ROADKING"
THE "DE LUXE"

JUNE 4, 1938

Liberty

VOL. 15, NO. 23

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

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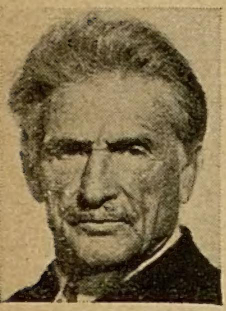
ROBERT S. STAPLES
ART EDITOR

UNIONISM THAT WOULD SWEEP THE COUNTRY LIKE A FOREST FIRE



BERNARR MACFADDEN

"United we stand, divided we fall!" has been quoted on numerous occasions, and the deduction arising from consideration of this quotation indicates the importance of organization.

An organized body which works in unison tremendously increases its potential power. It multiplies its accomplishments. No one will question that Unionism has tremendously benefited the wage earners. Its influence has bettered working conditions . . . raised their wages . . . given them a feeling of independence they did not previously possess.

The fight between Capital and Labor has always been in evidence. The desire for more and still more wages or profits influences both employer and employees. Capital wants as much as it can secure in profits. Labor wants as much as it can get in wages. And there should be no special objection to such desires for either Capital or Labor. They are entitled to all they can legitimately earn.

But when Capital is given too much power, it usually becomes greedy and grasping; and when Labor is given an excess of power, identically the same situation prevails.

Unionism has grown in recent years through following a policy of dividing employer and employees into two separate warring camps. Such a policy is ruinous not only to Capital but to the employees as well.

In times of unusual prosperity, when business promotes itself . . . when there is no need of spending money or making unusual efforts to advance business activity . . . such a policy may continue for a limited period without greatly harming either Capital or Labor; but ultimately such a policy is disastrous.

Every business organization is a separate unit. It might fittingly be compared to an army fighting for its existence in the business world; and an army without a general or a business without a capable boss is headed toward the scrap heap.

Every unit in a great business enterprise has particular duties to perform, and the management should at all times be guided and influenced by a desire to do everything possible to build and improve the business.

And when Unionism tries to take away the authority of the general or boss in a business army, the foundation of the business is undermined, and to follow such a policy would ultimately lessen the amount of money available for the payment of wages. . . . All this would ultimately mean layoffs or reduced wages.

Now, suppose we had a Union that would simply reverse the present policy which divides employers and employees into separate camps. Instead of sending around agitators to spread dissatisfaction among employees, suppose this Union had a group of representatives who would visit business establishments in which these men were working. Their first conference would be with the employer, and he would be approached in this manner:

"I represent the Union, and I am here to ask you what our Union, which includes the men in your employ, can do to help your business . . . to promote your business to help you earn more profits. We realize that by helping your business we are helping ourselves. With greater financial returns you will doubtless employ more men; ultimately you may be able to pay more wages."

The listening employer might fall off his chair with surprise, but he would probably take such a representative into his full confidence, and such an organization should become a powerful fighting unit. And suppose a careful investigation should indicate that it was necessary to reduce wages substantially in order to save the jobs of the employees.

Would it not be far better to make such a reduction to tide over an emergency than to force the business into bankruptcy and leave all the employees jobless?

Such a policy, instead of having sour faces, with angry menacing workers, would bring joy in that business household; and, what is of outstanding importance, the workers in such an establishment would not only be more secure in their jobs, but they would be sure of a fair deal, for the entire business would then be more like a family affair.

Maybe the possibility of such a Union is a wild dream, but it would certainly represent a move in a constructive direction, and it is highly recommended to William Green and other great labor leaders.

Bernarr Macfadden

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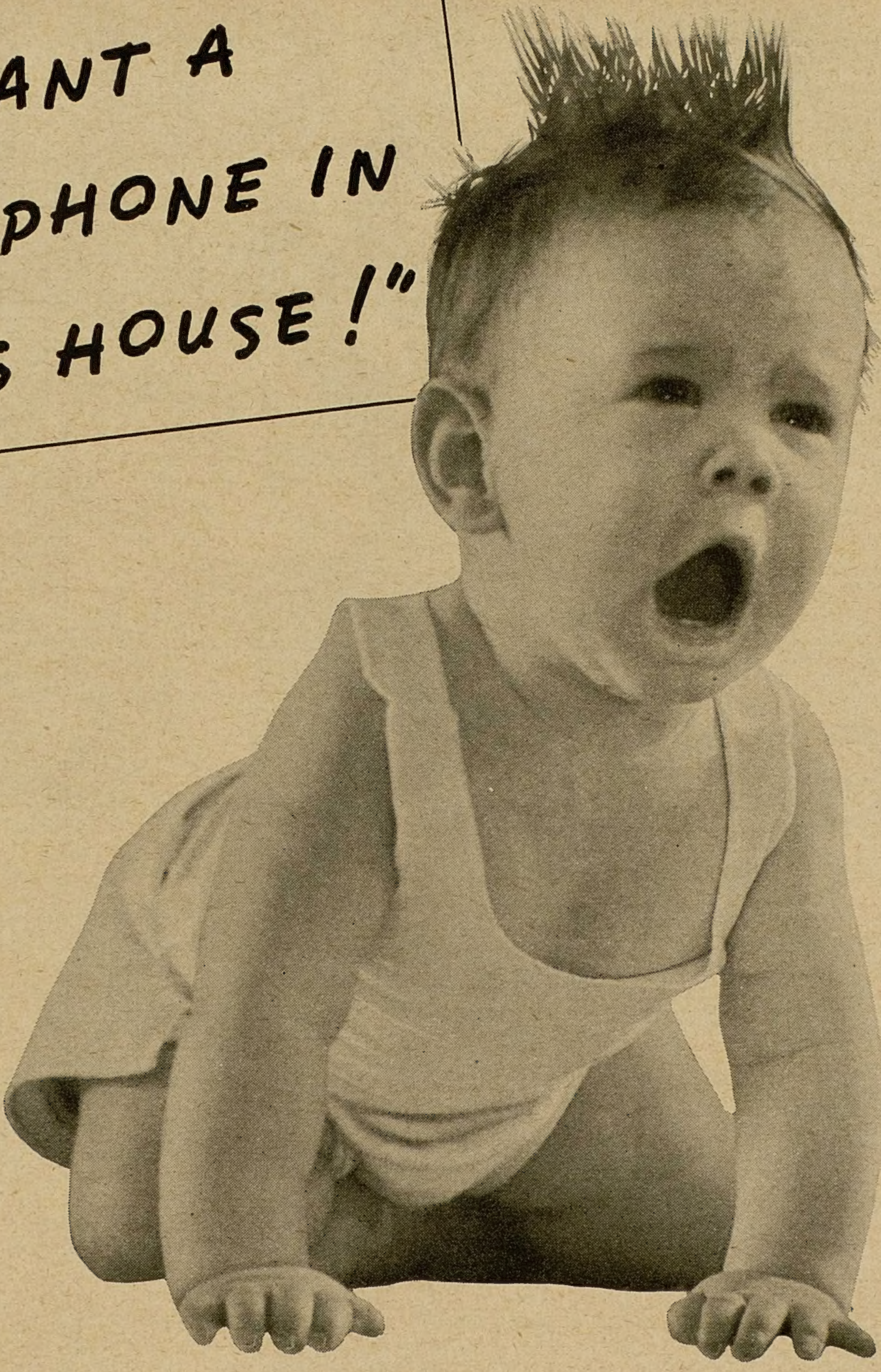
"I WANT A TELEPHONE IN THIS HOUSE!"



"Suppose I get sick? After all, I'm only human. And if I do get a touch of colic . . . or have a nervous breakdown . . . do you know what'll bring it on? Worry! Yes, sir, worrying about how long it would take us to get the doctor if anything should happen.

"Or suppose a pipe bursts in the bathroom? Or a burglar comes along? When something like that happens you don't write a letter, or go after help on horseback. No, sir. You hop to a telephone!

"And what about my mother? She's got marketing to do. Sometimes she needs to get in touch with Dad during the day. And there are errands to be run. Well, she can't do all those things without a telephone . . . and at the same time give me the attention I expect.

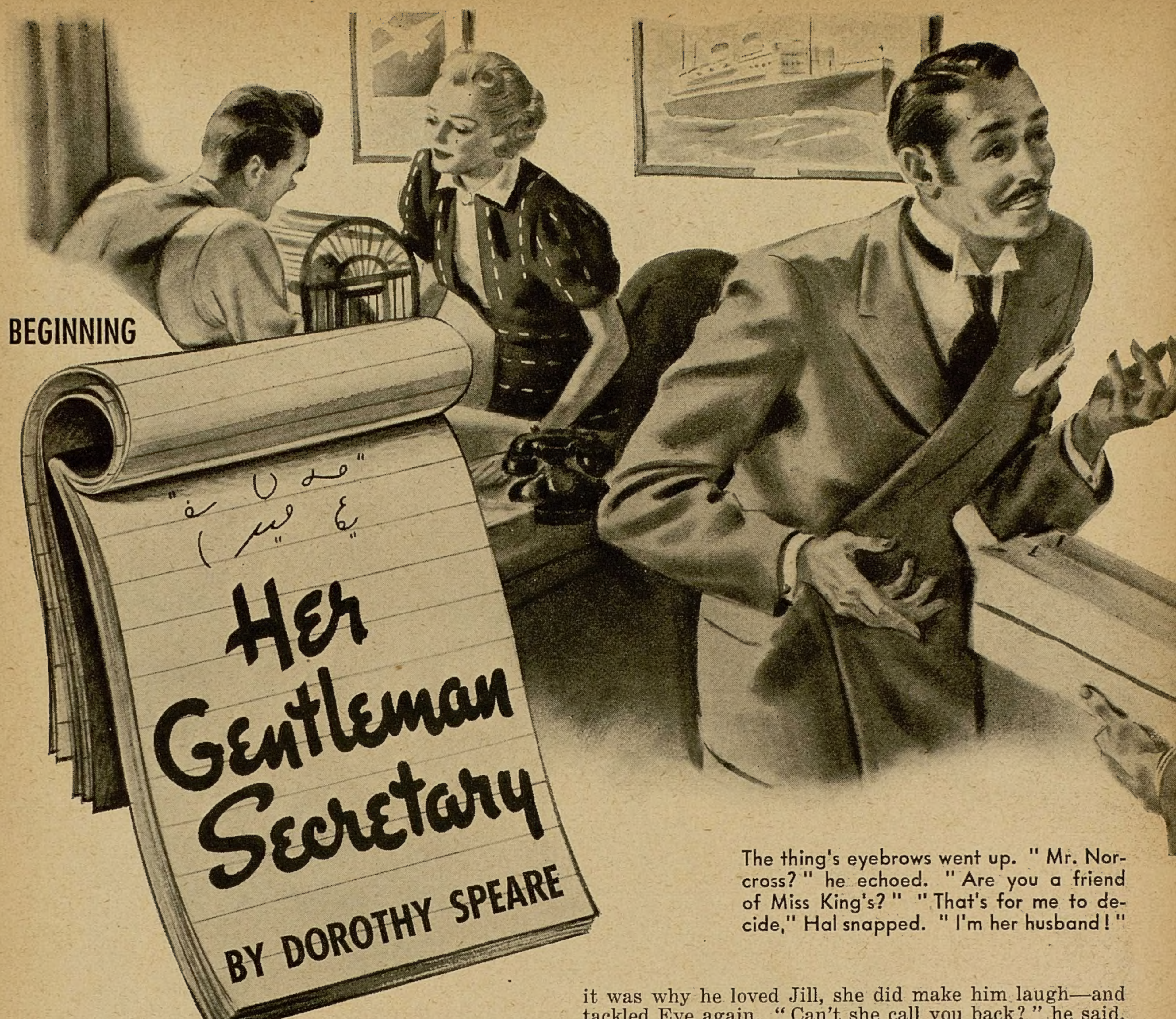
"All Dad needs to do to have a telephone is get in touch with the Business Office. I'd do it myself if I could just get out. But I can't. So is it any wonder that worry is keeping me awake half the day?"

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

BEGINNING

Her Gentleman Secretary

BY DOROTHY SPEARE



The thing's eyebrows went up. "Mr. Norcross?" he echoed. "Are you a friend of Miss King's?" "That's for me to decide," Hal snapped. "I'm her husband!"

READING TIME • 25 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

PART ONE—A STRANGER SENT FROM HEAVEN

THE telephone woke Hal as he was dreaming of a newspaper publicity idea for Sanders-Fifth Avenue Department Store, of which he was advertising manager. He struggled up through fathoms of sleep, trying to hang on to his idea as he came, and seized the witch-like black instrument on the table by the bed to choke off its ringing so it wouldn't wake Jill, who was still curled into a little mound by his big side.

"Hello," he mumbled in a voice that couldn't quite bring together the ragged edges of the night before, while he glanced accusingly at the clock on the table, that pointed to the ghastly hour of half past seven.

"Hello," rasped a peevish female voice that he had no difficulty in recognizing as Eve Danforth's, Jill's partner in the King-Danforth Travel Agency. "Hello, Hal. Can I speak to Jill?"

"She's asleep, Eve. We were out late." He looked down at the mop of honey-colored hair that stuck up at him from the pillow; for Jill slept on her stomach and he couldn't ever see her face. He thought for a moment of how dainty and pitiful she looked like that, and of how last night she'd had the strength of a hyena, keeping him up till all hours after the party to fight about a completely inconsequential girl. He grinned at that—it was why he loved Jill, she did make him laugh—and tackled Eve again. "Can't she call you back?" he said.

"No, she can't!" snapped Eve. "We're in an office emergency and there's no time to waste!"

Reluctantly Hal put down the receiver and reached for Jill. Drowsily she turned to meet his kiss. . . . "Darling," he said, "the telephone."

She opened her eyes then and laughed at his rueful tone and reluctantly took up the telephone. "Hello," she said in her deep husky voice which always surprised everybody, coming out of such a fragile little creature. Everybody, that was, except Eve Danforth, who barked back at her from the other end of the wire:

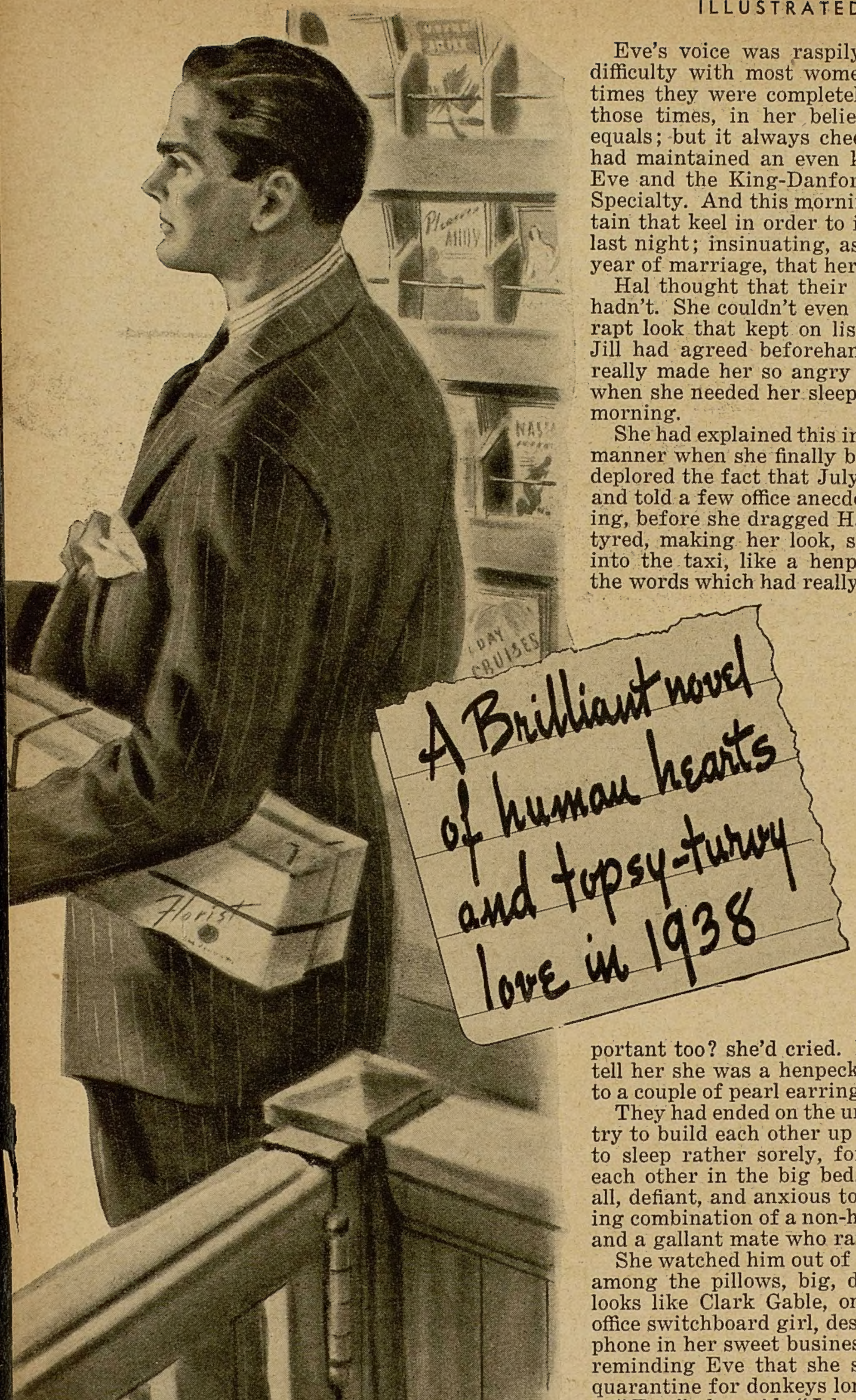
"Don't say hello to me! Do you know that Sicilian donkey we promised to deliver in Tucson on Friday has got to be quarantined for ten days in New Jersey? I just met the boat and they won't even let me see him!"

"Oh." Jill sat up in bed with a jerk, her melting, prankish face hardening into a sun that blazed concentration plus the forbearance necessary for true business efficiency. Hal flopped back on his side of the bed and began to try to remember the idea he'd been dreaming about when the telephone interrupted. But Jill's husky voice kept coming through his searches:

"Well, we've got to deliver; it's that little boy's birthday on Friday and we promised. You'll have to go down to Mott Street and find some one with a Sicilian donkey and get him to swap his for the one in quarantine, that's all."

"Oh, that's all, is it?" cried Eve. "I suppose you think Sicilian donkeys grow like hydrants on the sidewalks of New York? I suppose you think—"

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF



A Brilliant novel of human hearts and topsy-turvy love in 1938

Eve's voice was raspily, femininely hysterical. That was the difficulty with most women in business, Jill thought. At certain times they were completely unreasonable. It discouraged her, at those times, in her belief that women should be men's career equals; but it always cheered her again to think of herself, who had maintained an even keel through four years of coping with Eve and the King-Danforth Travel Agency, Eccentric Service a Specialty. And this morning she was particularly anxious to maintain that keel in order to impress Hal, after the way he had acted last night; insinuating, as he had done for the first time in their year of marriage, that her career was making her unattractive.

Hal thought that their fight had been over another girl, but it hadn't. She couldn't even remember the redhead's name, with her rapt look that kept on listening to Hal for hours when Hal and Jill had agreed beforehand to leave the party early. What had really made her so angry was the fact that she was kept up late when she needed her sleep to start a big day at the office the next morning.

She had explained this in what she thought was a perfectly casual manner when she finally broke in upon the pair. She'd even airily deplored the fact that July was the rush season in travel agencies, and told a few office anecdotes just to show there was no hard feeling, before she dragged Hal off—Hal acting silent and nobly martyred, making her look, she told him indignantly when they got into the taxi, like a henpecking wife. That was when he'd said the words which had really started the fight:

"You may not be an ordinary henpecker. But I'd call it henpecking à la career woman to wear your job like a couple of pearl earrings all the time, the way you do, even when you go out with me at night."

This, when he'd always said her career made her more interesting to him; when it was one of the reasons, he'd said, that he'd fallen in love with her!

She'd been so hurt that she had gone sarcastic. Did he want her to be a Little Woman, she'd cried, who sat around lapping up his every word? Did he want her to be like that redhead?

To which he'd said, "She made me feel important. You never do any more."

How about his making her feel important too? she'd cried. How did he suppose it made her feel to tell her she was a henpecking career woman, and liken her career to a couple of pearl earrings, at that?

They had ended on the uncertain note of deciding that they would try to build each other up more in the future. And they had gone to sleep rather sorely, for the first time turning their backs to each other in the big bed. She felt defiant now, remembering it all, defiant, and anxious to show him that she was a rare fascinating combination of a non-henpecking sweet little feminine creature and a gallant mate who ran a business with sterling efficiency.

She watched him out of the corner of her eye as he lounged back among the pillows, big, dark, with quizzical slits of eyes—"He looks like Clark Gable, only with a sense of humor," Ellen, the office switchboard girl, described him—and she spoke into the telephone in her sweet business voice that successfully refrained from reminding Eve that she should have looked into the question of quarantine for donkeys long before this.

"Eve," she said, "I have my own problems this morning, and the donkey is yours. Don't forget to take along the painted harness for fit, and call me later!"

She hung up and turned to Hal. "Did you see my iron self-control?" she inquired.

Hal blinked, coming up with a jerk from the fathoms where he had just started to remember his idea. "What?" he said.

"A thing like that is all her fault, and she starts yelling at me on top of it," said Jill, "and here I sit as cool as a cucumber!"

"On the 6th of July, too," said Hal. "You're wonderful."

He was doing this, she thought, more and more lately. Making fun of her when she had to appreciate herself because he wouldn't. Her beseeching glance sharpened.

"I may not be wonderful," she cried, "but I like to be told so just as much as you do by your redheads! I need it, what's more, just as any man does who has to go out and work and strive in the world! The trouble with us is, we're a couple of business men, and we both need a wife!"

She had thought she was going to make this a tragic utterance. But he was laughing, as he so often did at her; and making her laugh too, until he reached out one big arm and drew her to him.

"So you think you need a wife, do you?" he said. "Come here." . . .

There were no more resentments or qualifying thoughts when she finally opened her eyes again to the new vision of this familiar room which struck her with almost a blinding poignancy at such times. The curtains of crisp white Swiss dotted with red; the Salem chest of Old Meeting-House maple with its plain little mirror over it; her maple desk; Hal's dresser; the red and green ship's lamps; the whole room copied from a department-store budget-shop model because she had no time to select and plan house details for herself. But today, stealing into place under her half-open eyes, it had an enchanted light from this enchanted moment; it was the familiar and well loved stage set for the great romance of Hal and Jill Norcross.

Softly she got out of bed. He put out his arm toward her. "Darling," he murmured sleepily. "Let me get up and get breakfast with you."

This was only a gesture, and they both knew it. Iris, their maid, came in from Harlem by the day, but not before nine o'clock.

"You stay right where you are," Jill said, as she always did. "If you really want to help, you can call your goofy explorer friend who brings animals back alive and ask him if he can get a line on a Sicilian donkey."

He was so far drowned that he had almost reached that idea again, but this brought him back. "That's a thought," he said; "Gus Kinsey might be the very man."

She didn't know, since he never told her those things, that she had interrupted an idea of his three times by now. Instead, she found herself thinking, as she hulled strawberries and put coffee on to boil, that there was no reason Hal should not get the breakfast for her, in place of the other way around; or at least share the work, as he had insincerely offered to do.

Resolutely she tried to whip herself back into that exalted Swiss-curtain mood. But the kitchen seemed full of small annoyances this morning, such as there being no clean doily for the breakfast tray because Iris had been too busy doing up their clothes lately to wash the table linen. It took a great deal of attention to keep two people's clothes neat and successful for office wear. Of course a wife generally did that for her husband. But Jill didn't waste any time feeling sorry for Hal because he didn't have some one like that. She was thinking instead of how much she'd like some one like that for herself.

BY the time she brought the tray to the bedroom she was seeing herself as a brave uncomplaining little woman who turned herself inside out for her handsome, heartless husband, feeding and clothing him as well as toiling in an office all day so he could go out and be fascinating to redheaded women at night. She put down the tray on the bed and gazed at Hal with a teary, martyred look; and Hal, who knew her well enough to realize that she was dramatizing something, said with a heartless grin, "Is this something terrible I've done, or is it something I'm going to do?"

"There are times," she said, with dignity, "when I get tired of laughing with you about me. Did you call Gus Kinsey?"

"I did. He's over in Brooklyn with a circus, and can't be reached unless we call on him among the elephants."

"Well, won't you do it, darling, please?" she said. "Just on your way to work? You can be a little late!"

The cheerful grin disappeared from his face. It was so seldom that he looked at her without any smile at all that she felt almost frightened of his eyes opening from their usual quizzical slits. "Listen, Jill," he said. "I do a lot of little odd chores for you and for your business. The business ones have got to stop. I'm supposed to be holding down a job of my own, you know. Right now an idea that I dreamed about that I've been trying to remember all morning has just come to me, and I'd like to try it on you, if you could take your mind off Sicilian donkeys for a moment."

"There is no need to make an issue of the thing, as if you expected me to fight about it," she said coldly, while telling herself that she must be gallant and not begin to mention how many chores, including that breakfast just eaten, she'd done for him. "It just shows that you needn't have laughed when I said we both needed a wife."

"I am quite satisfied with mine," he said.

His look had softened and was rushing out to her in a way that always ended with her going to him as if drawn by a magnet, when suddenly the telephone let out a sharp squeal. Slowly he turned and went to it, while she stood frustrated on the wing.

"Hello," he said. "Oh, hello, Mike."

She felt tears of disappointment and rage burn in her eyes, and darted into the closet so he would not see them. Mike was Hal's kid brother, who called himself an explorer in order to make other people pay for his travels; to whose cockeyed adventuring ideas Hal gave more time and money than he could afford; to whom Hal gave more attention than he did to her, Jill, his patient undemanding little working-girl wife.

Emerging fully dressed in three minutes flat—no record for her—Jill heard Hal say, "All right, Mike, I'll be there. Keep your shirt on till then."

Hanging up, he looked at her rather anxiously as she seized hat, gloves, and bag, and stood facing him with the challenging expression of a ship's figurehead. "Darling," he said, "Mike wants me to meet him for dinner tonight. He's in sort of a jam. Do you mind?"

"Oh, certainly not," she said. "I'm used to doing for myself with no assistance—which Mike will never be!"

Blindly she turned and rushed out.

AT four o'clock in the afternoon she was still doing for herself and bathed in equal parts of sweat and self-pity. It was the hottest July 6 in years, and everybody was going abroad. There had been so many telephone calls and office visits that the soup she had ordered in for lunch still stood untouched by her typewriter. To add to the usual frenzy of the travel-agency rush season, everything had gone wrong. Eve hadn't appeared all day; Symphorosa O'Shea, Jill's secretary, had announced that she was leaving at the end of the week to be married; and Hal hadn't called, as he usually did every day, and, in spite of her telling herself she didn't want to hear from him, her heart was wearing itself out with sickening lurches every time the telephone rang. She had a blinding headache, through which it was no relief to glare across her desk at Symphorosa.

"Why can't you get married after the rush season's over?" she snapped, continuing a conversation they had not had time to finish several hours ago. "Or marry and keep on with your job, the way I do?"

"Well, the way you do, Miss King, I don't think I could, not and do justice to Archie in the home," said Symph. "And I have to take him while he's in the mood; he's the kind always sends things back to the stores."

Jill looked at Symph suspiciously, but the telephone interrupted. Then Walter, the office errand boy and general leg man, had appeared with a complaint from a client he'd just dropped off at the Queen Mary, who hadn't known his inside room was going to be as inside as all that. This was Eve's client, not Jill's; and Eve's secretary, Susie Carey, who was as bad as Symph about attending to anything on her own hook, now came over from her desk to ask if Miss King would please take one of Miss Danforth's telephone calls. Suddenly Jill felt as if something had snapped in her hot throbbing head. She found herself shouting at Susie instead of using the polite business voice of which she was so proud.

"No, I won't take any more of Miss Danforth's calls! Tell them to go pound sand, or wait till she chooses to favor this office with her presence—I don't care!"

Vaguely she was aware that Eve had entered the office in time to hear her, but she didn't care. Eve loped over to her desk with a tread that seemed to scorch the floor. She was a tall dark attractive girl, usually an excellent foil for Jill's small fair prettiness; but today her face was streaked with heat and fatigue, her black linen dress crushed, and her back hair out of curl. In her long graceful hands she bore the Sicilian painted harness, which she was waving wrathfully at Jill.

"This is the last straw!" she cried. "I come back here after a day of having to treat East Side donkeys like Cinderellas, and find you insinuating that I'm probably playing hookey from the office! It's the last thing I'll ever do for you, Jill King—from now on you can promote your own Eccentric Service ideas!"

"Oh, is that so?" cried Jill. "Who consented to handle that donkey in the first place, and then forgot about the little matter of quarantine? You—not I! Who has all the eccentric ideas around here and then falls down on them? Who—"

Eve suddenly burst into tears. "I've never heard you use such a tone of voice," she sobbed. "It's too much to come in after the day I've spent—and it being such a bad time for me too—and be spoken to like that! I'm going home to bed—and you can find a donkey yourself!"

She threw the harness down on Jill's desk and swept from the office in a rumpled whirl. Susie followed. Jill held her head and mournfully gazed at the wall on which there hung a steamship-line poster of a capable-jawed Apollo in British ship's officer's uniform with the legend appended: "It's Still Men that Count."

DOROTHY SPEARE

Massachusetts born, and a graduate of Smith College, wrote her first novel, Dancers in the Dark, in 1922, then went abroad after its publication to complete operatic training begun in Boston and New York. She made her operatic debut in Italy in 1926, and followed it with appearances in opera and in concert in America. During the years of her singing career she wrote short stories, articles, three novels, and a play which later became Grace Moore's motion picture, One Night of Love. Writing contracts with film companies kept her in Hollywood for three years. Then, in 1934, she came East and married Charles J. Hubbard of Boston.

"At times like this," she said, "I'm afraid they do."

She didn't expect Symph, who was sitting chinlessly opposite her again, to get this crack. But Symph fooled her.

"I'm glad you feel that way, Miss King," she said. "Because the gentleman who wants to be your secretary has been waiting for some little time."

"What—did—you—say?" gasped Jill. "A man—my secretary?"

Turning to follow Symph's uncertain gaze, she looked down the long room. On the bench beside the office switchboard there sat a man with sleek light-brown hair that came down on his rather pale oblong face in sideburns. He wore spats, and a gray suit that curved in at the waist, and fawn-colored gloves, and a cane. He was turned toward Ellen, the office switchboard girl, so that Jill could not see the color of his eyes; only that he had a hawklike profile that made him look a little like a prince in a Viennese operetta.

For a moment Jill had an awful feeling that she was actually touched by the heat. Desperately she stared back at Symph.

"I told you about it this morning," said that young lady. "About getting acquainted with this gentleman while I was sitting on a park bench waiting for Archie and this gentleman was just sitting. Don't you remember? He and I got sort of talking, because he was sympathetic about Archie being always late, and I said I was leaving to marry Archie, and he said he needed a job—"

It was, as Eve had said some time ago, the last straw. "Do you think I'm running an employment agency for gigolos who sit on park benches?" cried Jill. "Do you think I'd ever have a man secretary, anyway?"

She must have been shouting again. The astounding creature had stopped talking to Ellen and was coming over to them. He walked gracefully, and his trousers were as much too baggy as his waist was too tight. His face, above a wing collar that must have melted on any other man today, looked paler than it had across the room; but he was smiling, and he had excellent healthy white teeth.

"Miss King," he said, "please do not blame this young lady for my coming here. It was I who made the suggestion. She would have so little to do with it that, in effect, I have been sitting here for quite a long time."

He spoke with a foreign accent and in a voice that was so gentle that Jill felt reassured. She blinked, and answered him in a calmer tone:

"I've no intention of blaming her, but I'm sorry you had to sit there so long for nothing. It's true I'll have to find a new secretary; but I don't want a man for one, you see, no matter how well qualified he might be."

"I do see," he said in that reassuring voice, while he stood very straight in front of her, more than ever like that prince in the Viennese operetta. "And I am not, anyway, so well qualified as many you could find, I am sure. I can typewrite, but very fast dictation is something to which I am not accustomed, having only worked as secretary before to an elderly scholar who was translating a long book from the Russian."

"Oh," said Jill; "so you're Russian."

He bowed. "Dmitri Vasilofski, at your service, Miss King. But I forget—it is not at your service, after all, is it? . . . So, I take my leave—with excuses, Miss King, for the interruption."

He started to bow again, and suddenly crumpled. If the clients' chair by her desk had not been near, he would have fallen. As it was, he steadied himself with one arm on it, and stood swaying for a second before Jill, darting forward, pushed him into it, felt his pulse, and told the gaping Symph to bring their office brandy.

"How long has it been," she asked, when some color began to drain back into his face, "since you ate?"

"It was too hot to eat today," he murmured. "I beg your pardon for this foolishness—I suppose I had a touch of the sun." He tried to rise; but Jill mashed him down again.

"You're going to eat before you leave this place!" she said. And to Ellen, who had deserted her post and was hovering on the outskirts, "Call the restaurant and tell them to send up some soup and steak right away!"

"Pardon," said Dmitri Vasilofski delicately, "but I could not eat unless you did also. If you would care for afternoon tea, I should be glad to join in some sandwiches, perhaps, or a glass of milk."

"Very well," said Jill, repressing a smile. "I believe I could use some afternoon tea around now."

"Yes," said Dmitri Vasilofski. "I see that you have not as yet eaten your lunch."

He inclined his head to where her congealing soup still reposed beside the typewriter. She gave it to Symph to throw out, and Ellen scuttled back to the switchboard to call the restaurant. There was a call on for Jill, and Jill picked up her receiver, telling Dmitri Vasilofski to stay quiet until tea came. Her headache began to pound again as she heard a shower of words in broken English. It was another of the foreign clients who were such a struggle for the King-Danforth Agency, and yet so necessary, now that the dollar had fallen and so many foreigners were traveling in America. This one, from what she could make of it, wanted to go on a nice long expensive tour throughout the United States. But she had to keep asking him to repeat, which made him shout so, the telephone felt like a file going through her head, and even then she couldn't understand. As she stopped to mop her brow, Dmitri Vasilofski, leaning forward, said quietly, "Let me try."

Again his voice reassured her. She passed him the telephone, seeing as she did that he had taken a pad and pencil from Symph's side of the desk. He said clearly, in that reassuring voice: "Hello. Can I help you?" A rattle of words poured into his ear. The pucker on his forehead cleared. He answered swiftly in a foreign language and began to make little notations on his pad. When he hung up the telephone, he handed her the paper, and she stared at an itinerary written in a hand so small and neat that it was almost printing.

"He wants those reservations, all first-class," said Dmitri Vasilofski. "He will come in tomorrow afternoon. He is a Finnish gentleman."

"You speak all languages?" she said weakly.

"Quite many," he said. "But not the most important. Not the language of making money. I have the greatest of admiration for those who can speak that language." He looked around the long office room, then back to Jill. "For instance, this," he said. "I do not see how any one could have had the organization and the enterprise to carry this out alone, with the aid of only one other who is also, I understand, a young lady no older than you. It leaves me quite marveling."

She began to feel a little less tired and hot, to experience a pleasurable wonder that all this could have been achieved by herself, Jill King, at the age of twenty-five—with a little aid from Eve, who was, as she would refrain from mentioning to Dmitri Vasilofski, slightly older. The telephone rang again as the afternoon tea arrived. Symph announced that it was another one of those women who hadn't understood that the German lines sail around midnight instead of the following noon, and was, as usual, blaming the agency for her miscalculation of times and dates. "Let me take it for you," said Dmitri Vasilofski, with hardly a glance at the tea tray. "Let me pretend I am your secretary for two minutes."

"If you keep that woman down to two minutes, you *are* my secretary!" said Jill, diving into the sandwiches and milk.

SHE hadn't realized how hungry she was. She didn't have to watch Symph's face from the other side of the desk to realize that Symph's substitute was doing a masterly job. His voice never lost that gentle, reassuring quality, while he agreed with the bird-brained woman that it was soulless of the German lines to put their sailing dates so soon after midnight that you thought you had another whole day until you looked twice. . . . He concluded the conversation easily under two minutes without choking off the squawker, who seemed to be retiring with purrs. Jill began to bend upon Dmitri Vasilofski a very reflective eye.

"You know," she said, as he started at last to eat his sandwiches, "I feel a lot better since I had my tea."

"I thought you needed it," he said.

She laughed, and realized that her headache was gone. "Did you pretend to faint, just to make me eat?"

His eyes were amber and slanted when he smiled. "Not entirely," he said. "That would have been a woman's trick, would it not? And this is not entirely a woman's job—to be your secretary."

"Oh," she said. "Then you think I've changed my mind about that?"

He looked at her and stopped eating. "Yes," he said slowly. "Have you not? It is important that I be correct on this—for as a secretary I should be able to feel when you change your mind."

"Oh," she said. "Well—what about references?"

He took a letter from an inside pocket. "I have only one. From Professor Emeritus Isak Volgin of Harvard University, for whom I worked for two years as secretary and translator of his new Russian Dictionary."

Reading the letter, she said, "And before that?"

"I suppose a usual story. For seventeen years I have lived the life of a White Russian refugee all over Europe. Rich friends brought me here . . ."

His voice didn't like that last sentence. His eyes were steady, but it seemed as if there was pain in them here. She looked away, down at her desk, and her eye lit on the harness Eve had flung there.

"You don't, by any chance, know where I could get hold of a Sicilian donkey?"

He looked suddenly joyful, and as incredulous as she. "But my landlord," he said—"my landlord has just such a one. It is young and pretty, but Salvatore would like to part with her, because her braying grows with her maturity, and the neighbors are beginning to object. You do not really need such a creature—here in this office?"

She began to laugh hysterically. "It's all I needed," she gasped, "to know you were sent straight from heaven."

The telephone on her desk rang. He stretched out a hand that had blunt sinewy fingers which didn't seem to go with his spats and his sideburns and his wasp-waist suit.

"Shall I answer for you?" he said.

His story of why Jill was not there was so convincing a lie that it startled her for a moment. But it was necessary for secretaries to lie, she reassured herself. One of Symph's faults had been that she had lied so poorly. And then, realizing that she was already excusing him, she knew she had made up her mind. . . .

At half past five Hal struggled through the office door with a square florist's box under one arm. He was the sort of man who felt foolish to be carrying flowers, but he wanted to anyway tonight. He stopped for his usual light banter with Ellen. But Ellen did not show him the attention that he knew he could get from her as well as from most other girls. She was looking rather absent-minded. Symph, too, flitted by him with an abstracted air; and Symph generally came to life in his presence. Slightly bewildered, he started to advance down the room to Jill's desk, where she was talking with Walter and some one Hal took to be a client. But Jill went on talking to Walter, and the client came forward smiling.

"Miss King is occupied now," he said, trying to lead Hal to Eve's vacated desk. "Can I take care of you?"

"I'm not sick yet," said Hal, regarding him with disfavor; "but I may be soon. Perhaps you'll let me get past you to the altar if I explain in hushed tones that I'm Mr. Norcross."

The thing's eyebrows went up so far his sideburns almost went with them. "Mr. Norcross?" he echoed. "Are you a personal friend of Miss King's?"

"That's for me to decide," Hal snapped. "I'm her husband!"

He walked by the suddenly descending eyebrows to Jill and Walter. Jill straightened up and saw him with a mild emotion that fell rather short of the happy surprise he had imagined would be hers.

"Oh, Hal," she said, "I thought you were dining with Mike tonight."

"I called it off," said Hal.

"Oh," she said vaguely. Her eyes wandered to the stranger, who had walked past Hal and come to a too graceful stance beside her, looking, Hal thought, like a toreador who had run afoul of a French tailor. "Oh, Dmitri," she said, "be sure to see to the donkey, won't you?"

Dmitri bowed. "I shall, Miss King. Do not disturb yourself about it longer," he said.

Hal didn't remember ever minding Jill's being called "Miss King" before.

HE could hardly wait until they were in the taxi he'd had ready out in front for the special reconciliation party that he'd planned. "Who," he demanded, "is that cross between a seal and an iguana?"

Jill came partially out of her business haze, seemed to see him for the first time, and smiled with all her professional sweetness. "Oh! That—" she said. "That, darling, is my office wife."

He stared. "What do you mean?"

"My secretary, darling. Symph's getting married. He came in at just the right time."

"Well, he can go out again; just as fast as he came."

It was her turn to stare at him. "You don't mean to say you're dictating to me—about my office?"

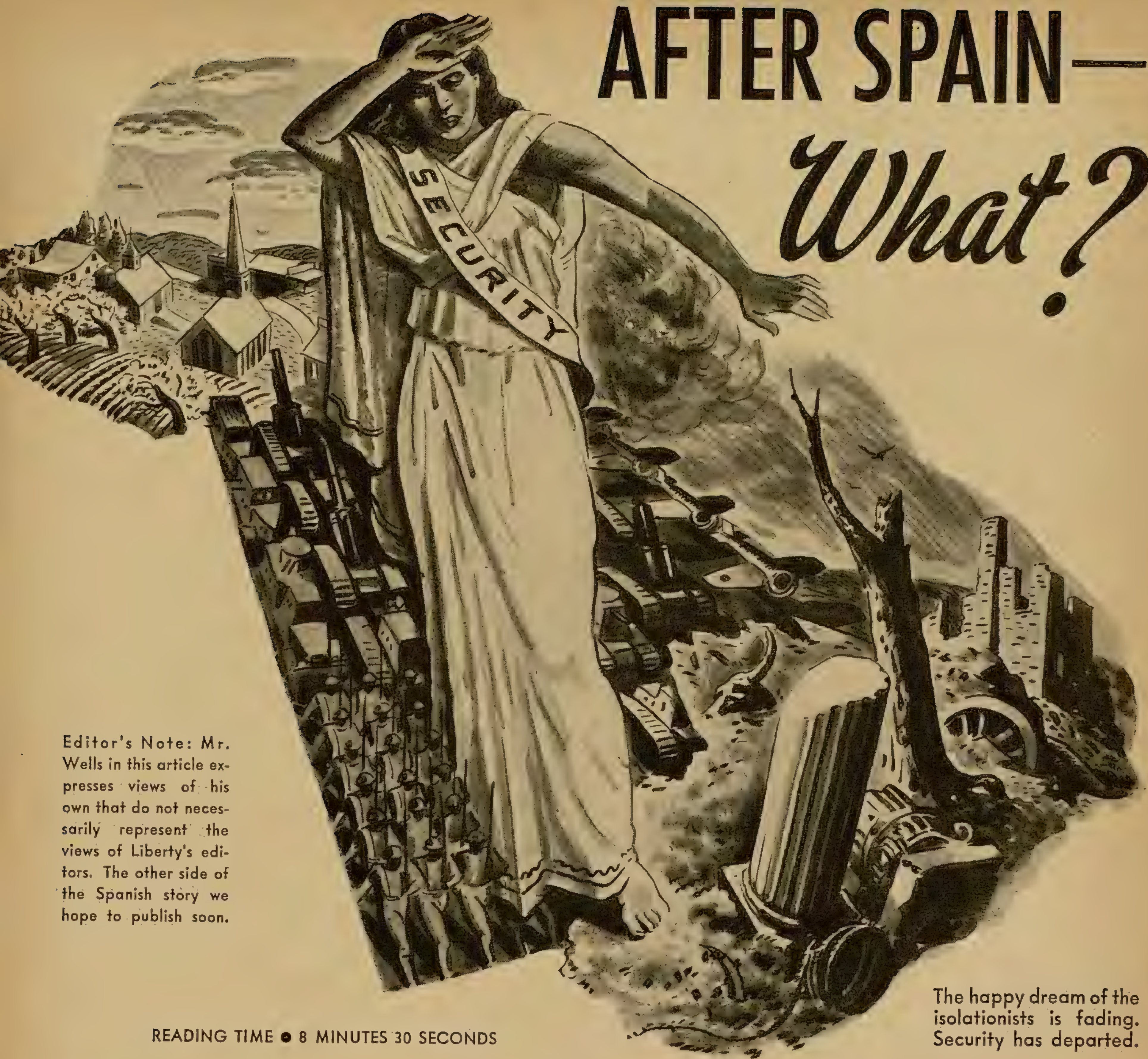
"Call it anything you want. If you're going to have a guy like that around, I step out. You can take your pick!"

It was a herculean effort for her to keep back tears of bitter disappointment. She had been looking forward to telling Hal about the happy solution to her difficulties. Anger, however, poured a swift healing balm over her wound.

"Supposing I tell you," she cried, "that my office is my business—and for you to tend to yours?"

Will Dmitri's coming widen the breach between Hal and Jill—a breach opened by Jill's career? Can a woman, glamorous, feminine, in love, juggle marriage and business? Here begins a notable modern novel. Follow the eventful story in next week's Liberty.

AFTER SPAIN—What?



Editor's Note: Mr. Wells in this article expresses views of his own that do not necessarily represent the views of Liberty's editors. The other side of the Spanish story we hope to publish soon.

The happy dream of the isolationists is fading. Security has departed.

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

For liberals with common sense . . . A gifted Briton warns the U. S. A.—Do we really face this frightening future?

BY H. G. WELLS

THE monstrous, absurd, and tragic drama of the Spanish war draws to an end. A liberal government, with the best intentions in the world, assailed and weakened first of all, we must remember, from the left, and struggling desperately to maintain order, to make up vast arrears in national education, and to inaugurate a régime of agrarian justice, was assailed by General Franco, a military adventurer from Morocco, supported more and more openly by Germany and Italy. The former liberal government was presently replaced by a " United Front " regime which became essentially a patriotic resistance to the Franco revolt. Because of this leftward shift it lost one or two of its most respectable liberal supporters, Unamuno, for example, and Madariaga; nevertheless it sustained a grim heroic struggle against the invasion.

There was an unexpected drift of events against the government. While Franco was abundantly and illegally supplied with munitions and troops from Germany and Italy, the French frontier was closed for long periods, and never freely open to the supplies the Spanish government was legally entitled to purchase. The progressive defeat of the Spanish by the invaders which ensued was plainly due to the want of courage or want of will on the part of France, largely influenced by Great Britain, to permit any counterpoise to the German and Italian ships, planes, experts, and men which came to the aid of the rebels. Russia attempted an inadequate assistance. Franco used the methods of the new mechanical barbarism; he allowed his German and Italian associates to experiment most instructively with the cities and homes and living flesh of his fellow countrymen, and these air-raid massacres of civilians have added a new chapter to the horrors of history. Never in any warfare for centuries has there been such a killing of children. And now, it seems, he is the victor.

The chapter closes with the onset of a régime in Spain which is bound to be in close alliance with the German and Italian dictatorships and in outspoken antagonism to what is called democracy. The strategic consequences are tremendous. So far as the British Empire is concerned, we must frankly recognize that this great sprawl of communities is no longer defensible against a combination of Spain and the Central Powers. Gibraltar has long since been hopelessly within the range of modern guns upon the Spanish mainland, and all the food routes—not only the lost Mediterranean but the routes to the Cape and the East—are now exposed beyond protection to air and submarine attack from Spain as a base.

Manifestly the statesmen of the British Empire (and of France, their associate in indecision) are called upon to achieve some rapid and brilliant adjustments in the face of this new state of affairs. Whether they will do so is very doubtful. The happy dream of Lord Beaverbrook and the isolationist school, that the vast scattered areas of the world still painted British red on the political world maps will remain unassailed by these lean and hungry predatory Powers, is a rapidly fading dream. Maybe a certain cringing immunity will be possible for a few years more, if Eastern Europe and France are thrown to the wolves. Then, in a state of extreme strategic disadvantage, the British Empire will come to its last accounting. And maybe the American isolationists will then see enough to make them anxious amid their blessings—blessings only comparable to those once enjoyed by isolationist Cathay—which is now no longer isolated.

A NUMBER of excellent, arithmetical-minded financiers have persuaded themselves that the dictatorships must presently come to an end of their resources; they will want *loans*, and then the democracies will have them. Italy, they calculate, is practically bankrupt; Germany is unashamedly bankrupt. But indeed bankruptcy means very little to a state when there is no means of enforcing its payments. Dictators are discovering that they need not borrow money; they can take it or print it. They do not want to buy plants or materials; they can confiscate these things. They do not want to pay wages; they can conscript the workers. And if they want tropical or other raw materials, there will always be some weak Power with a colony to surrender.

The world is now being militarized at a headlong pace. The Atlantic and Scandinavian states have so far produced nothing effectual to stem that drift. Militarization means the loss of individual freedom, the gradual cessation of intellectual activity, the replacement of education and information by official propaganda, fear-haunted obedience below and the grim pride and intentness of autocracy—tempered by assassination—above. To that the whole world is drifting.

Our first batch of dictators are intact, but that is not likely to last. There will be terrible interludes of uncertainty while the dictators are changed, when poor puzzled John Citizen will not know whom it is safe to salute. The end of these militant states is bound to be a series of gangster dogfights and wars, with conscripted soldiers, for the confiscated accumulations of industry. The Communist route and the Fascist route plainly converge on that common end.

We talk a lot about the great democracies, about the latent power and wealth of the world democracies. Are they really going to make an effective fight against this drift of the common human being toward a world-wide bomb-enforced servitude?

At present they are plainly incapable of anything of the sort. They develop no collective will and no common understandings to set against the egotistical vigor of the dictators. The organization of their ideas and knowledge is loose, old-fashioned, and inadequate, and there is no sign whatever in them of any vigorous intellectual renascence. The great economic and social dislocations of our times produce no intelligible concepts of readjustment in the public mind. People behave as though these matters were as uncontrollable as earthquakes. They scamper. Or they rebel blindly, stupidly, and belatedly. They do not think for themselves, and the large mass of them are still not really democratic but potential "followers"—left or right. Democracy is still, for most intents and purposes, only a catchword. Before it can prevail over these dictators it must begin to exist as a dominating idea. It must have eyes to see with and a high standard of muscular adjustment.

We use the word democracy in the most slovenly fashion. The United States is a democracy—controlled only by law. That is an acceptable statement, and to the same extent is France also a democracy. The people as a whole, and as far as the established machinery permits, can do what they like with education, property, life generally. But the British system is only rhetorically a democracy. It is a constitutional monarchy, and its military and diplomatic organization is far beyond the voter's reach. Moreover, we are apt to forget that England does not even possess religious equality, since it has an established Church with unspecified powers of obstruction and interference in education and domestic life. In moments of crisis there is a curious indecisiveness in the conduct of Great Britain, due very largely to the strong authoritarian tradition interwoven with its democratic pretensions.

This qualification of the democratic idea is very largely responsible for the amazing vacillations of British policy in the past few years. Britain was halfhearted about this Spanish tragedy. Influential forces in political society hated republicanism and had more than a sneaking sympathy with the reactionary promise of Franco. In the face of failure this innate duplicity is likely to be put to the test. As the disastrous consequences of British vacillation are realized, a state of internal tension may arise quite beyond anything that has occurred in England in recent times. A new and realistic opposition may be evolved which will fight without gloves. A recrudescence of democratic liberalism may occur, a recrudescence in plain and declared antagonism to tradition, privileged inefficiency, obscurantism, and authoritarian methods generally. And as the inevitable humiliations accumulate, this renascent radicalism is likely to become a very powerful popular force indeed in British affairs.

In the past few decades there has been a steady divergence in phase between the operative political forces of the United States and the British Empire. But America also is now in a state of great political discomfort, and the possibility of a drive toward what one might call Efficiency Radicalism is very considerable in both countries. It is probably the only form in which the vague democratic feelings and desires of both countries could be brought into alignment.

SO I read the writing on the wall in Spain. I read it as the plainest possible warning that British imperial security has departed, and that a new menace now faces toward America, North and South, from conquered Spain. I believe that this warning must stimulate the democratic forces in the world to action as well as protest. But how far it will be an effectual stimulation I cannot guess. Spanish America has been to the United States very largely a region of exploitation; its possibilities of intelligent sympathy and co-operation with the English-speaking republic to the north have never been cultivated. Maybe the day is at hand when the American politician will discover those millions to the south. If Americans and British have failed to discover them, other nations have not been so indolent. Over both North and South America propaganda of detachment goes on unchecked.

A time will come—it may even come in the lifetime of Senator Borah—when the American isolationist will find himself with a Pacific coast line open to Japan, an unfriendly continent to the south of him, and the old shield of the British and French fleets in the Atlantic perforated. He may find the Spanish situation repeating itself on his own side of the Atlantic, in Mexico or Brazil. For the Monroe Doctrine would not survive the British Empire for a year.

But whether the American and British and French and liberal people in Europe will awake to the need of a common conception of the future, or whether they will drift separately to separate destinies, is at present beyond all guessing.

THE END

The Sporting Month of June

BY "YANKEE STADE"

A gay preview of things to come during thirty thrill-packed days

WHAT is so rare as a day in June without at least one major sporting event? Or two? Or three?

There are between ninety and a hundred outstanding competitions scheduled for the thirty days beginning June 1, with more not scheduled at this writing but sure to come.

In other words, there will be an average of at least three major sporting events a day during the month—not to mention two hundred and forty major-league baseball games, each one of which, in millions of American homes, is of transcendent morning-paper interest.

Of course, some of these majors aren't so far above the rank of captains, and there may be a first lieutenant or two in the lot. On the other hand, at least four—the National Open Golf Tournament, the Wimbledon Tennis Championship, the Epsom Derby, and the Louis-Schmeling fight—are of strictly brigadier-general importance.

What are the reasons for this month's athletic dominance?

Well, for one thing, it is inevitable that, with commencement crowds of fond mamas and old-grad papas and best girl friends to entertain, the spring and summer college season should reach its climax "in the leafy month of June." And it indubitably does.

On the Hudson at Poughkeepsie, on the Thames at New London, on Lake Mendota at Madison, and on many a lesser rivulet and puddle, eight good men and true will pull their hearts out for dear old Humpty Hump; and in a hundred modern Colosseums future Cubs and Tigers, Yanks and Cards will hit and run and pitch, and sometimes catch, in the annual collegiate version of the national game of baseball.

At Louisville the golfers, and at Cooperstown, New York, the outboard motorists, undergraduates all, will pursue their hazardous ways, while at Minneapolis and on New York City's Randall's Island their brothers of track and field will breast the tape, clear the bar, throw the hammer, and put the shot; and one college, Cornell, defying both seasonal and pedagogical laws, will conduct a school to teach the football coach to coach.

Horse racing, for very different reasons, also reaches its peak in late spring and early summer. Carefully nurtured during the winter months, the thoroughbred racer comes up to the spring meetings sound in wind and limb, whereas many a favorite in the winter books, hurt or worn by the long summer racing season, is scratched before the start of the autumn features.

The big race of the year, some say the big race of all years, between War Admiral and Seabiscuit for a $100,000 purse—although it will probably be set forward to May 30 to catch the Decoration Day crowds—is an excellent example of this predilection for early racing dates.

The big new Hollywood Turf Club at Inglewood, California, opens on the 10th. There is racing in New England at Suffolk Downs and Agawam; in New York at Belmont, Aqueduct, and Empire City; and, on the very first day of the month, the classic

Dorothy Bundy, one of America's Wightman Cup team stars.

British race on Epsom Downs. June is also the month when the light-harness season begins at Toledo, and when gentlemen riders risk their genteel necks in the United Hunts Steeplechase at Roslyn, Long Island. And at outdoor horse shows in Lake Forest, Tuxedo, Westport, Detroit, and other capitals of the horsy set, beauty and breeding will capture the bluest ribbons.

Similar standards will also prevail in a dozen major dog shows, starting at Greenwich, Connecticut, and ending at Long Beach, California.

Then there is golf and tennis. June brings us, along with a host of minor tilts, the Walker Cup Anglo-American team championship of St. Andrews in the land where golf was born, and the National Open, to be played this year on the Cherry Hills course at Englewood, Colorado.

By the same token, Don Budge will be defending his tennis crown before royalty at Wimbledon, and on the same carefully manicured grass plots American and British lasses will go into their annual Wightman Cup routine to see who can wear the shortest shorts and make the longest returns.

Much the same thing happens to baseball players' arms and eyes as to golf players' greens and tennis players' courts. After a couple of months of spring conditioning they begin to reach their peak in June.

Last year's major-league season was said to be the most successful in the history of the game. Whether this year's will equal it seems at this writing to depend, at least to some extent, in the National League, on whether Dizzy Dean can talk himself into another good year, and in the American, on that eminent Yankee flyhawk and home-run hitter, Giuseppe DiMaggio.

June playbills fail to announce that Harold Vanderbilt will put on his well known sailor act with Tom Sopwith as stooge, but they do offer excellent programs for yachtsmen on both the West Coast and the East. The annual Farallon Islands Race at San Francisco is one high point; the endurance contest from Newport to Bermuda is

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another. The latter, with British and German entries, adds international color to the aquatic scene. And as for aquatic beauty, a symmetrical host of future Eleanor Holms, growing up to plague future Avery Brundages, can be depended upon to supply the pulchritudinous touch.

In June, too, Mr. and Mrs. John M. L. Rutherford of the Sands Point, Long Island, Rutherfords, will be taking Juno and Baby Juno on a trip abroad.

Juno is the fastest motorboat afloat —89.7 miles an hour—and Baby Juno is said to be just like her ma.

Under June skies also will be staged air shows, auto races, a pistol tourney, any number of skeet-shooting competitions, a "Davis Cup" fencing contest in Montreal, a "World Series" football championship in Paris, in which the United States—*not* repsented by Slinging Sammy Baugh and his Washington Redskins—and thirty-five other nations will compete, and—believe it because it's California!—a skiing tournament at Lassen Volcanic National Park.

Then, of course, there are the two fights. I refer to the annual scrap of the kids' National Marbles Tournament, where the prizes this year include sixteen bicycles, three gold wrist watches, and one all-wave radio; and the internationally ballyhooed mingling of Nazi Maxie Schmeling and non-Aryan Joey Louis, both colorful citizens in their way, in a rope-ringed battle for the heavyweight championship of the world.

Perhaps it may be taken as an omen of world peace that the latter event comes to us under the diplomatic auspices of a highly successful Jewish promoter known affectionately throughout the sporting world by the Irish monicker of "Mike."

Be that as it may, what used to be called the Month of Weddings has certainly become the Month of Sportings. But the change may not be as revolutionary as it seems. There are those, I am told, who insist that the running of the marriage stakes always has been and still is the greatest sporting gamble of them all!

THE END

Does the past ever die? . . A poignant, penetrating tale of love and the clouds memories can cast

GUNS AT SHILOH

BY GORDON MALHERBE HILLMAN

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 32 SECONDS

FROM the top of the stairs, she could hear Uncle Vance's voice booming out just as if he were making a speech. Uncle Vance's voice always seemed to fill the whole house with a mellow, golden glow. He was talking to Lorna in the square front room where the shutters were always closed against the sun.

Uncle Vance was saying, "—Unsuitable. Most unsuitable. After all, we must remember the family. Purcells have been living on East Bay for most two hundred years. They've always been fancied to be the first family here, save maybe the Ravenels. They—"

It was wonderful the way Uncle Vance talked, Joanna thought there at the top of the stairs. It was wonderful the way he made you see things: coaches and chaises and landaus rolling down through the dust on the Battery when General George Washington was just a Virginian gentleman. You could even hear the guns begin to roar, you could see little flashes of answering flame from the flat-topped fort there beyond the tawny waters.

And always through it all you could see the Purcells marching, tall and dark and proud. It made you glad you were a Purcell yourself even if you were only twelve.

"So," Uncle Vance was saying, "as head of the family, when I heard this considerable talk in town, I felt—"

Joanna knew just how Uncle Vance felt, for she too wished Mr. Archie Meade would stay away and mind his own business.

"This Mr. Meade—ahem—this Mr. Meade's comin' here so constantly has given rise—"

Uncle Vance was putting it so plainly that Lorna couldn't help but see it—that Mr. Archie Meade wasn't their sort. He wasn't like any one who'd ever lived on East Bay. He wasn't even a gentleman. He was just a Yankee who should have stayed up North where he belonged.

Lorna's voice flashed like a sword in the hot stillness. "Isn't that a shame? Isn't it a shame that any one shouldn't be poor and proud and always living in the past —like us?"

Uncle Vance said something Joanna couldn't hear. And then his voice was loud again, so bright and mellow that it seemed like a great golden sun shining all through the house. "My dear, I'd hoped—I'd always harbored the hope that some day you and young George Ravenel—"

Joanna held her breath, for Mr. George Ravenel was tall and slim and dark and handsome and it made your heart beat faster somehow just to see him walking down the street. Mr. George Ravenel was a gentleman. And if you had to have a stepfather—

Lorna said, "I wouldn't marry George Ravenel for all the money in the world." She said, "Joanna! Stop listening and come downstairs!"

It was strange the way Lorna seemed to see through everything, through walls, through the words that people spoke, through the things that people pretended to be but really weren't. Aunt Loo always said that Lorna could hear a lie coming before any one started to speak it.

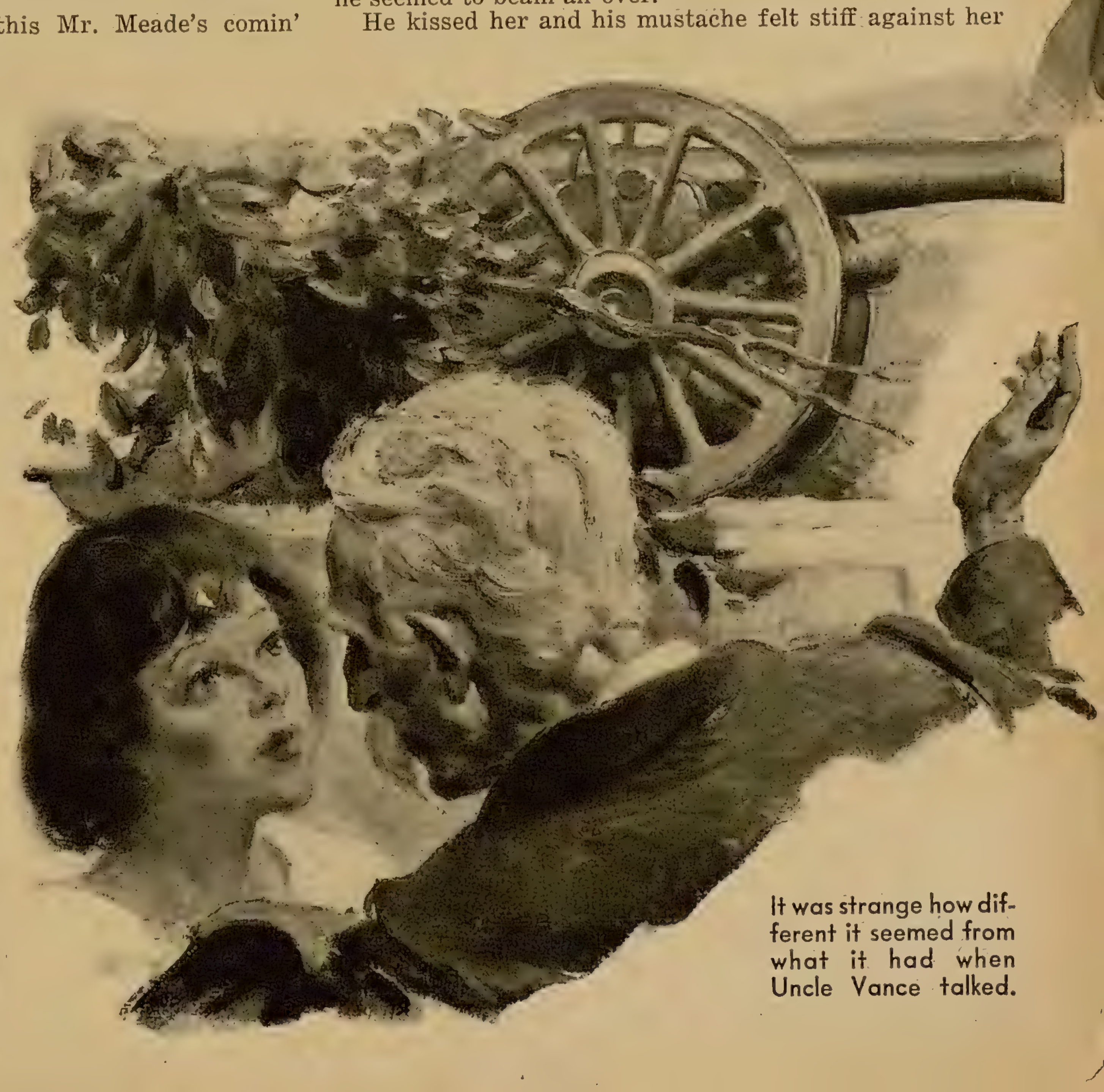
Joanna came down slowly because she shouldn't have been listening. She shouldn't, even if Lorna was her mother and Mr. Vance Purcell was her uncle. She came down carefully so her dark-blue frock wouldn't muss, for it was only a year old and that was next to new really.

The great dusty mirror with its chipped gold frame hung just at the foot of the stairs, a little wearily as if it had seen too much in its time. It showed now what a thin, serious, old-fashioned face Joanna had despite her short dark hair; it showed how much she looked like all the portraits on the wall that had hung there sixty years and more.

Uncle Vance was standing there with his head just below the Stars and Bars in its glass case where some one had put it away after Appomattox: Uncle Vance with his broad ruddy face beaming; Uncle Vance with his mustache just going a little gray; Uncle Vance straight as a soldier even if he was a trifle big about the middle.

"Ah! There's my little girl!" said Uncle Vance and he seemed to beam all over.

He kissed her and his mustache felt stiff against her



It was strange how different it seemed from what it had when Uncle Vance talked.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

face. She looked up and Lorna was just standing staring at him; staring as if she could see straight through Uncle Vance and her lips curled a little.

Lorna said, "You needn't worry about Mr. Meade, Vance." She turned and her fingers played with the shutter. She said, "Joanna doesn't like him."

Uncle Vance took up his splendid gray hat, that hat which was almost as splendid as he was himself. "Joanna," he said, "is a real Purcell. She looks more like Great-aunt Sophie every second."

And then he was gone out the door and down the path to the gate.

Lorna's brown dress looked worn and old and Lorna looked worn and old herself just for a second—just for a second till Joanna said, "What was Great-aunt Sophie like?"

Lorna smiled and she shook Joanna's shoulders gently. Lorna said, "From all I hear, she was pretty much of a prune. You'd better go out and play in the garden, Goldilocks!"

And that was a joke, for Joanna'd never had a golden hair in her head and never would.

The diamond-hard light shone down on the garden that grew tangled and wild all along one side of the big house. Aunt Loo, bulky and black in all her aprons, was hanging out the wash with a clothespin in her mouth. Far down the garden path, her yellow nephew, Jefferson, was languidly doing something with a rake.

The green vine hung all about the old iron gate that opened on to East Bay, but through it you could see Mr. George Ravenel coming down from the Battery, so tall and straight in his neat gray suit, so gracious and easy with his keen brown face and his keen quick smile. All the Ravenels had looked like him for a hundred years.

He had a bunch of flowers in his hand, bright purple and yellow and pink blooms that he'd bought from one of the flower women on Queen Street.

He took off his hat as a gentleman should and he said in his slow, stiff way, "Mornin', Joanna. Would you give these flowers to your mother with my compliments, please." He smiled and said, "Mighty fine day, isn't it?"

"It sure is!" Joanna said. She hoped her own father'd been just like Mr. George Ravenel. He'd died when she was only three and she couldn't quite remember him.

She held out the flowers for Aunt Loo to see.

Aunt Loo's face wrinkled up in a queer way. Aunt Loo said shortly, "'At gemmun sho' don't spread hisself much when he buy flowers fo' a lady."

She turned and watched Joanna walking quite stiffly to the house. She said, in one great grumble, "Miss Lorna she ain' marry that No'the'n gemmun, 'cause 'at fool chile she hate him. Ain' nuffin' but trouble round dis house." She said in a shout, "You, Jeff'son! You-all polish up 'at brass bellpull. Quality folks comin' to call!"

Joanna went into the front room and put the flowers in a vase. All the pictured Purcells in gray on the walls seemed to nod with approval at Mr. George's bouquet. Joanna looked up at them and smiled, and the old bell at the gate gave a thin little tinkle.

She swung open the great front door that always creaked so, and Jefferson had his cap in his hand. Jefferson was saying, "Mornin', cap'n! Mornin', Mr. Meade, suh!" And that meant Mr. Meade had given Jefferson a quarter again, and that wasn't good manners at all.

Mr. Meade was standing on the steps in the sun, and he didn't look as if he belonged there at all. He stood there, long and lanky and thin, with his blue eyes hidden behind ugly sunglasses and his face browner than it ought to have been. His sandy hair was rebellious. He seemed like some great shaggy good-natured sort of dog.

He said, and his voice wasn't at all like the soft warm lazy voices of East Bay, "Hello, Joanna. Is your mother ready yet?"

He had on an old khaki shirt and white linen breeches. And his boots hadn't been properly polished in years.

Joanna hadn't meant to say it but she had. She'd said, "I don't guess Lorna can go riding. The moths ate her breeches."

"But I mended them, Archie!" Lorna said just behind her, and her voice was just like a bell.

Lorna was standing there in the sun, like a dark slim boy in her brown breeches and a white shirt open at her throat. Her eyes seemed to flash just as the sun flashed on the spurs upon her boots.

Something caught in Joanna's throat, for she'd never seen her mother so lovely or so young. It was all wrong—it was all awfully wrong—but that was the way Mr. Archie Meade made Lorna look and she'd always look that way—just for him and for no one else in the world.

Joanna didn't know how she knew that but she did.

Lorna was going down the steps, going more gaily than she ever had, but Mr. Meade hung back a little.

He said, "Are you going to have a good time today, big girl?"

"I'm going to play in the park," Joanna said primly.

It was queer the way Mr. Meade looked at her: as if he were lonely; as if he thought she could end his loneliness somehow. He said softly, "You ought to have a pony. Some day I—I'd like to buy you one."

Joanna could hear her own voice and it was saying, "I wouldn't want one, thank you."

Lorna looked up at her, laughing. She said, "You wouldn't know what you just do want, Goldilocks!"

And then she was gone away in Mr. Meade's motorcar. She was gone and Joanna was running down East Bay, past the yellow harbor and the palmettos swaying in the wind. She couldn't get away from the thoughts in her head. It wasn't right that it hurt you to see your own mother so happy. It wasn't right just because of Mr. Meade—just because he'd come down to see about the mills instead of staying up North where he belonged.

But even if you did hate Mr. Meade, you couldn't hurt Lorna by showing it too much. But it would be awful to have Mr. Meade for a stepfather.

SHE came to the corner of South Bay and the big Buford house stood there, square and old and brown and weathered, with its plaster falling off and its three great galleries looking blankly to the sea. Here, in the hot silence, it seemed somehow as if it were still 1861.

Those were great days, Uncle Vance had said, there'd never been such great golden days since, and if you crept through the tangled garden of the big house and were quite quiet, you could almost—if you listened hard—hear the drums play Dixie as the Southern sun stared down.

She crept through the garden that had all grown into tall weeds now, and then she stopped dead still.

Mr. Meade's voice, husky in the hot sunshine, was saying, "I'd like to stay South, Lorna. I'd like to buy this house."

She parted the weeds before her face and she could see them standing there.

Lorna looked straight at Mr. Meade and her voice flashed like a sword, a keen sword that will cut through anything. She said, "Archie, I shan't be seeing you again after today."

She said, and her voice was quite soft now as if she were trying hard to make some one understand, "Joanna doesn't like you, you see. She simply can't stand you. She's a strange, intense sort of child."

Lorna looked suddenly away from Mr. Meade as if she couldn't stand what she saw in his face. "So it simply wouldn't work, Archie," she said. "I always hated my own stepfather. I wouldn't put any child through that."

All the world seemed silent.

And then Mr. Meade said very quietly, "Today's still ours anyway, Lorna." He said, just as if nothing at all had happened, "I think it's time we were getting along to the stables."

Lorna and Mr. Meade went down the driveway side by side, not speaking nor looking at each other at all. Joanna could hear Mr. Meade's motorcar start, and then all the hot, flat silence settled down again.

She felt as if she'd grown up all in a single second. For it was all going to be different now.

You'd walk slowly home as if you hadn't seen or heard anything and you'd look away so Lorna couldn't see your face. You'd say, "Did you have a good time with Mr. Meade?" You'd say, "Mr. Archie Meade's a mighty nice man, isn't he?"

You'd have to, just because of Lorna's face, just because of Lorna's voice when she was saying good-by to Mr. Meade there in the old garden. You'd have to because she'd really been saying good-by to all joy and gladness, to all the happiness that made her eyes shine so. And you couldn't let her do it, for you.

What you'd seen and heard in that silent garden was somehow bigger than yourself. It was so big, so shining, that it would make you do what you didn't want to at all.

He'd be your stepfather, this strange, rude, sandy-headed Northern man, and he'd go stamping through the Buford house as if it really belonged to him—only it wouldn't ever quite—just as you wouldn't ever quite belong to him yourself.

She went out the yard and across sun-swept South Bay to the little park where the water oaks stood up against the wind. She wanted to cry but she couldn't because quality folks can't cry where other folks can see them. She went along to a bench near the Shiloh gun, tall and rusty on its cracked concrete platform.

She jumped when a soft voice said, "Mornin', honey!"

There was an old man sitting on the bench, an old man who looked small and shrunken inside his dusty brown suit, an old man whose thin face was lined and seamed and sunken, whose thick gray mustache had gone a little yellow at the ends. He was such an old man that it seemed strange his eyes should be such a sharp blue.

She smoothed down her dress and said, "Mornin', sir!" The old man looked lost somehow.

The old man pointed with his cane. "That's an old gun, a mighty old gun."

She said, "Yes, sir. That gun came clear from Shiloh. That's sure a long way off."

"I was at Shiloh. Back in '62," the old man said.

You could hear the drums beating behind his words and yet the words were soft and slow. "I wasn't much more'n fourteen then. It was a right hot Sunday: you could see the heat rise off the grass."

It was April 6, 1862, and the regiment was coming down the road, through the heat, through the dust. A pack would be heavy on a fourteen-year-old boy's back and his feet would be sore.

It was strange how differently she saw it all: how different it seemed from what it had when Uncle Vance talked. There'd been no tired boys then. But there were now: boys dying there in the Shiloh dust as the blood-red sun went down.

"When I was well again," the old man was saying, "I j'ined up with Bedford Forrest."

FOR just a second she could hear Uncle Vance's voice. But Uncle Vance's voice was only an empty echo now; for all you could see as the old man spoke so soft and low was tired men on tired horses, riding through the rain. And somehow, through his slow words, you could glimpse a glory, a greater glory than Uncle Vance had ever dreamed of, that little light of glory that lives on after all else is done and dead.

The old man wasn't speaking any more. And his blue eyes seemed tired and dim and old.

She said softly, "I guess—I guess you're sort of tired."

The old man nodded. He said, "I come a long way last night: all the way from Mississippi on the train. Come down to stay here a spell with my relatives. They been askin' me to for a long time. Guess they didn't get my letter. Guess they didn't, because they've gone away an' the house is all shut up." He said, "You wouldn't know them, honey, would you? Name of Culpepper, same as mine."

Joanna shook her head. She said, "What'll you do now, sir?"

Mr. Culpepper looked very old and very frail, sitting there in the sun with his cane between his knees. He said, "I guess, honey, I'll have to just set here and study it out for a spell."

She said, for she was nearly sure now what the matter was, "I guess—I guess, Mr. Culpepper, you wouldn't want to go to a hotel."

The old man shook his head. "You see, honey," he said quite quietly, "I ain't got any money left."

Joanna said in one swift rush, "I bet you didn't have any breakfast."

Mr. Culpepper smiled slowly. *(Continued on page 20)*

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(Continued from page 18)

"Seems as if I did sort of miss breakfast, honey." He said, "Don't you mind. I'm an old campaigner. I'll study it out somehow."

Joanna stood up quickly. She said, and her voice was just like Lorna's, "Don't you worry, Mr. Culpepper. You just sit right here. And don't you dare go away. I'll be right back."

And as she ran, her thoughts went so fast it seemed as if she couldn't quite catch up to them. She thought that Lorna would still be away and Aunt Loo gone shopping and her house would be all locked up tight. It would be all locked up and Mr. Culpepper needed help: he needed it quite quickly.

And then she thought of Uncle Vance and her heart jumped. For he'd help: he'd be sure to help. He'd help because he was so great and good. She ran and it seemed she never could run fast enough.

There was Uncle Vance, standing just in front of his house, standing between the trim beds of flaming flowers. There he was with his ruddy face and his splendid gray hat upon his head, that hat that was almost as splendid as himself.

© Bachrach

GORDON MALHERBE HILLMAN

discovered early that he liked to write, began with poetry, then switched to stories which have occupied him ever since. In between times he is a music and drama critic. He was born in Illinois, but is equally at home in Chicago or Boston or New York.

"Why, there's my little girl!" said Uncle Vance.

She said, so fast she could hardly speak the words, "Oh, Uncle Vance! Uncle Vance! There's an old Confed'rate veteran out in the park and he's hungry and he hasn't had any breakfast. He hasn't any money at all to buy breakfast with."

Uncle Vance looked suddenly different. He didn't seem like Uncle Vance at all. He was drawing himself up straight. He was saying, "Humph! Doesn't your mother tell you not to go speakin' to strangers?"

She said, because Uncle Vance seemed like a stranger himself, a stranger who didn't understand, "He's come all the way from Mississippi to see his relatives, only they aren't here. Honest, Uncle Vance! Why, he was with Forrest's cavalry. He was at Shiloh!"

Uncle Vance was moving toward the street as if he was in a hurry, Uncle Vance wasn't paying any attention at all. Uncle Vance was saying, "Humph! He says so. Don't doubt he says so." He was saying, "He's an impostor, prob'ly. If he isn't, the city'll look after him."

He took out his watch and said, "I've got to get down to the bank."

He said, "Don't you go worryin' your head about some wu'thless tramp."

Joanna stood and looked at him. And suddenly it seemed as if she saw him just as Lorna did, as if she could see straight through him, see just what sort of a mean little man he really was behind all his golden voice, behind all his golden words. He looked small and shrunken somehow as he went swaggering down the street.

For an instant she just stood there and she felt limp and tired and forlorn as if she'd lost something.

But there, just across the street, Mr. George Ravenel was walking in his neat gray suit, so tall and straight, so easy and so gracious.

She couldn't get to him quickly enough; she couldn't wait to say, "Mr. Ravenel! Please, Mr. Ravenel! There's an old Confed'rate veteran—"

She was saying it all and Mr. George Ravenel's face was all pursed up into tight wrinkles and she'd never known before what a thin hard mouth he had.

But Mr. George Ravenel was saying in his soft warm voice, "That's a shame! Why, that's a shame!" Mr. George Ravenel's hand was in his pocket, though it seemed to be taking him a long time to get it out again.

Mr. George Ravenel was smiling down at her as if he were doing something great and good. He was saying, "There, give him that. That'll buy him a breakfast."

She looked down and there was a ten-cent piece in her hand.

Mr. George Ravenel was saying, "I'll tell the policeman when he comes by. I'll tell him to take a look at him."

She looked up and Mr. George Ravenel didn't seem like a gentleman at all. He was just the sort of man who'd set the police on an old soldier. And Lorna'd known that all the time.

Joanna turned and began to run quite hard again. For she'd take Mr. Culpepper home and they'd sit on the steps till Lorna came. For Lorna'd never let the police or any one else harm an old man, an old man who'd heard the guns at Shiloh.

She ran across South Bay and then she stopped dead. There was no one on the bench beside the Shiloh gun. She stood there and the sun hurt her eyes. It hurt them because Mr. Culpepper was lost and hungry and alone somewhere and she didn't know how to find him. He was so old and stunned and bewildered that he'd just strayed away.

She went blindly down a side street and she only dimly saw the long, low plastered white house that Mr. Archie Meade had rented: she saw it so dimly that she never even thought of Mr. Archie Meade at all.

She heard a voice say, soft and slow, "I will, suh. Thank you kindly, suh."

She saw straight through the window. She could see Mr. Culpepper sitting there, and he didn't look lost and lonely any more. He didn't even look so old. She could see him sitting at the table and Mr. Meade's black Andy was waiting on him. She could see Mr. Archie Meade in his old khaki shirt, sitting at the head of his table, leaning forward and smiling as if it was an honor to have the old man there.

And he hadn't taken Mr. Culpepper into the kitchen: he'd sat him down at his dining-room table as a gentleman should.

He'd come back quite early from his ride with Lorna. He'd found the old man in the park and he'd brought him home.

Mr. Culpepper was looking up; Mr. Culpepper was saying, "There was a little girl in the park: a little girl who said I was to set right where I was till she came back; a little girl with an old-fashioned sort of face; a girl in a dark-blue dress."

Mr. Archie Meade said very slowly, "I guess that would be Joanna." And he looked as if he wasn't seeing the old man at all but some one else—some one slim and tall and dark—some one standing in an old garden with the coral vine all ablaze behind her. He said, "She'll be worried about you, Mr. Culpepper. I'll have to go tell her you're here." He said shyly, "She's a very nice little girl, you see. I wouldn't want her to be worried."

Joanna stood quite still. She stood quite still because she suddenly knew it didn't matter how Mr. Archie Meade looked or how he spoke or even what he wore: what mattered was that way deep down inside he was real. He was real and quick and kind. And that was what Lorna had always known: that was why Lorna loved him so.

Mr. Culpepper was saying in his soft slow way, "I reckon I won't be a bother to folks much longer, suh. I'm gettin' old."

"Nonsense, Mr. Culpepper," Mr. Meade said. He said, "Good soldiers never die: they just go marching on." And then he lifted his glass.

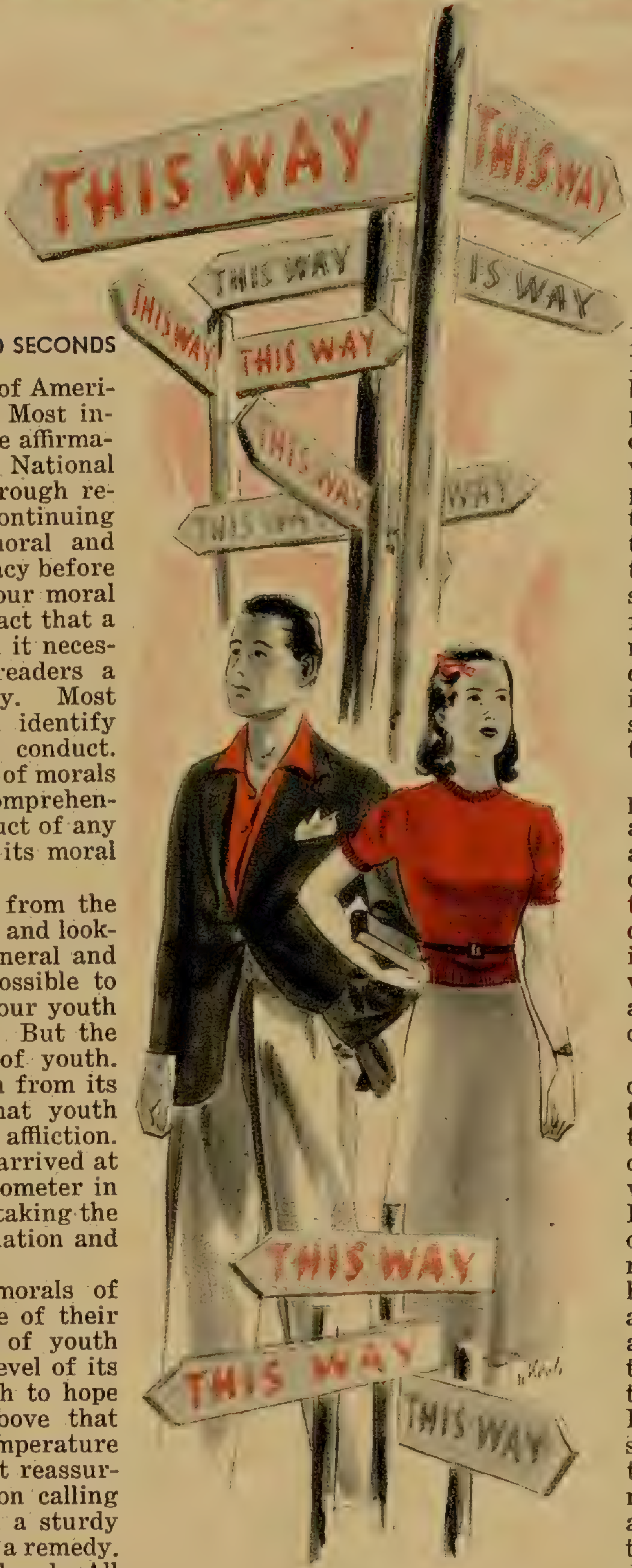
Joanna felt queer all over. She was seeing Mr. Archie Meade as she'd never seen him before; she was seeing him just as he really was—just as Lorna'd always seen him—just as she'd go on seeing him now the first thing on rising, the last thing at night. And through all the great golden hours in between: hours that would be golden because Mr. Archie Meade was there, because he'd be her stepfather.

It made your heart sing somehow to think of that. For all your life you'd be proud that you'd belong to him, just as the big Buford place would be proud to have him there: there in the old house and the old garden and the old yard where the drums had played Dixie as the Southern sun went down.

She went to the side door and rapped sharply. She called, "Please, Archie, can I come in?"

THE END

What Is Wrong With American Youth?



Bewilderment is the modern world's characteristic feature.

by Father Ignatius W. Cox, S.J.

Professor of Ethics, Fordham University

If morals are low, who's to blame?—A forthright challenge to every parent

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

ARE the moral standards of American youth declining? Most investigators reply in the affirmative to this question. The National Youth Council, after a thorough research, ascertained "a continuing relaxation of the older moral and religious taboos upon intimacy before marriage." The extent of our moral collapse appears from the fact that a popular monthly considered it necessary to place before its readers a careful plea for chastity. Most writers on the subject identify "morals" solely with sex conduct. They forget that the sphere of morals is immeasurably more comprehensive, although the sex conduct of any group is closely related to its moral philosophy as a whole.

Looking at the question from the angle of adequate morality, and looking at it with a sort of general and sweeping glance, it is impossible to escape the conclusion that our youth is morally sick—very sick. But the sickness is not the fault of youth. Youth caught the contagion from its elders. It is a marvel that youth stands up so well under its affliction. My diagnosis has not been arrived at by holding a clinical thermometer in the mouth of youth, but by taking the moral temperature of the nation and the world at large.

In some respects the morals of youth are superior to those of their elders. While the morals of youth may not reach the lowest level of its environment, it is too much to hope that it will rise much above that environment. The moral temperature of the world at large is not reassuring; it indicates a condition calling for vigorous measures and a sturdy application in large doses of a remedy. That remedy is always at hand. All that is necessary is to diagnose the disease and to apply the antidote.

Before discussing the morals of youth, we must discuss the morals of their elders—the morals of the age. It is important to note in this connection that the rising generation finds itself in an ever-decreasing minority. In 1870 young people between fifteen and twenty-five constituted 57 per cent of our population. Birth control, divorce, and other symptoms of racial degeneration are steadily decreasing that percentage. It will be less than 33 per cent by 1955. For this decline we can hardly blame youth; we must blame the false philosophy of their elders which culminates in race suicide. Since wealth sins more in this respect than poverty, an ever-increasing proportion of the young is recruited from the lower economic levels. Most of these young people, like their elders, seek their recreation and their ideas from the movies, the radio, the cheap magazines. Our youth has come to consciousness in a civilization where insidious influences are constantly assailing the foundation of society—the family and the home.

Cast in a materialistic age, which progressively eliminates all spiritual and higher values from human life and human destiny, the lot of youth is disheartening. The reaction of youth to that environment is necessarily disintegrating in all matters, including sex. The materialistic philosophy which looks upon man solely as an animal has deprived large multitudes of any purpose in existence.

For the thesis that humanity is deteriorating and that the deterioration is due to lack of moral training, there are many witnesses. The characteristic feature of the modern world, according to Robert M. Hutchins, president of the University of Chicago, is bewilderment. "We do not know where we are going, nor how, and have almost given up the attempt to find out." While I cannot agree with him on what constitutes the foundations of morality, it is interesting to record the testimony of Professor Einstein. "The world," he says, "has slowly grown accustomed to symptoms of moral decay. One misses the elementary reaction against injustice and for justice—that reaction which, in the long run, represents man's only protection against relapse into barbarism."

Alexis Carrel, after deeply probing the nature of modern man, impresses upon us the truth that we are witnessing a progressive degeneration in every department of man's multiple activities. The cause for this deterioration is man's loss of faith in his own divine origin. Man deteriorates progressively as he denies the demands of his better self.

For many years materialistic science and materialistic philosophy have been persuading man that he is self-centered, or earth-centered, and not God-centered. Man has lost his grip on his real, his infinite value; he tries to satisfy his insatiable hunger for absolute truth, beauty, goodness, and love on the husks of which swine do eat. Man has tried to realize himself not as a human being but as an animal. The soul is lost in the scuffle. The cult of the animal in man at the expense of the spiritual has introduced into human life false and degraded standards. Physical perfection and physical pleasure are overrated to such an extent that some men actually advocate for the old or unfit the same painless death to which they would consign a horse with a broken leg.

The modern world measures and evaluates life solely in terms of material gratification. The modern man no longer reacts to the monotonous weight of materialistic living by rising in mind and heart to his Father Who is in Heaven. Because man denies the solidarity of himself with God, he denies likewise his own solidarity with his fellow men. Disintegration, born of relentless selfishness, characterizes his social life. We see it in the increasing prevalence of divorce, in waves of class warfare, and in the rising tide of crime.

Once there was a moral law, accepted by reason and reduced to practice by good will. Now the lash takes the place of man's conscience. Nevertheless, the attempt to coerce and regulate human conduct goes on apace in ever-increasing laws and in ever-increasing propaganda from crusading groups. Dictatorships are the inevitable answer to the progressive disintegration of the human race.

This is the setting modern youth must face. The spiritual depression which confronts young men and women is worse than the economic depression. A race or a culture will die more quickly from lack of moral ideas than from lack of bread and circuses. An abundance of bread and circuses, or the exaggerated emphasis upon them, may be mute but eloquent testimony to a deterioration of moral ideas.

The morals of present-day youth are neither better nor worse than the morals of vast multitudes of adults. That is another way of saying that youth, like its elders, once it abandons religion, has no morals at all. The morality of any action is nothing else than its goodness or badness, its rightness or wrongness, in relation to our God, our neighbors, and ourselves. The wrong action, the sinful action, is a disordered action; the action that denies the order arising out of man's relation to God, his neighbor, and himself. Sound morality, therefore, presupposes order, and order presupposes a universe with a purpose, and a universe with a purpose presupposes a personal God, its First Cause and Master.

Man has a spiritual soul as well as a body. He is not a mere animal. That is what we have forgotten. The intellect and the will of man, unlike his animal nature, are not fettered by the limitations of time and space. Man rises above these; his intellect can look back thousands of years and leap over time and space into the future. He can cast his thoughts beyond the skies; his mind is capable of conceiving the unlimited and the infinite. Though his intellect and will are finite and limited, man has an irrepressible homesickness, a spiritual nostalgia, for the absolute beauty—God.

Man is God-centered, not self-centered, or earth-centered. His true destiny is to be found in his restless conscious or unconscious search for infinite truth and infinite beauty.

This craving, which has survived the insidious wiles of materialistic philosophy, is the key to his misery and his salvation.

When man realizes his true worth and true value, he subordinates his lower nature to the higher law. All he needs is direction.

Sometimes when I take long walks out in the country I am stopped by an automobilist who asks for information. Suppose some day a driver should inquire: " Am I going in the right direction? " That question is unanswerable except in terms of his destiny. I cannot help him unless he tells me his destination.

Rightness and wrongness in human activity have no meaning except in reference to man's last end—God. If there be no final end for man, if he is merely here today and gone tomorrow, if there is no order in the universe, of which he, by virtue of his intellect and will, is the masterpiece and crown, then the question of morality, righteousness or unrighteousness, goodness or badness, is insane. There can be no disordered action in a disordered universe, as there can be no wrong direction in a journey that has neither purpose nor end.

But youth does not accept at heart the aimless philosophy of its elders. It refuses to embrace the creed of the disillusioned materialist. Youth is beginning to discover that the theory of a disordered universe—a Godless universe—won't work. Youth is beginning to suspect that, as John Erskine, writing in Liberty last fall, pointed out, our educational system is crazy. Like Erskine, I am a teacher, and like Erskine I know that " the life of what used to be called the soul still is present; that youth still is aware of a difference between the temporary and the timeless, and, still more, of the difference between right and wrong; that in varying degrees the young have a sense of duty, an obligation to something higher and more lasting than themselves; that for this reaching toward eternal ideals they crave expression."

Youth may be temporarily misled by man-made substitutes for religion, such as Communism or a perverted variety of Fascism. In the end they will discover that submission to God means freedom, and that submission to the totalitarian state means slavery. They will want to be persons, not cogs in the machinery of existence.

I remember a picture of Uncle Sam saying grace at his Thanksgiving dinner. His bowed head is flooded by a shaft of light. That shaft of light represents the God of our fathers. The caption of the picture was: " The Only Dictator Americans Want." Men must accept the dictatorship of God through the Ten Commandments, which are rules of health and happiness as well as of holiness, or they must accept the dictatorship of their passions, or of other men's passions—of the world, the flesh, and the devil.

Morality, which includes sex conduct, rises or falls with the acceptance or the rejection of a personal God.

I believe that in the end youth will make the right choice. There are signs that youth is even now beginning to emancipate itself from the shackles of materialism. The virulence of its fever may be a symptom that the healing process has already begun. The hope of the future is youth, and the hope of youth is religion.

THE END

☆ TWENTY QUESTIONS ☆

1—This week's early photo is of an impresario of spectacle who showed Texas Broadway, put a circus into a theater, and married the " mother " of Baby Snooks. What is his fragrant name?

2—Does Emily Post butter her parsnips with a knife or a fork?

3—Joseph C. Grew recently presented a bill for $2,214,007.36 to which country for what?

4—Which flies faster, a canvasback duck or a wild goose?

5—When Sullivan fought Kilrain in '89, how long was a round?

6—Who discovered Florida?

7—Billie Cassin, Louise Danshier, and Lily Chauchoin are better known by what names?

8—Who wrote Jane Eyre?

9—What is the plural of son-in-law? The singular of data? The plural of glassful?

10—The flags of which three saints are incorporated in Great Britain's Union Jack?

11—Why were the seaward boundaries of coastal states set at three miles?

12—Who first said, " What the dickens ! " ?

13—How may sin become woe in three letter-changes?

14—Which fish shoots water from its mouth to stun its prey?

15—What large island was formerly called New Holland?

16—Lanolin is a fatty substance obtained from what?

17—Which of the following is one of the Seven Wonders of the World: The Great Wall of China, the Mausoleum of Artemisia, the Coliseum at Rome, the Leaning Tower of Pisa?

18—Rayon is made of what?

19—Who was Jezebel's husband?

20—Which Democratic candidate received the largest popular vote but nevertheless lost the Presidency to Rutherford B. Hayes?

(Answers will be found on page 38)

It's got that certain *Something*

The brewers of Schlitz asked one of America's foremost theatrical producers to tell you what makes a Broadway hit show

It is opening night. Backstage, not a dressing room key is left on its hook by seven o'clock. When the half-hour is called, every eyelash is in place, every button has been tested a dozen times, every zipper has been zipped and the most seasoned actor is feigning nonchalance.

Out front autograph hounds clutter the sidewalk. Tall policemen clear paths through them for the ermine coats. Exhibitionists jam the lobby and scream in the foyer. Critics mill up and down the aisles.

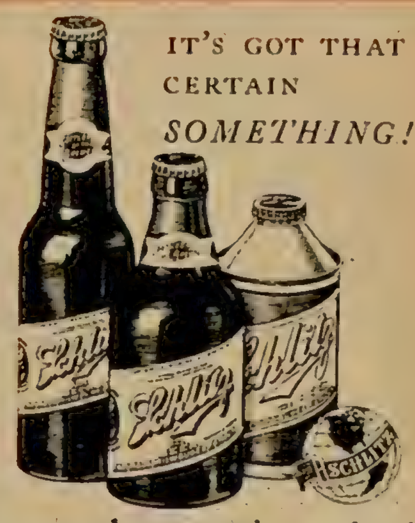
"Curtain going up! Curtain going up!" A last dash for seats. The house lights dim. The orchestra fades out. The footlights glow. A breathless, endless hush. In the flies a buzzer sounds faintly. The curtain rises.

The first speech—then a roar. Laughs pile on laughs. First intermission, delirium. Second *entr'acte*, the audience in the aisles. Final curtain, cheers. "Author, Author!" A scared looking little man mumbles something. More applause! House lights. Crowds milling backstage!

The critics rave! There is dancing in the streets! A hit show has been born! It has that perfect combination of every element—great writing, brilliant acting, unforgettable music, inspired scenic effects, all held together by masterful direction—that gives a play *that certain something* which lifts it to the heights and beyond comparison with the ordinary.

It's the same *certain something* that makes one figure-skater the champion of the world—that makes one race horse the most valuable creature on four legs—that makes one ball player jam the stadium on every appearance. It's this same *certain something*—indescribable but *real*—that makes Schlitz Beer so delightfully different, so delightfully drinkable!

The Beer that made
Milwaukee famous



IT'S GOT THAT CERTAIN *SOMETHING!*

smooth . . . *pale* . . . dry!

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. . . and you'll prefer Schlitz always

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Liberty's
SHORT SHORT

Necktie Party

BY HUGH B. CAVE

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 58 SECONDS

"AND shall I have this sent out, Mr. Morton?"

"No," Slick Keefer said. "I'll take 'em."

The clerk gathered up the twelve colored shirts, the twelve suits of silk underwear, the nine pairs of striped silk socks, and the eight handmade neckties. Slick Keefer swaggered to a full-length mirror to look himself over.

He looked O. K. That single-breasted silver-gray suit was some shakes. The twenty-two-fifty shoes had class. He looked swell.

They were waiting for him at the house: Lady-face Fletcher, Machine-gun Latham, and Joe DiStasio. His entrance interrupted a game of high-low-jack.

"Where's Rose?" Keefer snapped.

"Upstairs."

"I told you to keep an eye on her!"

"We are, ain't we? The stairs start here, an' there ain't no phone upstairs. A vacant lot on each side an' . . ."

Keefer reached over the shoulder of Joe DiStasio, took two cards off the table and tore them. "While you're sittin' here, she could raise a window and holler."

"Aw, she wouldn't do that. She's your wife, ain't she?"

"She's my wife and she's fed up. Give her a chance and every cop in the world will be walkin' in here."

"So what? After what that doc done to your face in St. Louis, no cop would . . ."

"They know my record," Keefer snarled, "and that's enough."

"She wouldn't, Slick. She knows what'd happen to her."

"Yeah. Maybe she has a pretty fair idea what *is* goin' to happen to her."

"What do you mean, Sleek? You mean shesa not go with us nexa week to Chicago?"

"You called it."

"Hey! She's your wife!"

"After Friday night she won't be nobody's wife. We're takin' a little trip up through the mountains, the four of us, and she ain't comin' back."

Keefer slammed the door behind him on his way upstairs.

She was lying on the bed. She didn't turn her head to look at him. Not right away. When she did, her face wore no expression. She was young, darkly pretty, but her eyes were old with hate.

"Some more new clothes, huh?"

"Yeah." Slick studied himself in a mirror. "There's class in this outfit, if I do say so. Well . . . ain't there?"

"If you think so."

"Whaddaya mean by that?"

"You going out tonight?"

"Sure I'm goin' out tonight. Whaddaya mean—if I think so?"

She shrugged, picked up a square of blue silk which had half a design embroidered on it. She jabbed once or twice with the needle, then looked at him, because he was still glaring.

"Your tie shrieks."

"Whaddaya mean, it shrieks? It set me back three bucks!"

"With that suit you should wear a gray tie with some white or silver in it."

She poked with the needle again.

"Listen," he said. "It's bad enough I married a hopeless dame like you in the first place, without the boys have to know you sit up here makin' fancy handkerchiefs and a lot of junk like that."

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1938; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

"They don't know what I do up here."

Slick sat on the bed, put a hand on her shoulder. "Listen, Rose. You be a good kid and we'll go for a little pleasure trip up in the mountains. Day after tomorrow we'll go. That's a promise."

"If you go out tonight," she said, "change your tie."

"Sure."

"Wear your new gray one with the silver in it."

"Sure." He got up and opened a bureau drawer. "This it? I don't remember buyin' no tie like this."

"You don't remember half what you buy."

He put it on. "You be a good kid, now, and we'll go on that trip." He patted her shoulder, went out.

Downstairs he surveyed himself in a mirror. He looked O. K. Yeah. The gray tie with the goofy silver wiggles all over it was snappy. It was a warm night. He could leave his coat hang open and that tie would be a knockout.

"Listen, you guys. You make sure she don't pull no phonies. You keep an eye on her."

He went out.

He drove downtown, parked, went into a high-class restaurant. He killed an hour there, then picked up Molly at the corner and walked with her to the Palace.

"You sure look swell, Slick."

"Yeah, don't I?"

It was a good show. An old one, revived. Some one else had seen it, months ago, at the Biograph in Chicago. Keefer remembered, and said to Molly: "The trouble with that guy Dillinger, he was dumb."

When he walked out of the Palace, two men stepped up to him. One said: "You're under arrest, Keefer."

The girl gasped, shrank from him. Keefer narrowed his eyes, jabbed a hand to his pocket.

The whole world exploded in his face. He fell, and there was blood on the gray tie.

At Police Headquarters, Lieutenant Mitchell held the gray tie up and scowled at it. "And you saw this when he came into the restaurant, Miss Rice?"

"Well, no—not when he first came in I didn't. But I waited on him. He stayed a long time, and he tried to be friendly. He asked me how I liked his new clothes. Then I noticed the tie and the embroidered figures on it."

"Just what does it say, exactly?"

"It says, 'This man is Slick Keefer, wanted for murder.' You see, I'm studying shorthand at business school, nights."

THE END

ON THE AIR

Liberty Short Shorts are on the air. You can hear three dramatizations each week over the following stations: WMCA, New York; WCAU, Philadelphia; WLW, Cincinnati; WLS, Chicago; WHB, Kansas City; KFWB, Los Angeles; KFBK, Sacramento; KMJ, Fresno; KWG, Stockton; KERN, Bakersfield. Please consult local papers for broadcast time.

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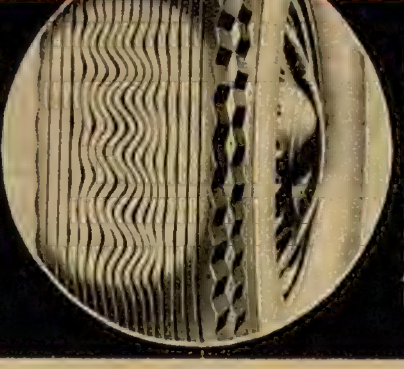
THE GENERAL TIRE

– goes a long way to make friends



It *wrinkles* when you apply the brakes

An exclusive General Tire feature. The flexible tread wrinkles into squeegee-action. Sweeps away water. Stops you quicker on wet pavement than ordinary tires stop on dry, and straight in line every time.

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

A true story in all essentials, Dead Man's Log is also timely. For one result of the Globe's fateful voyage was a search in the South Seas by an American man-o'-war, and one consequence of that search is America's claim to the Mulgrave Islands—now a bone of friendly contention between the United States and Great Britain!

Last week's installment of the story, told in young George Comstock's diary, found the Globe in the south Atlantic. During a stormy night a whale's head broke its chains, smashed some oil casks, and finally slid overboard. For this loss Captain Worth blamed the ship's supposed Jonah, Joseph Thomas, and two weeks later, on March 4, 1823, he had Thomas marooned on a rock in the sea. The Globe then rounded Cape Horn and, storm-racked, put in at Valparaiso, where an American admiral, having heard about Thomas, sternly ordered Captain Worth to go back and take him off. Meanwhile George Comstock had met Perdita, charming daughter of the Chilean Captain Blanco. He introduced his fiery elder brother Sam to her. Later on, at sea, he was to discover, to his consternation, that Sam had betrayed her.

The Globe went back to the rock, found that Thomas was gone, and sailed on to the Galápagos Islands. There the crew took aboard a hundred giant tortoises. These promised a blessed change from Captain Worth's putrid beef; but when "turtle" was served, the amiable captain had had all the goodness and flavor boiled out of it.

In August the Globe reached Oahu of the Sandwich (Hawaiian) Islands. Captain Worth caroused ashore. Sam slipped off to take part in a war between native chiefs. Six of the crew deserted. The captain ordered them rounded up—or killed. The Quaker Gilbert Smith had dark fears; he foresaw that some of "the devil's own" must be shanghaied to replace them. George got acquainted with a Hawaiian girl "named Lua," a daughter of Chief Lunalilo.

PART THREE—THE JONAH COMES BACK

AUGUST 25. Her name is not Lua, as I thought. It's Leah-Leah. It means "star of stars."

I didn't know her at first. It was still dark, not quite dawn, when she came out in her canoe. I was already up and on deck. I saw the girl coming on board over the rail. She saw me, and came running toward me, laughing and calling my name. I was startled, for I had forgotten all about her. As I pulled myself together and took her hands, Mate Beetle approached us.

"So you came on deck because it was too hot below," he said with heavy sarcasm.

"Talk to her, sir," I said. "It must be something important that brings her here."

"Quite important, I dare say. Gal couldn't sleep, thinking of young George Comstock."

He spoke to her, jestingly at first, then with mounting seriousness. She was all excitement.

"What is it, sir?" I asked. "What does she say?"

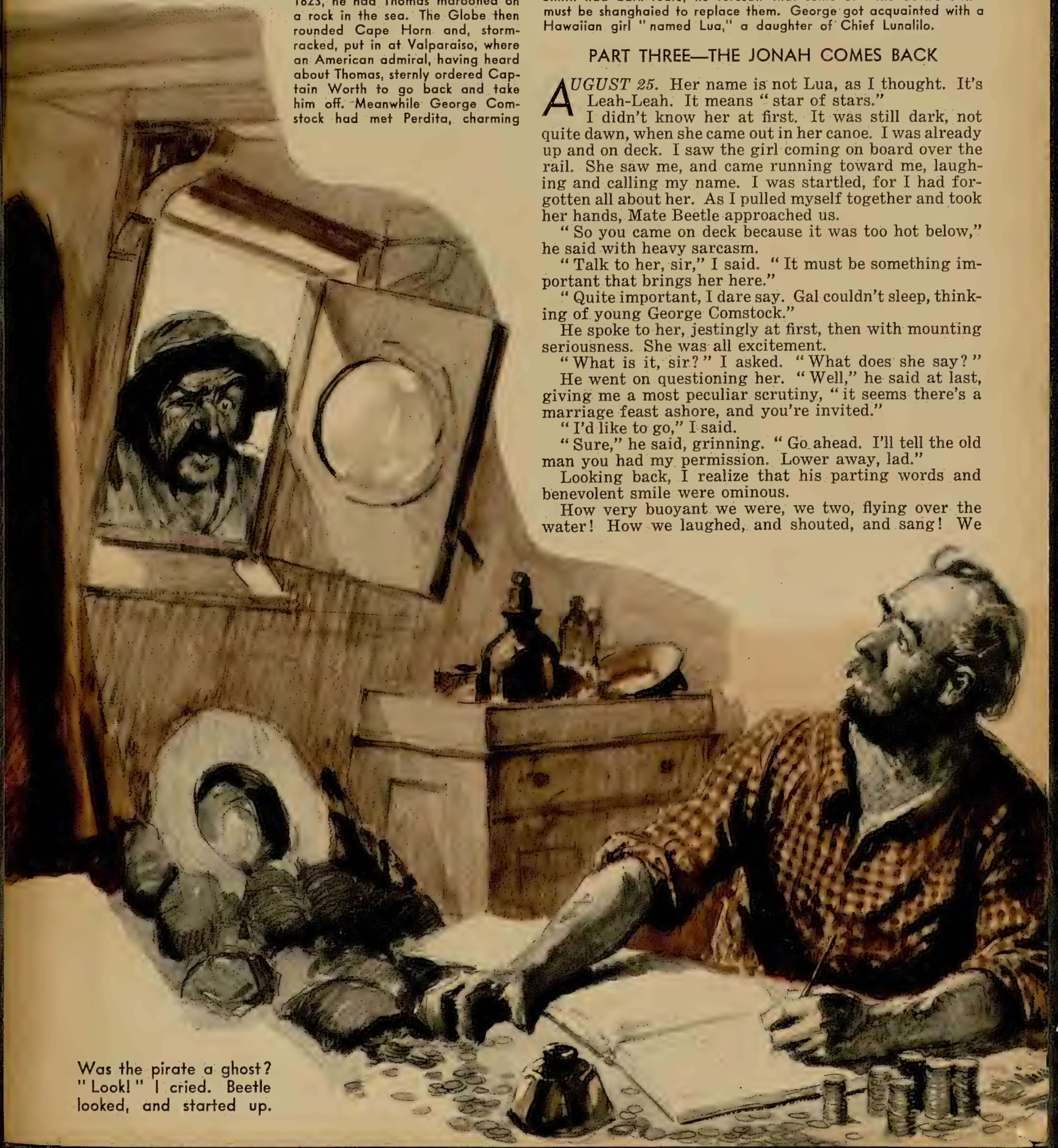
He went on questioning her. "Well," he said at last, giving me a most peculiar scrutiny, "it seems there's a marriage feast ashore, and you're invited."

"I'd like to go," I said.

"Sure," he said, grinning. "Go ahead. I'll tell the old man you had my permission. Lower away, lad."

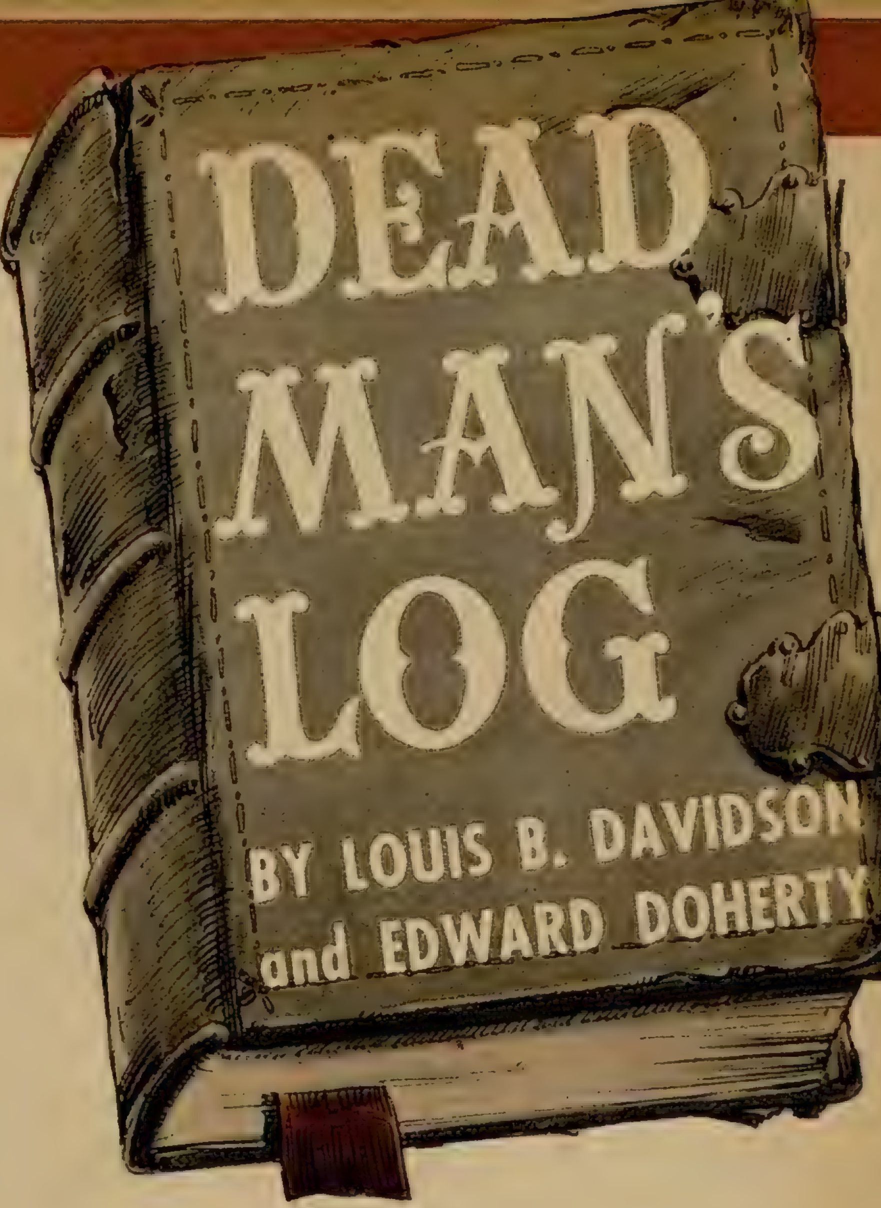
Looking back, I realize that his parting words and benevolent smile were ominous.

How very buoyant we were, we two, flying over the water! How we laughed, and shouted, and sang! We



Was the pirate a ghost? "Look!" I cried. Beetle looked, and started up.

this swift and colorful saga of the sea



DEAD MAN'S LOG

BY LOUIS B. DAVIDSON and EDWARD DOHERTY

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON GRANT

dragged the canoe high up on the sands, just as the sun burst over the rim of the world. We ran hand in hand.

Up a rather steep incline we went, and into a house wherein was a *lanai*, a sort of bower. There was a crowd of girls and women talking and laughing. Leah-Leah danced up to a smiling fat woman, dragging me by the hand.

"These all sisters and friends of bride," the woman said, beaming on me. "Waimaka and Kalua, they marry here. Be husband and wife. Have new house. Bridal house. You marry. You have house too."

She giggled and hurried away from me, and I looked into Leah-Leah's shining eyes and knew why she was so overjoyed. She too hoped soon to marry. To marry me!

I turned from her quickly, and saw Holden Hewman standing there, dressed as an islander. He looked at me with terrible fright in his eyes.

There was a pretty native girl standing proudly at his side, her hand in his. Waimaka. One of Leah-Leah's sisters. She was openly adoring him.

Until then it had never occurred to me that a white man was to be married here, one of my own messmates—or that Beetle had used me to spring a trap.

"Run!" I said. "Holden, take the girl and run. Beetle knows. That's why he let me come. I've probably been followed here. Run. There's still time."

"'Run,' says thee, Friend George?" I heard Gilbert Smith's voice asking. "Thee gives bad counsel."

He was behind me, in the open door.

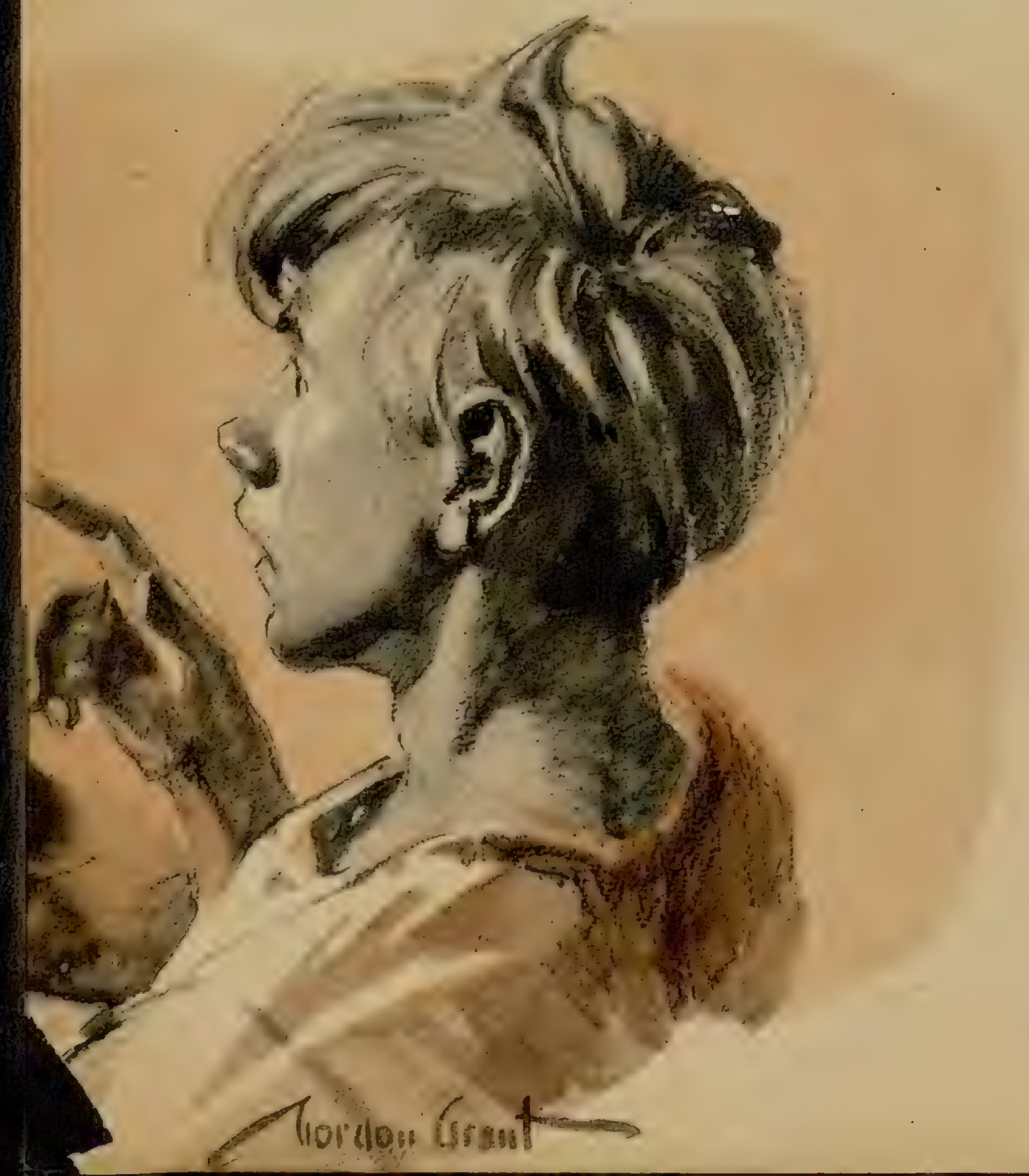
"Get thee dressed, Hewman!" he cried sternly. "Put decent clothes on thee, and at once. And thee, Friend George, get thee back to the ship."

Waimaka threw herself on Hewman, screaming.

I edged my way through the crowd of angry, frightened, puzzled wedding guests, and looked suddenly into Leah-Leah's staring eyes. I could read her as plainly as print. I had been a god to her. She had adored and trusted me. I had betrayed her and her people.

She said no word. I slunk past her, past Gilbert Smith, out into the open, past some of the crew. Sick at heart, I took my place in one of our boats.

Holden was brought down handcuffed. He did not look at me. We rowed out to the Globe in a profound silence.



Last night Sam sought me out. There was a slight wound under his right cheekbone, and he limped badly.

"It's nothing," he said, noting my look of concern. "I got brushed by a war club. That's all."

"But your leg—"

"Only a bad boil. I'll fix that tomorrow."

He sat down near me and filled his pipe and lit it.

"The war's over," he said. "We won. But Lunalilo's dead. I could marry Leah-Leah now—be the chief. Some day I could be king of all the Sandwich Islands. Every ship that came in would have to pay me tribute."

"Leah-Leah?" I said.

He smiled at me with the old tenderness. "I know," he said gently. "You like her. She's a pretty thing. And amiable. And she would die for you. That's what I want to talk about, George. Your way with girls."

I wasn't offended. I was merely curious.

"You're a sentimentalist," he explained. "You like girls, but you don't love them. Maybe it's because you're still only a boy. And what girl wants such a thing?

"I'm only giving you some advice. Either let them alone or give them all. This way—the way you treat them—you merely stir them up. Is that fair to them?

"It wasn't my fault, back there in Valparaiso. It was yours. You played with that girl. It was poetry to you—an innocent sweet diversion. But to her—what do you think it was to her? You set a girl on fire and never realize it. You walk away and leave her there in flames. And some other man—do you know what I'm trying to say?"

Yes, I knew.

"It wasn't her fault. It wasn't mine. Women always set me afire. I can't be cool—like you."

I have never been so close to him. I never liked him more. I wanted to speak of Sally, but I dared not.

"So," I said, "you're thinking of marrying Leah-Leah? You'd desert us and stay here and be a king?"

He didn't answer for a long time.

"I'm not sure yet," he said at last. "The old man hauled me over the coals a little while ago. 'My best harpooner crippled! No good for the rest o' the v'yage!'" He mimicked Captain Worth's voice. Sam always did resent a scolding, even from father.

"I told him I was wounded in his service, trying to round up the deserters. I promised him he'd go out with a full crew, even if I had to shanghai them. That saved him from having apoplexy. He's still drunk, more or less. By the way, where did he put Holden Hewman?"

"In the hold," I said. "Aft."

"Thanks. Good night, George." He limped away.

I was not surprised to learn this morning that Holden Hewman had escaped.

August 28. We sold 700 barrels of oil today to a Spanish merchant. In exchange we received gold doubloons, two linen shirts, a canoeload of vegetables, five kegs of rum, a box of tea, gunpowder and shot, and a hundred piculs of sandalwood. Captain Worth has gone ashore to "celebrate."

The money was delivered in eleven sacks. Beetle and I were given the task of counting it and then placing it in the captain's sandalwood chest. I counted the coins and arranged them in piles, while he made entries in the captain's account book, writing with his left hand.

As we worked, I chanced to turn—and saw, in the porthole, a dark scowling face, with livid scars.

Blackbeard, I thought, or Captain Kidd!

Then fright changed to wonder. We were high above the water line. Was the pirate standing in mid-air? Was he a ghost? Did he actually exist?

"Look!" I cried out.

Beetle looked, and started up. The pen dropped from his hand. Whereat the face laughed and spoke in an uncouth Spanish: "A man who writes with his left hand will meet some day a right-handed hangman."

INSTANTLY it shot upward, followed by the body that belonged to it. I went to the open port and twisted my neck so I could look upward. There were ropes over a tackle arrangement above me and a boatswain's chair was swinging to and fro.

I laughed in my relief. "Just one of the carpenters repairing the side of the ship," I said.

"Oh," said Beetle. "But what did he say?"

"Something about a left-handed man," I answered.

Beetle sprang up again. "I'll rope-end him!" Then he saw the humor of it, and resumed his seat, grinning. "Well, we've work to do," he said. "And when we're through here, we're to bring the captain aboard."

It was ashore that I learned of Lunalilo's funeral.

His coffin was placed in a canoe and paddled by six *kahus*, or retainers, far out to sea. There it was weighted and sunk. Two men had been selected to keep the dead chief company in the other world. They were to be put to death and thrown overboard with the coffin. But when the time came for the canoe to start out, only one of them could be found—Kanepio.

Kanepio went reluctantly but docilely. It was only when he was about to be killed that he spoke up. He pointed out that according to the ritual two should die to honor the chief—two or none. His life was spared.

"Poor Lunalilo!" Sam said. "All alone in death! I could send him two or three good drinking companions from the Globe. I'd like nothing better than to have the opportunity."

Sept. 1. At sea. Clear and calm. We have some new men aboard. One of them is a native. The men call him Joe Brown. Humphries, the Negro, is another. He's steward, and happy to be aboard us, he says. A third is the Portuguese who tried to stab Gilbert Smith. The fourth is Joseph Thomas.

We stumbled on him yesterday in a grogshop, where Captain Worth was seeking Sam. We found Sam in conversation with three men at the bar. He saw us, and whispered to one of them, who turned toward us slowly.

"Thomas!" Captain Worth almost screamed.

"Aye," said Thomas, his dead eyes coming to life with hate. "The man ye marooned to die. Did ye think me a haunt?"

"Joe Thomas," the captain said again. "It was—it was only discipline. I put back for ye the next day—"

"Lie me no lies, Captain Marooner! I know the black heart of ye. It's no fault of yours I'm here today!"

"Stop it," Sam said. "Stop it, Joe. The skipper's all right. He did turn back for you."

"Did he, now? Three days I stayed on that rock before a ship rescued me Three days."

"Peace," Captain Worth said unctuously. "I tell ye I never meant ye to perish there. And I'd have ye join the crew again. I'll double your lay, Joseph Thomas."

Thomas reached behind him for his whisky glass. He threw it at the captain and almost hit him.

"Away!" he said. "Haunt me no more, double lays or triple lays, Hands without Fingers or Thumbs! Get out before I kill and eat ye!"

And now Joseph Thomas is one of those shanghaied aboard us. He came in the boat with the others, all stupidly drunk—or drugged. "Grab hold of them swine and bring them up!" Captain Worth shouted as the boat came alongside. One of the men vaguely showed fight. Another was smiling. He attempted to sing.

One of them is Silas Payne, a New Englander. He had a pistol in his coat pocket. He is, I think, the man who tried to fight. The man who sang is named Oliver.

Gilbert Smith helped to drag them down to the forecastle. "We were cursed when we started out, Friend George," he said. "Now—now look at these cutthroats. Ah, thee's brother picked them well, for his own ends."

I tried to laugh at Smith but I could not.

"Do thee watch and pray," he said. "Watch and pray. The seeds have been planted deep. A little time, and they'll bear bloody fruit. And that man Thomas—"

He said no more, for the captain stood near by.

Sept. 15. On the equator. Hot. Calm. Tar oozing out of the deck. Scant winds. I am sixteen today.

Back home there would be presents and hearty handshakes. And Sally! There would be a party in my home. And then Sally and I would wander along the beach. She's only a year older than me now—yet in a month she'll be eighteen. Two years my senior again.

Sept. 20. Calm. No wind. No sign of whales. The crew are saying again that Joseph Thomas is the Jonah. As before, he is dumb. He avoids us all.

Only two of those we took at Oahu are at all human. One is the Negro, Humphries. He is, by all odds, the best-natured man aboard. The other is the native we call Joe Brown. He came aboard with nothing on him but a loincloth and a string of blue beads. He danced with joy when he was given "white man's clothes."

The others, Silas Payne, John Oliver, Anthony Hanson, and Thomas Liliston—they strike terror into me. Especially Payne. He's a thin gaunt dark New Englander, sullen, vicious, shambling, heavily bearded.

This morning Sam came and tapped me on the shoulder. There was something bright in his hand—a surgical lancet. He laughed, seeing me look at it.

"I'm going to open my foot," he said. "Come help me."

WE walked aft and sat in the shade. He handed me a sort of hook with a delicate spring attached to it. He thrust his foot out, and I saw it was badly swollen.

"Why don't you get the captain or Lumbard to lance it?" I asked.

"I'd sooner die than ask them a favor!" he said. "And they'd as soon kill me as not."

Putting his right foot flat on the deck, he slit it open with his lancet, after which he attached the hook device.

"Hold it," he said. "Keep the wound open."

I was so sickened that he swore at me. Then he laughed gaily—though he was scraping the bone.

"All right now," he said finally. "Reach into my right coat pocket and fetch out what you find."

It was a leather box. I opened it, and looked at a row of needles, one of them threaded with catgut. Sam took it from me and began the task of sewing up the wound. He bade me go to his cabin for a clean bandage, "and a bottle of sassafras tea you'll find in my trunk."

I found the bottle, but it wasn't sassafras tea. It smelled like rum. I didn't begrudge it to him.

One thing I noticed in his trunk. Most of his weapons have disappeared. But the seeds are still there.

Oct. 2. Wind from the S. W. Heading for Fanning's Island. The brine has run out of the beef barrel. The beef is putrid. Oliver, a bandy-legged little man, grabbed the pan as Humphries came in with it.

"Gor!" he said. "'Ow can a man stomach that?"

He rushed to the rail and threw it overboard.

"Ain' my fault," Humphries said. "Cap'n's orde's."

"Get out and bring us decent food," Payne shouted, "or I'll cut your black gizzard into ribbons!"

Humphries, for once without his grin, began backing out, nodding his head. "Yas, suh! Yas, suh! Ah do what Ah cain, but cap'n, suh—"

"The captain will speak for himself," Captain Worth said, appearing in the doorway. Behind him bulked Mate Beetle with a long net. In the net was a chunk of the stinking beef, fished up out of the water.

"Throw the meat on the table, Mr. Beetle," Captain Worth said. "They'll eat it."

He took us all in with his cold bloodshot eyes.

"Swine!" he burst out. "Throwing away my good food! Who heaved it over? Who dared?"

No one answered. Humphries fell to his knees and cried, "'Fore God, cap'n, Ah didn't see 'em!"

The captain grunted and turned from him in disgust.

"You'll finish the barrel," he said to us, "spoiled or not. When that's gone, you'll get turtle again. And if any rascal of ye complains, I'll have him flogged."

Payne waited until captain and mate were well forward. Then, seizing the slimy meat in his bare hands, and making an awful face, he hurled it through the port.

"Blast his dirty soul!" he growled. "Wait till we get to Fanning's Island! If he ain't dead by then—"

Liliston nudged him sharply, and he ceased talking. They both turned and glared at us.

Dec. 16. Calm. Sultry. Captain Worth has lost sixteen silver dollars. Every one of us has been searched. The money has not been found; but Captain Worth has confined Joseph Thomas below on suspicion.

Dec. 24. Calm. Soft breeze from the south. Up in the rigging tonight, I saw a halo around the moon. At midnight the ship's bell rang out Christmas tidings, brassy clanging notes on the sharp sweet air.

"Merry Christmas, Sam," I said. There was a lump in my throat. But all he would say was, "Christmas! Will you never grow up? What's merry on this tub?—and a storm coming!"

Dec. 25. A rough sea, with dark lowering clouds. And yet, somehow, we made a Merry Christmas of it. The men had decorated the forecastle before I came off watch. There was an extra sperm lamp suspended from the center deck beam. And they'd put up part of a whale's jaw and hung it with green seaweed, and thrust sperm candles into the sockets, to make a Christmas tree.

"Me'y Christmas!" shouted Humphries as I came in.

"Merry Christmas!" I shouted, and shook hands all around. No, not all around. Payne, Liliston, and Oliver, sitting apart, did not look up. They were chewing tobacco, and spitting between whispered sentences.

LATER, Humphries served hot food and hot rum toddies. "Cap'n's orde's," he said. After dinner he fiddled some Christmas carols.

It brightened a bit in the afternoon, and services were held under a tarpaulin on deck, Gilbert Smith reading from the Bible, Humphries playing hymns, Captain Worth standing by, hands in his pockets, smiling as benevolently as a bishop. He promised us roast ham and plum duff for supper. But when Humphries went to the barrel, he found nothing in it but the ham bones.

The captain's fury was so tremendous he almost fainted. It was many seconds before he could speak.

"We have a cannibal among us," he said then. "A filthy swine who eats the flesh of his fellow swine. Well"—he paused and spat—"I shall find him!"

"For'd!" Beetle cried. "For'd, every man o' ye! Christmas is over."

Jan. 1, 1824. New Year's Day. God give us whales and send us home again. God give me another sight of Sally.

Jan. 23. The Lyra's here. The Lyra of Edgartown. Faces from home. News from home. Letters—though none for me. Not even one from father.

She came up suddenly, that blessed old whaler. Humphries, who was in the crow's-nest, spied her first. In less than an hour we knew her to be the Lyra.

"Mistuh Comstock, suh," Humphries whispered to me, "Ah's in trouble, Mistuh Comstock."

"Yes," I said. "You deserted the Lyra, didn't you?"

"Yassuh," he said. "And now, if dey cotch me, Cap'n Joy, he'll skin me alive, suh. What'll Ah do?"

"Have an accident," I said. "Fall down, skin your knee—anything to give you an excuse to stay below."

He took me at my word and "accidentally" ran a harpoon through the calf of his right leg. It was not a serious wound, but was excuse enough.

We all burst into cheers as the Lyra came close. It was no time at all until we were cutting through the water in the waist boat—Sam, Captain Worth, Beetle, Columbus Worth, and I. The two captains greeted each other with salty oaths and gales of laughter. The mailbag came up out of the Lyra's hold, and letters rained out of it—one for Sam in Sally's writing. He thrust it, unread, into a pocket of his monkey jacket!

Jan. 24. Calm and bright. We sighted a whale early this morning. The Lyra's lookout saw it at the same moment. We lowered, hurrying frenziedly to beat the Lyra's boats. We rowed, and they rowed with us, stroke for stroke. We strained our backs, Captain Worth lashing us on with curses. Our boat took the lead. Lumbard's was right in back of us. The first of the Lyra's boats was but a foot behind him.

We pulled until our arms were numb, our throats dry.

"Sounded!" Captain Worth cried. "A ninety-bar'l sparm whale! With a calf! Pull now. Pull!"

SOME moments later he bade us rest. Lumbard's boat shot by us, and two of the Lyra's boats.

Third Mate Fisher's boat came toward us slowly. Joe Brown stood in the prow, harpoon in hand. Fisher was steering. As I looked, the whales breached, half a mile from us but not a hundred yards from them.

Mother and son!

The sun shone on Joe Brown's harpoon. Water spouted from the baby whale—water that quickly turned to red. The mother whale charged the boat, jaws open. The men leaped overboard. All but Joe Brown. I saw him a moment, his second harpoon poised. Then he was gone, and where he had been there was only white water and the rise and fall of a pair of giant flukes.

Lumbard's boat rescued those who were swimming. Our boat pursued the whale, and caught her just as the sun was setting. Sam killed her with the lance, easily. She showed no fight. Her calf was dead. We put a drag on her, put a cable round her flukes, and made it fast to a small kedge to anchor her.

All the way back to the ship we speculated on the fate of the men in Fisher's boat. Lumbard hailed us as soon as he heard the sound of our oars.

"Fisher's boat badly smashed, sir! Ol' whale chewed it in half and swallowed up Joe Brown."

Jan. 27. Have just come off watch. Cyrus Hussey stepped into my path as I was relieved at the wheel.

"Laugh at everything I say," he begged me. He looked all about him furtively. I laughed, but I was startled.

"Get word to Beetle or the skipper," he said.

I laughed again, and Hussey laughed with me. He laughed loudly, nervously, warning me some one was coming. I turned and saw that it was Sam.

"It just dawned on me," Hussey said to Sam, "that George is taller than me. A whole inch."

"And I was saying that Cy's hair, that used to be brown, is bleached yellow as a girl's," I said.

Sam took Hussey's arm and walked away with him. He did not smile. Hussey's face, I noted, was ghastly. He had tried to tell me something. Sam had prevented him.

Of what impending thunderbolt of vengeance had young Hussey sought to warn Sam's brother—and the captain? A breath-taking question, with which this historic sea drama nears a climax. Next week's installment will leave you in no doubt about the answer!

Sonnets Cloak-and

I

Business by me comes first. I wouldn't let
None of these here, now, cuties interfere
With getting trade. So I am keeping clear
Of women, which would make a feller fret.
You take me when I'm selling, you could bet
If sirens came and whispered in my ear
I wouldn't look, I wouldn't even hear,
Until I'd got my order landed yet.
Look at these suits. Say, you could search the town,
You wouldn't find their equal, and the price
Is only— Lookut, now, that dame in brown
Is, I could tell you, something pretty nice—
You should excuse me, please, that salesman's new;
Ladies he ain't much good at selling to.

II

A model's job she wants. That little queen
Should have to work! Mister, that is a shame.
Well, if she gets the job, my friend, I mean
To see them buyers doesn't chase that dame.
Any schlemiel that tries, I'm telling you,
Will get from me the knuckles in the eye.
Some of them loafers thinks that they could buy
With every bill of goods a model, too.
A joke you make that I'm in love already?
How do you get it that way? Through your hat
You're talking now. Such silly stuff as that!
I betcha, anyhow, she has a steady.
A chance I'd have Himmel, don't make me laugh!
(Here's some swell suits at seven and a half.)

III

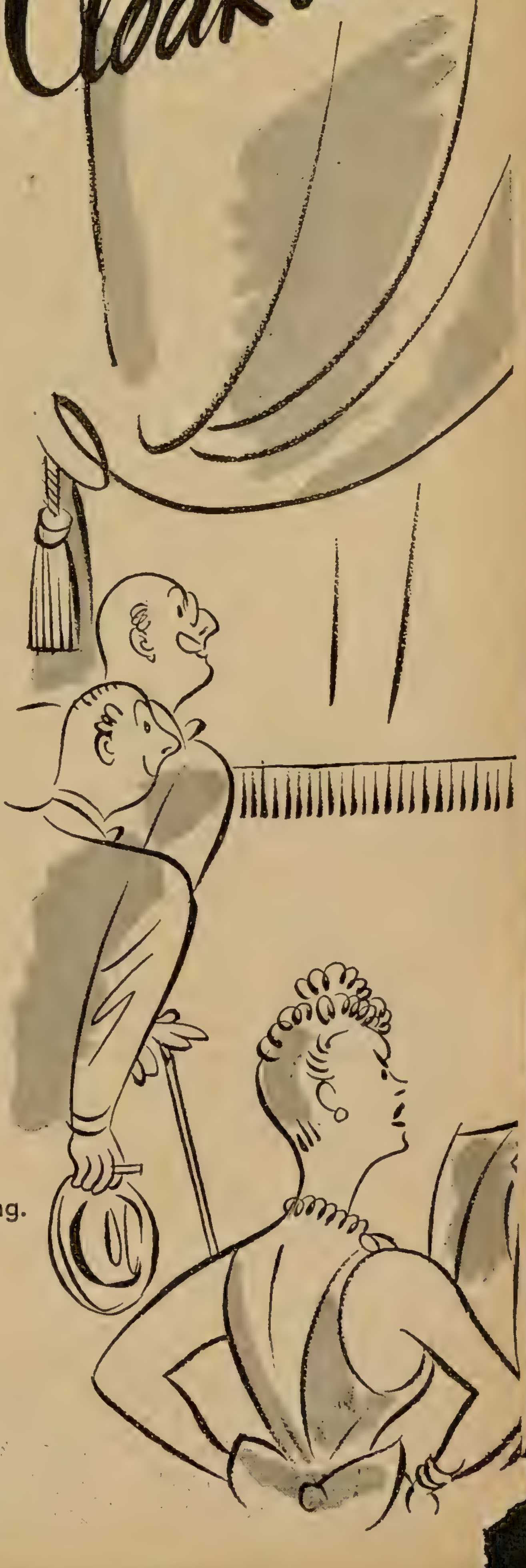
No hard-boiled egg is harder boiled as me
Where women is concerned, I'm telling you.
But with this number—oi, I couldn't be
The way I act with others. Look—she's new
To this here trade. So I would be a bummer
Unless I kind of watched her progress, mister,
And told her, like a brother would a sister,
She shouldn't be familiar with no drummer.
Nor buyer, neither. "Listen, little one,"
I says to her. "You tell them loafers, now,
You don't go out nowhere when work is done.
Besides, you got engagements, anyhow."
"Who with?" she says. I answers, "You could be
Saying you're always dated up with me."

IV

Where did I get it, such a big blue eye?
And is the Other Feller looking worse?
Listen. It's luck yet I ain't in a hearse.
He was a murderer, that other guy.
Comes it like this: A date he makes with Mabel
That they should go to Finkel's cabaret.
I'm thinking that that loafer might get gay,
And that she ain't the type that's always able
To handle such a bum. So I'm near by her,
If he should make some passes. So he did!
I yells, "I'll punch you! Leave alone that kid!"
Oi, then he socks me first! I holler, "Fire!
Help! Murder!" Mabel sits there—and she's grinning.
Schmoos, for a hero that ain't no beginning.

V

Women, you couldn't figure them at all.
I'm thinking I'm a failure, assets zero;
That I'm a total bankrupt as a hero,
And looking for a hole where I could crawl
When Mabel comes to work. By me she stops
And such a smile she has, it knocks me dumb.
"An A-1 knight you are," she says; "that bum



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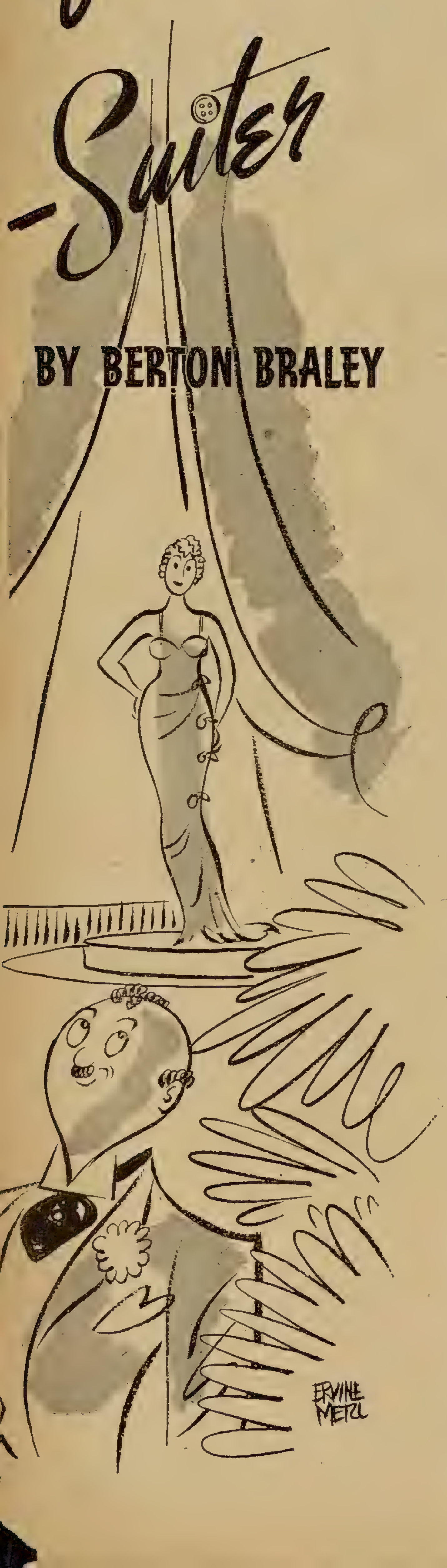
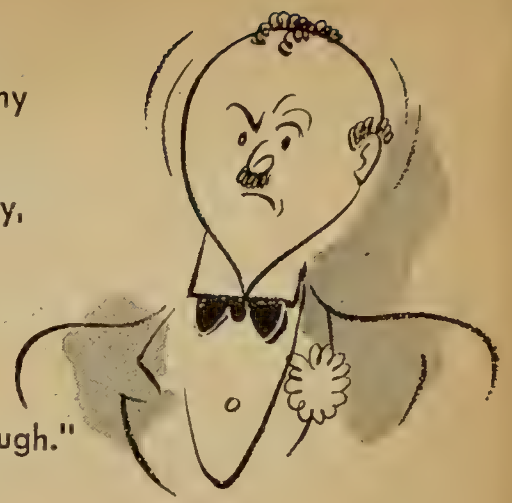
BY BERTON BRALEY



Was twice your size. I should of called the cops
Instead of laughing so. But, honest, Izzy,
Though you was brave, you certainly looked funny
Trying to fight—you ain't no pugilist."
Well, that, you could believe me, makes me dizzy
Like some one dies and leaves me all their money,
Or puts a winning sweepstake in my fist.



VI

Well, me and Mabel both has got the gate.
Another buyer says, "I'll date that fluff."
"Sure," says the boss. "Why not? Simple enough."
And tells her she had better make the date.
Mabel says, "Please, that other one got rough.
I'd rather not." The boss says, "Oh, all right.
No date—no job. You draw your pay tonight,
And so you're through." "Where do you get that stuff?"
I says to him. "What do you mean, you crook!
While I'm around you don't do that to her.
You should take shame, you got no character!"
The boss says, "So! Buttinski! You could look
At want ads, too. Salesmen like you is plenty;
Any time I could get me ten or twenty."

VII

"You shouldn't fret," I'm telling Mabel then;
"I got a thousand dollars in the bank.
You wouldn't have to worry, Gott sei dank;
It's yours until you land a job again.
Me? I'll be working right away, and soon—
Maybe next year—it wouldn't be no more—
Our friends would say, 'Mabel and Isidore
Is by the Katskills on their honeymoon.'"
"Izzy, that's sweet!" is what she says to me.
"But I got plans that simply knocks that flat.
You got a thousand, I got two—that's three;
We could start business for ourselves on that.
My poppa has a loft that we could rent;
He wouldn't try to make off us a cent."

VIII

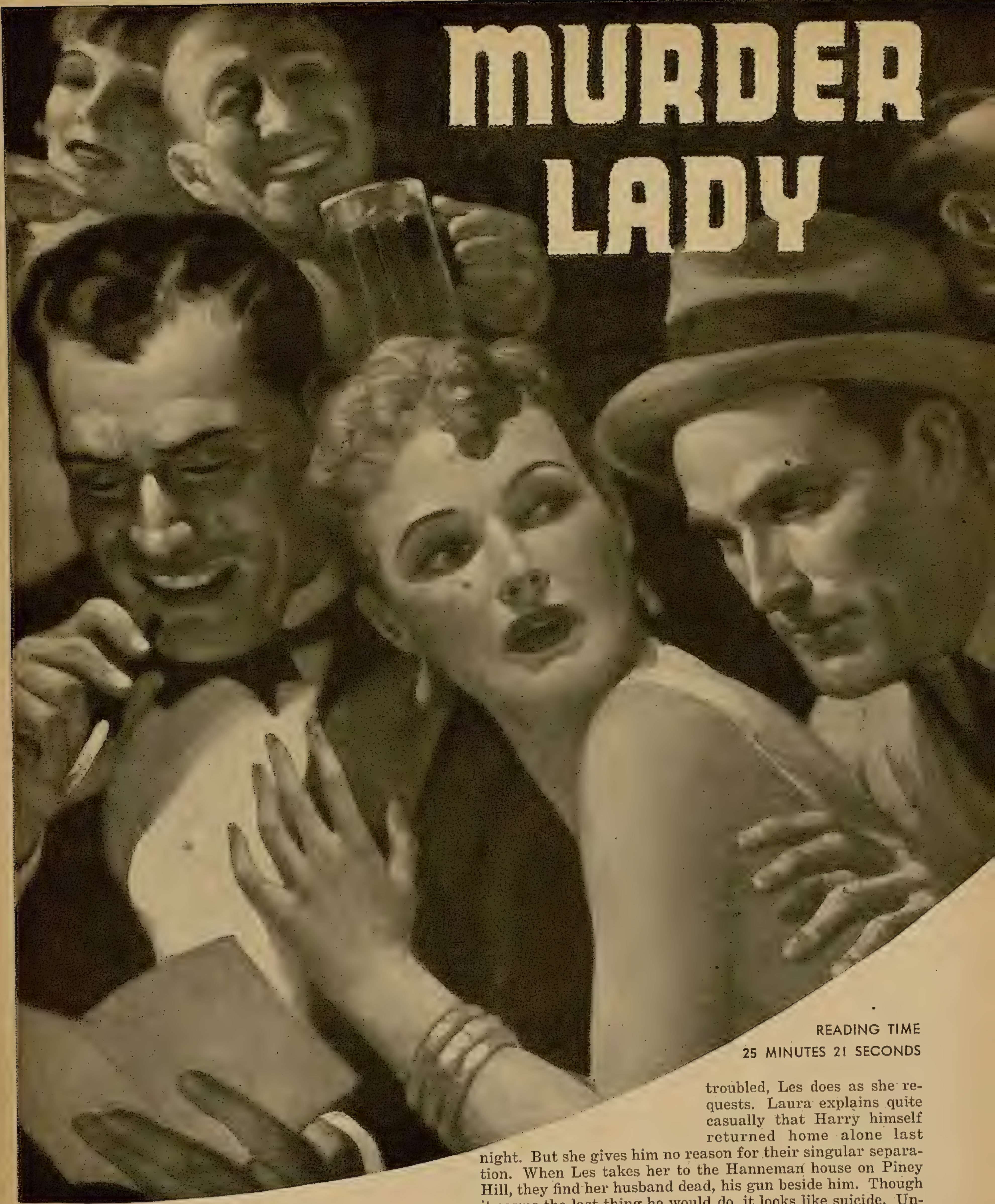
So comes it out her poppa's Moses Klein,
Rich like a Croesus. Am I glad? I ain't.
I'm feeling such an emptiness I'm faint.
What chance I got now I should make her mine,
A wealthy heiress? What am I? A bum
That's only just moved out of Hester Street;
That couldn't buy her slippers for her feet.
Mabel says, "Izzy, what for are you glum?
Have I done something you should act that way?
I know you're thinking I'm too rich for you.
Listen. My pop got where he is today
From selling rags. And he's proud of it, too.
He's always said, 'Don't marry for position.
Pick out some bright young feller with ambition.'"

IX

Business by us is swell; goods, A-1 grade,
Is what we deal in; and we got a line
That's got the class in fabric and design.
(Comes it to light, design is Mabel's trade
And she just modeled for experience.)
Our line on lady models is displayed,
Swell models, too—we don't spare no expense.
But—dates with models isn't being made.
"This ain't no Follies chorus," says my wife.
"Business is business—not a social game.
And we ain't cheerin' up no buyer's life
By furnishin' a party-goin' dame.
And, Izzy, watch your step. Remember when
You fell for a model? Well, you could again!"

THE END

MURDER LADY



READING TIME
25 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

HALF an hour after she is married to Harry Hanneman, a rich California politician, Laura Lane tells Les Burns, her former newspaper buddy, that she loves him only. Merrily she goes on her honeymoon to New York, leaving Les aghast at her deception and lack of decency. Within a week he receives a wire from her asking him to meet her plane when it arrives at the Oakland airport. Puzzled and troubled, Les does as she requests. Laura explains quite casually that Harry himself returned home alone last night. But she gives him no reason for their singular separation. When Les takes her to the Hanneman house on Piney Hill, they find her husband dead, his gun beside him. Though it seems the last thing he would do, it looks like suicide. Unmoved by the tragedy, Laura says that now she and Les will be able to travel a golden road together. Though fascinated by her, Les begins to suspect that she is guilty of murder.

But Captain Meek, Sergeant Delaney, and Inspector Levine suspect Les of the crime. They can prove nothing. Led by the Times-Star, whose managing editor is Hack Doyle, the newspapers declare Hanneman committed suicide. Both Les

A desperate plot, a night of madness! Now climax and revelation draw near in the year's most vivid mystery novel

BY WHITMAN CHAMBERS

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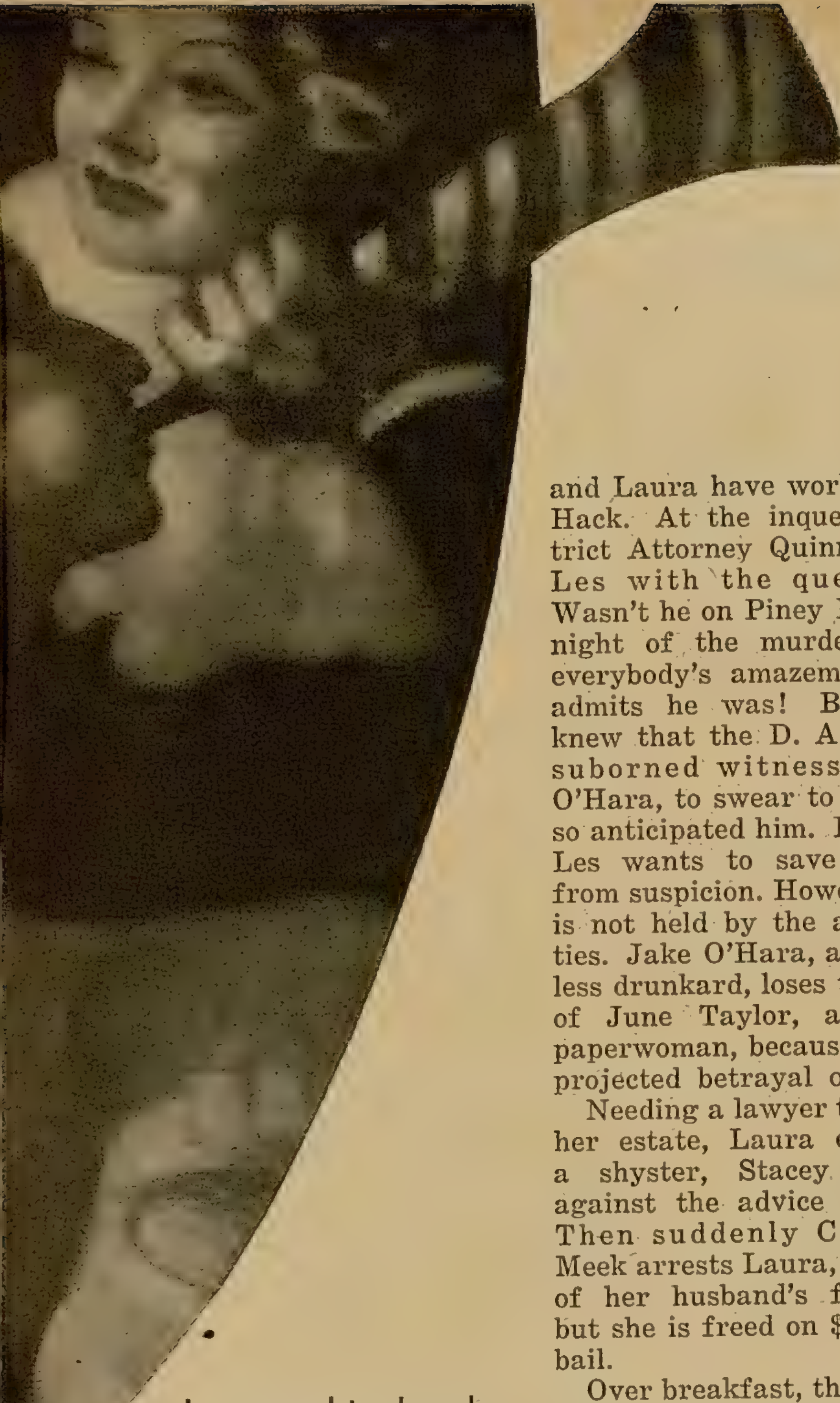

and Laura have worked for Hack. At the inquest District Attorney Quinn grills Les with the question, Wasn't he on Piney Hill the night of the murder? To everybody's amazement, he admits he was! But Les knew that the D. A. had a suborned witness, Jake O'Hara, to swear to the lie, so anticipated him. Besides, Les wants to save Laura from suspicion. However, he is not held by the authorities. Jake O'Hara, a worthless drunkard, loses the love of June Taylor, a newspaperwoman, because of his projected betrayal of Les.

Needing a lawyer to settle her estate, Laura engages a shyster, Stacey Moise, against the advice of Les. Then suddenly Captain Meek arrests Laura, the day of her husband's funeral; but she is freed on $100,000 bail.

Over breakfast, the morning of her release, Laura confides to Les that she was on Piney Hill the night of the murder and came upon the body of her husband!

I managed to draw her about three steps away from Moise. "I thought tonight was our night, Laura," I said quietly.

PART EIGHT—WHISTLING IN THE DARK

TELL you what I'll do," said Inspector Joe Levine.

"Shoot," Sergeant Delaney ordered.

"I'll lay you even money he christens it."

"Christens what?"

"The new lethal gas chamber."

"Nuts!" Delaney growled. "What kind of a sap do you take me for?"

There's a couple of hard-boiled dicks for you! Ribbing at a time like this, when behind the white door of the operating room a woman lay dying.

Well, let them rib. I could bear it. It was so easy not to listen to them. It was so easy to sit there staring at my manacled hands . . . thinking . . . thinking . . .

I ORDERED more coffee for Laura and me and, when the waiter pulled the curtain across the door of our booth and departed, I said:

"You were lucky, Laura."

"In what way?"

"In getting the D. A. to reduce the charge to manslaughter. He only did it to give you a break, so you could be admitted to bail. Actually, you know—it's murder or nothing."

"Murder or nothing," she mused. "What do you think, Les?"

"I think Captain Meek and Earl Quinn are a prize pair of saps," I said. "I can think of only one other person who even approaches them on the score of stupidity."

"Me, I suppose. For running away when I found Harry's body?"

"Yes."

"Can't you stop talking about it?"

"I can stop talking about it."

"*Will* you?" she demanded, almost hysterically.

"Yes."

"Because if you don't—"

"Go on."

"I won't let you see me."

"That's very fair—*very* fair," I said, and my voice was as bitter as hers.

"I think it is," she replied coolly, and tilted her chin and started to powder her nose as the waiter brought our coffee.

Sure! You don't care how I feel about it! You don't care a rap how I worry, doubting you, trying to figure how much Meek has on you, wondering what will become of you.

And you're the little girl who never told a lie, not even a white lie. Nuts! If you're not afraid of being caught in a lie, why did you refuse to talk to Meek? Why do you refuse to talk to me? What are you hiding, Laura?

The waiter went away, and I said: "Stacey Moise tried to see you last night. Meek wouldn't let him go up."

"Meek, for once, was right. I didn't want to see Stacey."

Oh, so it's Stacey now, is it?

"You wanted to see him the night before," I remarked, carefully measuring sugar into my coffee.

I could feel her looking at me hard as I reached for the cream, and I was all set for another explosion. Instead, when I looked up, she was smiling.

"That was a matter of business, about the estate and inheritance taxes, and all that sort of thing. You didn't think, by any chance, that I went out on a binge with him, did you?"

"I didn't know. It seemed to me pretty bad form even to go out to dinner, with Harry not even in his grave."

She shrugged off the subject with: "What do you think of Stacey's chances?"

"To win the election? Excellent. A few more congressmen of his type and the country *will* go to the dogs."

"He's not so bad," she replied, pouting.

"He couldn't be much worse."

"What's so terribly wrong with him?"

"Nothing. He's just a crook. That's all."

She laughed.

"Darling, darling! My poor jealous little sweetie-pie."

"Cut it, will you? Save that sweetie-pie stuff for your ton of shyster."

"And, speaking of pie, although I don't know why that should bring it to mind, could you lend me some money, darling? I'm flat, as usual. And, just think, a few hours ago I had a hundred thousand in the bank. That's life, isn't it? Fifty dollars will do. I'm going to work in a few days and I'll pay you back. Or maybe Earl Quinn will decide to nol-pros and I'll get the hundred thousand back."

She stood up, leaned across the table, and kissed me. Then she put her head back, laughed gaily, and sang:

"'Oh, baby, what I couldn't do, if I had a hundred Gs and you.'"

WITH A HEAD LIKE THIS, I COULDN'T CATCH AN OLD BOOT!

Morning-After?
Ease it FASTER

When you wake with a "head," Bromo-Seltzer eases it FASTER, a group of doctors proved in tests, than any other remedy they tested. Bromo-Seltzer does *more* for you, too. Settles your stomach, soothes nerves, ALKALIZES.

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BROMO-SELTZER

FOR HEADACHES
EMERSON'S
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Whistling in the dark! Well, I wish I could whistle in the dark. All I can do is grope around, worry, wonder how I really stand with Laura, wonder what will happen when the grand jury meets, wonder how the whole sorry mess is going to end.

Five long weeks went by, with no change in the status of the case so far as any of us could find out, and we had some pretty live wires strung into the secret places of the City Hall and the D. A.'s office. It began to look as though Earl Quinn planned to wait for the regular session of the grand jury before presenting his case against Laura.

In a way, I was glad. Laura could be free that much longer. On the other hand, the strain of waiting was almost unbearable. Even Laura was showing it, losing a little weight, looking a bit haggard sometimes, as though she weren't sleeping well. She was back at work now, getting out her daily syndicated column.

JAKE O'HARA was still drinking, but his glass tube was such a handicap in absorbing whisky, he was actually on his feet most of the time. He had a couple of publicity jobs and was managing to get by after a fashion. June Taylor allowed him to see her now and then, but their old relationship had never been resumed. And Jake, while he never once spoke to me, managed to make me understand that he blamed me and that some day he'd settle the score.

Work and more work, often until after midnight—that was the only way I got through those five taut weeks. I knew Laura was seeing quite a bit of Stacey Moise and less and less of me. But I wasn't worried—much.

Then, two days before the primary, a deputy sheriff walked into the office and handed me a summons to appear before a special session of the grand jury on the day following election. I knew what that meant: More evidence; enough evidence, probably; for Bill Meek had been working steadily on the case all those weeks.

I called the Times-Star office, got Hack Doyle when the operator told me Laura was out on a story.

"I just got a summons, Hack," I told him. "The grand jury meets the day after election."

Doyle's sigh was close to a groan. "Not so good."

"Not good at all. Has Laura got one?"

"Not yet, but undoubtedly she will."

I'd hardly put aside the telephone when it rang and I found Peggy Maple on the line.

"The boss wants to see you, handsome."

"What about?"

"A party, I think. And you'd better come over here right away."

"Why'd I better?"

"Because if it's what I think it is—well, you come up and talk to him."

"All right, all right."

I didn't feel like talking to Stacey Moise, but anything was better than sitting around the office worrying.

Moise was beaming when I walked in. He had on a new suit and a fresh haircut and he looked handsome enough to crash Hollywood.

"Look, Les," he hailed. "Here's what I wanted to see you about. The nomination is in the bag, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"How soon will we know definitely? At what time, election night, I mean."

"Before midnight."

"Fine. I want to throw a party."

"Is anybody stopping you?"

"Now, Les, don't be difficult. Here's the idea: My apartment is two miles from the courthouse. I want to rent a place just for the night that's only a few blocks away. You live in that district, don't you?"

"I live two blocks from the courthouse."

"Fine. Do you happen to know if there's a vacant apartment in your building?"

"There's a four-room penthouse that's a knockout."

"A penthouse! Boy! Won't that be something!"

"It might be arranged, Stacey. But it will cost you plenty."

"Who cares? And look. You attend to all the liquor. Buy as much as you think we'll need for a big party. I'll have Peggy get a caterer and supervise the eats; she'll take care of that end of it. You just get the penthouse and the liquor. And invite anybody you want. Anybody! Boy, what a party! Pinch me, Les, I'm dreaming. A penthouse!"

In the outer office I stopped at Peggy's desk.

"Here's your break, beautiful."

She looked up, all eyes and bright-red lips. "What goes on?"

"A party. In a penthouse. You'll hear all about it from Moise. I can't stay around here and gab with you, but get this straight: Do what I tell you election night and stay sober. *Stay sober*, see?"

"I'll do anything you say."

"Attagirl," I grinned. "Poor Stacey! Poor, poor Stacey!"

I WENT back to my office and phoned Doyle. "Has Laura come in?"

"She came in, bumped into a deputy, and got her summons, and shoved off again on a story."

"How'd she take the summons?"

"How does she take everything?"

"The only sensible way, I suppose. O. K. Be seeing you."

I phoned the apartment manager and took the penthouse for the asking price, a hundred dollars plus damages. Then I went out and started buying liquor. It was a lot of fun, spending Moise's money and plotting to wipe him off the political map in one sure, clean stroke. It was just the kind of sadistic fun I needed.

On election afternoon I met Peggy in the penthouse, where she was unpacking and washing glasses.

"How's it going, beautiful?"

She looked flushed and excited. "Swell! Perfectly swell!"

"You been drinking already?"

"I just took one little sample of the Scotch when it came," she said contritely.

"Well, go easy," I said. "And don't forget to eat a lot of dinner. You have to keep your head tonight. Such a lot depends on you. In fact, everything— Oh, skip it! I'll go maudlin in a minute."

"I know what you're thinking. Mrs. Hanneman. She and Stacey have been seeing plenty of each other the last few weeks. And, if you ask me, it wasn't just business. At least, not legal business."

"Did I ask you? Let's look at this dump."

We wandered around, looking over the penthouse. It was a beautiful place for a party. A big bedroom for hats and coats, a big kitchen for pouring drinks, a living-dining room about twenty by forty, and on three sides a wide terrace overlooking the lake.

"Not bad," I said. "The manager has taken out most of the good furniture and put in old stuff. But it'll do."

"Do! I think it's just wonderful! What's on the program tonight? For me?"

HERE'S the angle: If I know Moise, he'll eventually pass out along toward three in the morning. He's been staying sober for a long time and he's about due for a binge. Your job is to stay close to him, but not too close. Don't throw yourself at him, but just be handy when everybody goes home."

"I'll be the handiest little girl in fourteen counties."

"If things work out right, Moise will wake up in the morning in a very embarrassing situation — embarrassing for a politician, anyway."

"Now, a newspaperman—"

"Keep your mind on Moise, will you? Anyway, Moise will wake up in this apartment with you, and he'll have to yell for help, because he'll find the door, by mistake, has been locked on the outside."

"By mistake," she laughed. "That's good."

"No, it isn't good. It's lousy. It's the lousiest trick I ever played on anybody in my life and I'm not proud of it. But Stacey is a louse himself, and he rates everything he's going to get."

"Such as?"

"There'll be a couple of witnesses handy when the door is opened. And from that time on you'll take orders from a little shyster I know who is a lot smarter than Moise."

"And what'll I get out of it?"

"You'll get half of every dime Moise has to his name. And the lawyer will get the other half."

"And what will you get?"

"When the papers begin blasting this little episode, Moise dies politically. That's all I ask."

She leaned back a little further, watching me with restless humid eyes. . . .

I called for Laura about nine that evening and we drove downtown. She

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A MEAL FOR 4...!

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AT YOUR FOOD STORE

had hardly anything to say and I didn't feel much like talking myself.

By this time tomorrow, Laura, you may be back in jail, facing a first-degree murder charge. By this time tomorrow I may know that you killed Harry. It won't take a trial to convince me, Laura. I'll know, one way or the other. And I'm not sure I want to know.

"You're driving like a wild man, darling. Are you nervous?"

"I guess I am."

"Not worried, are you?"

"No."

"I'll be cleared. You're sure of that, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"And you'll always be sure? You'll never, never doubt me?"

"I'll never doubt you, Laura."

She patted my knee as though she were saying, "Good doggie. Nice doggie."

"By this time tomorrow night," she said, much too brightly, "everything will be over and we can start living again."

Oh, she was cheerful enough. And yet her voice was less husky than usual, and there were two splotches of color high on her cheekbones, and she couldn't keep her hands still.

She wasn't fooling me, not any. She was nervous, taut, keyed up close to the snapping point. And still, somehow, I kept thinking she wasn't worrying about the grand jury. I felt there was something else on her mind, and she was talking about "this time tomorrow night" to keep me from asking questions.

We got out of the elevator on the eighth floor. I could hear voices and laughter in the penthouse over our heads and knew that Moise's party was already under way. I glanced at Laura. Her fine gray eyes were sparkling and she was breathing too fast.

Ordinarily she showed so little emotion that I was surprised. "Why so eager, Laura?" I asked, smiling.

Her shrug was vaguely petulant and her smile didn't seem sincere.

"Am I acting eager? I didn't realize it."

"My imagination probably. Look, Laura. My apartment is just down the hall. Couldn't we have one drink by ourselves before we join that mob upstairs? Just one drink, you and I together alone?"

"Why, of course, darling," she said quickly, not quite hiding the shadow that came across her eyes.

I unlocked the door, switched on the light, and we went in. For a small job, the apartment wasn't bad. There was a little kitchen and a big living room and a bath. That was all, but it was cozy and the lights were not too bright and the living-room windows gave a fine view of the lake.

"Nice," Laura commented, looking around appraisingly.

"That's right. You've never been up here, have you?"

"Of course not," she replied. "It must have been a couple of other girls."

Her voice rasped a little and she didn't smile. I didn't dare take that up.

"The chair by the radio is the best in the joint. What would you like to drink? We have rye."

"That will be fine. Not too much, darling."

I went out to the kitchen and poured us each a small drink of rye and water. When I came back she was in the deep armchair and had the radio turned on.

"Some particular station you wanted?"

"Oh, no." She switched it off and took the glass I held out. "I was just wondering about the election returns."

"It's a little early," I said, thinking bitterly that it was a fine time to be worrying about election returns. "Well, Laura, here's luck."

She raised her glass and touched mine. Our gazes crossed and locked for a long moment. Her eyes were utterly blank. "Thank you, darling," she said quietly.

I sat down on the broad cushioned arm of the chair and put my arm around her shoulders casually. Did I only imagine it, or did she shrink away from me?

She took a sip of her drink, spoke into the glass. "This may be our last night together for a long time, Les."

It *was* our last night. But did she know? Even then?

"You don't really think that," I said.

"No, I really don't. But juries can do strange things. However, let's not talk about it or even think about it any more. Let's just live for tonight. Let's make it a happy night, and when morning comes, let's not have any unpleasant memories or regrets. I'd like it that way, darling."

She turned her face up and now her eyes were starry, her lips moist and parted just enough to show the tips of her small even teeth.

I bent over and kissed her on the mouth. I took the glass out of her hand and set it with mine on the table. I slid into the chair beside her and put my arms around her and held her close. Her heart beat strong and fast against my breast.

"No unpleasant memories, Laura," I whispered. "No regrets. I promise. Do you?"

"Yes, darling."

Her body was close and warm in my arms, and yet I knew her thoughts were a thousand miles away. No, not a thousand miles—just upstairs in the penthouse with Stacey Moise. Wasn't Stacey Moise going to Washington? Oh, was he? He was not!

"Shall we go up now?" Laura asked.

I'd have willingly given an eye not to have to go to Moise's party. But I said, with as much complaisance as I could muster:

"Sure. Why not?"

I kissed her again, one hard last kiss, and helped her out of the chair. We climbed the stairs to the penthouse and walked into Moise's party. About twenty men and a sprinkling of women were standing around absorbing liquor and being noisy.

As we stepped through the door a radio blared: "—teenth Precinct incomplete: Moise, 218; McNaught, 92; Allen, 51; Hayes, 17."

Everybody cheered. It was as nice a gathering as you'd get in a week of gutter sweeping. Moise stood out above those gravy-hungry chiselers like a lighthouse. Then he saw Laura and, bowling job hunters right and left, he rushed over.

"So glad you could come, Laura," he beamed. "Peggy! Peggy! Where is that girl?"

Sliding out of somebody's encircling arm, Peggy came over. She looked sullen and a little tight.

"Take Mrs. Hanneman's coat, Peggy. Laura, I want you to meet some of my friends."

PEGGY took the beautiful mink coat as though it were red hot, muttering to me in an undertone:

"Now I'm a hat-check girl. I've been a kitchenmaid and a barmaid and a parlormaid and—"

The guy who'd had his arm around her had sidled over and was reaching for her again.

"Scram!" Peggy snapped viciously, and he backed away.

"It's all in a good cause, Peggy," I said lightly. "The cause of better government. Keep that in mind and —*keep sober!*"

With a sulky swinging of hips Peggy moved toward the bedroom with Laura's coat, and I heard Moise calling to me above the loud talk, the cackling laughter, the rattle of glassware, the blare of the radio.

"Oh, Les! How about a drink, old man?"

"Thanks. I just had one."

He was standing there in the center of the big room, surrounded by his backslapping satellites, with Laura hanging on one arm and on his every word. They made, I had to admit, a handsome couple. Only that isn't what I was calling them about that time.

"And, Les—"

"Yeah?"

"Would you mind running over to the courthouse and seeing how the count is coming?"

Some brilliant wit cracked: "Oh, deah! Have we a count at the courthouse?"

"Sure," I said. I think I'd have gone anywhere to get away from the sight of that pair.

In the county clerk's office I found the usual seeming confusion of elec-

"nothing but
Velvet goes into
this pipe"
Happy Birthday Bob
Velvet
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of fine old
Kentucky Burley
aged in wood

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of pure maple
sugar for extra
good taste

Velvet packs easy in a pipe
Rolls smooth in a cigarette
Draws right in both

Better smoking tobacco

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tion night: A long row of adding machines, each manned by a newspaper reporter or a deputy clerk, each carrying the vote on two candidates; tally clerks shouting figures to the machines; newspapermen and candidates and political scum milling around.

Elbowing my way into the bedlam, I came face to face with Jake O'Hara. His little glass tube was sticking out of his vest pocket and I wondered if the poor devil's jaw was never going to set.

"How's it, Jake?" I asked.

"How do you think it is?" he retorted through his locked teeth. "Did you ever try to eat a steak through a tube?"

It was as near as he'd come to friendliness since the night I'd broken his jaw.

"When are they taking the wires off?" I asked.

"Tomorrow."

A lot of things were happening tomorrow.

"That's great. Will you do me a favor, Jake?"

"I'd love to do you a favor!" he sneered.

"Send me all your doctor bills."

"When I get to be a charity patient, muh frand, I'll go to a charity ward." And he moved off into the mob.

Except for the skeleton staffs required to get out an extra or two, every newspaperman in the city was in the courthouse. Many had even brought their wives. Election night is that kind of a show.

I found Pop Taylor declaiming to a more or less admiring circle.

"Hi, Pop!" I said. "Stacey Moise is throwing a party in a penthouse over my apartment. How about dropping around?"

"Well, now that you put it up to me, I don't mind if I do. I wouldn't vote for the mutt, but there's nothing wrong with his liquor, is there?"

"Not a thing. You know where the place is. Go right over and take your friends."

I found June talking to Red and Alyce Campbell, the latter dolled to the ears in a new fur coat.

"You people bound any place?" I asked.

"I had to bring dad down as usual," June said, a little shamefaced.

"And Alyce had to show off the new rabbit skins," Red grinned.

ALYCE haughtily disdained to comment. I saw she was wearing some sort of an evening dress under the coat and knew she was hoping a party would turn up.

"Stacey Moise is throwing a brawl on the roof of my apartment house. He told me to ask a lot of people. It's only a block. Why don't you walk over?"

Red shrugged; he didn't like Moise either. But Alyce said: "I think it would be amusing," and that settled it.

"Your dad is going over, June. You'd better drag along with Red and Alyce."

"All right," she said. And, as the Campbells strolled off: "Is Laura there?"

"Laura seems to be the guest of honor."

She didn't say anything and she didn't look sympathetic, for which I was grateful; but as she walked away her usually warm brown eyes were icy.

I asked several others to the party, and while bitterness was building up in me steadily, I got a sort of satisfaction out of moving all these people in on Moise's liquor.

I found Bill Meek chatting amiably with Al Herrick and Watt Bellingham, all three of whom should have been in the City Hall. I told them about the party.

"Might drop in, at that," Meek said pleasantly. "How are things doing, Les?"

"Everything is aces, captain. What's new with you?"

He grinned at me wryly. "Not much," he said.

I took a little heart from his manner, though the grand jury session tomorrow seemed so far away I hadn't thought of it for an hour or more.

I found the machines on which the totals for the Twenty-seventh Congressional District were being carried, and took the figures off on a slip of paper. Moise was well ahead of the field. Then, taking my time, dreading to return to the penthouse, and yet afraid not to go, I started back to the party.

In the corridor outside the county clerk's office I met Hack and Mimi Doyle. As usual, they were quarreling, but I broke that up and told them about the party.

"It's out," Hack said flatly.

"It's in," Mimi stormed.

"I won't drink that mug's liquor."

"You'll drink it and like it."

"I tell you I won't go."

"Then stay here." She took my arm. "Les will take me over, won't you, Les?"

"If you hang on hard enough, I guess I'll have to."

"Then let's go. See you later, Mr. Doyle—I hope not."

Hack sighed and fell into step with us like a worried old bear following a pair of recalcitrant cubs.

IN the penthouse the party was gathering momentum. Moise was still basking and Laura was still watching him take the applause. Pop Taylor, with a glass of beer in each hand, had cornered an audience and was telling his story of the election riots of '98. Alyce Campbell, already surrounded by admiring males, was playing her customary role of a society girl on a slumming party. There were two crap games going on the kitchen floor.

Moise hailed me with "Here he is, boys. Hi, Les! What's the latest figures?"

I gave him the slip of paper, and while he was reading it and everybody was cheering, I took Laura's hand and managed to draw her about three steps away from Moise before she balked.

"I thought tonight was *our* night, Laura," I said quietly.

Her eyes were glassy. She must have been throwing them down, because it was the first time I had ever seen her tight.

"It is," she said. "But what would you like to do about it? Find a dark corner and go for some heavy necking?"

I put my arm through hers. "Let's step out on the terrace and get some air," I urged gently. "It isn't much fun standing around here listening to these windbags."

"Will you quit pawing me?" she flared, and whipped her arm away.

Standing there in the awful bedlam, with the raucous chatter of these cheap people clattering on my eardrums, I felt the virus of insanity surging through my veins like fire. To hell with everything!

It was one of those nights. One of those strange nights when you are mad, and you know it, and you know every one else is mad too. You know things will be said and things will be done that can never be unsaid, never be undone. You know, worst of all, that nothing you can do or say will stop the madness that is to be, or change it by a hair.

What will come of this mad night? Are Les and Moise headed for a final showdown about Laura? And what of her fate at the hands of the grand jury? Your suspense will meet with a terrific surprise in next week's Liberty.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 22

1—Billy Rose.

2—A fork.

3—To Japan, for claims which arose from the Panay "incident"; $268,337.35 was claimed for the loss of lives and injuries, and $1,945,670.01 for property losses.

4—A canvasback duck, with an average speed of 65 miles an hour; the average speed of a wild goose's flight being estimated at 45 miles an hour.

5—As long as it took to register a knockdown.

6—Juan Ponce de León.

7—Joan Crawford, Mary Brian, Claudette Colbert. (Question No. 7 gives their real names.)

8—Charlotte Brontë.

9—Sons-in-law; datum; glassfuls.

10—St. George (English); St. Andrew (Scottish); St. Patrick (Irish).

11—Because three marine miles constituted the range of cannon at the time the boundaries were established; it was therefore felt that a coastal state could maintain its authority to that extent.

12—Shakespeare.

13—Son, won, woe.

14—The archer fish, which is said to fire drops of water at insects flying in the air above the water's surface.

15—Australia.

16—The grease of sheep's wool.

17—The Mausoleum of Artemisia.

18—Cotton linters or wood pulp.

19—King Ahab.

20—

Samuel J. Tilden

Mr. Mims and the Great Adventure

BY MARGARET FRY

Hilarious, human . . . A blithe tale of a rash man betrayed and a blessed event that cast its shadow before

READING TIME • 23 MINUTES 57 SECONDS

WITH tender gallantry Mr. Mims escorted his wife out into the sunshine which spread a golden haze over Michigan Avenue on this momentous Saturday afternoon.

"Taxi!" he said in stentorian tones which came oddly from his slight five feet six. With a proud beam, he cut short May's pleased, halfhearted protestations over this unwonted extravagance. "Drive carefully!" he commanded.

May giggled. "You forgot to tell him where to."

Mr. Mims corrected the omission, leaned back to bask in his own secret elation and the adoring glow on May's face. Had he been a man of impulse he would have kissed her. But Mr. Mims had never kissed a woman in a taxicab, as he had never experienced any unregulated impulse or, for that matter, kissed any woman but his wife. He pressed her hand fervently.

"My dear," he said, "as the doctor put it so aptly, we may congratulate ourselves."

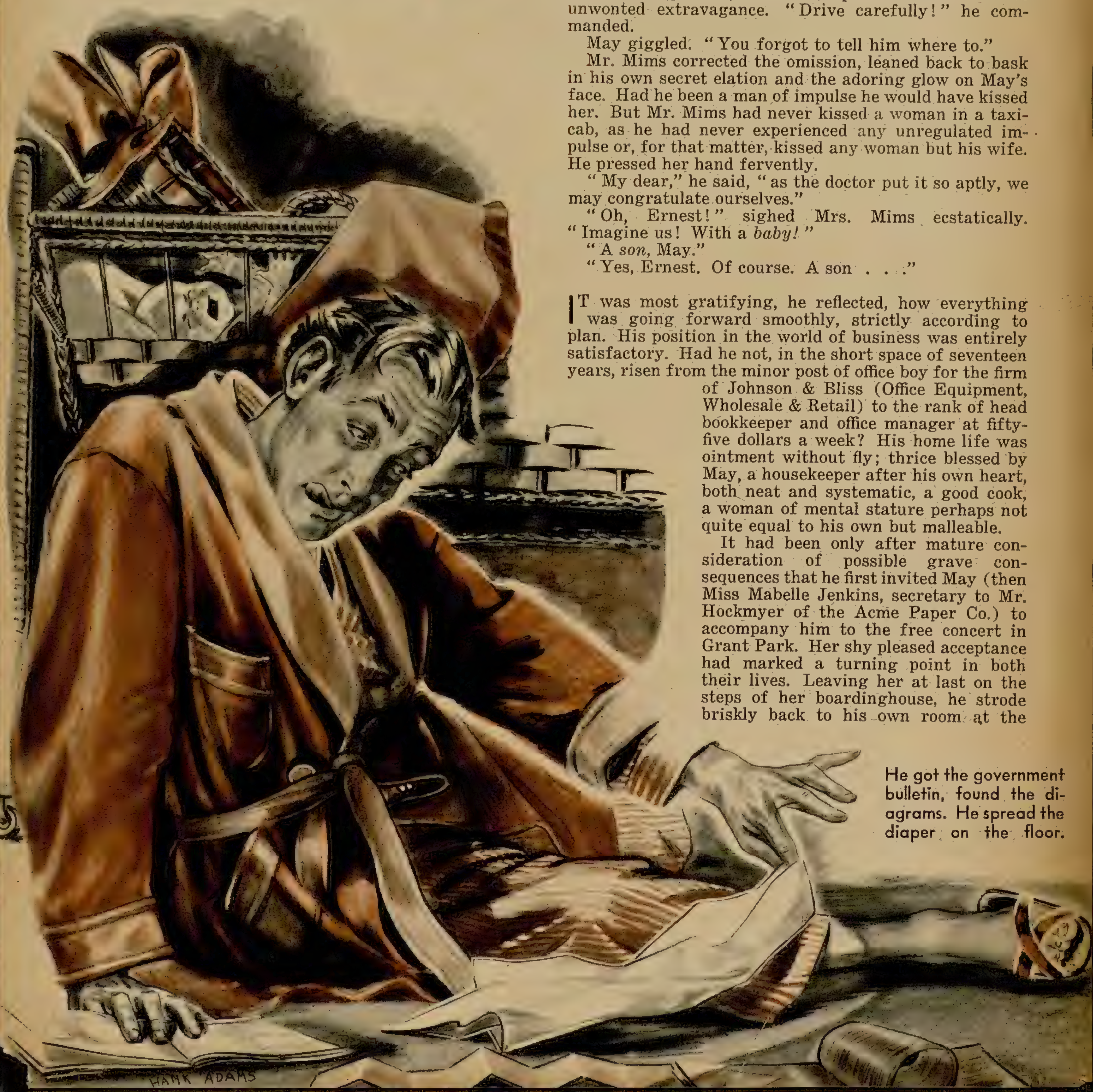
"Oh, Ernest!" sighed Mrs. Mims ecstatically. "Imagine us! With a *baby!*"

"A *son*, May."

"Yes, Ernest. Of course. A son . . ."

IT was most gratifying, he reflected, how everything was going forward smoothly, strictly according to plan. His position in the world of business was entirely satisfactory. Had he not, in the short space of seventeen years, risen from the minor post of office boy for the firm of Johnson & Bliss (Office Equipment, Wholesale & Retail) to the rank of head bookkeeper and office manager at fifty-five dollars a week? His home life was ointment without fly; thrice blessed by May, a housekeeper after his own heart, both neat and systematic, a good cook, a woman of mental stature perhaps not quite equal to his own but malleable.

It had been only after mature consideration of possible grave consequences that he first invited May (then Miss Mabelle Jenkins, secretary to Mr. Hockmyer of the Acme Paper Co.) to accompany him to the free concert in Grant Park. Her shy pleased acceptance had marked a turning point in both their lives. Leaving her at last on the steps of her boardinghouse, he strode briskly back to his own room at the



He got the government bulletin, found the diagrams. He spread the diaper on the floor.

North Side Y. M. C. A., and for the first time in fifteen years found it dreary. From that time forward he had planned his life on a basis which would eventually include May. Which would include, in due course, that third and most important personage: his son, Ernest Justin Mims, Jr. . . .

Mr. Mims stood for a moment peering through the dimness of the bedroom at May's sleeping form. She was an ample woman (having, in fact, an edge on her husband of two inches and fifteen pounds), a woman made for motherhood. Never in her life had she had a sick day, and he thanked God for it. She was a dear, sensible girl, immune to feminine foibles. Now she was beginning the happiest time of a woman's life—

But why, he wondered, getting into his own bed, did literature emphasize this period as a happy time only for women? Surely it was also the happiest of all times for a man! The blissful prelude to life's greatest adventure. He fell asleep still thinking drowsily of the idyllic serenity that was to be his own in the next few months.

AWAKENING on Monday morning promptly at six forty-five, he experienced a glowing sense of power and physical energy. Springing out of bed as was his wont, he dialed his regular station. A glorious day—and he, Ernest Mims, perfectly attuned to his world.

“. . . time is now six forty-six. This is Cheery Jim speaking,” announced Cheery Jim. “Begin each day with . . . Ready for those good old wake-you-up exercises? Let's tear into number three: Hands on hips . . .”

“Er-r-r-rnest!” A wail from the bedroom caught Mr. Mims halfway in a magnificent swoop to the floor.

Filled with premonition, he tore into the bedroom.

“May! My *dear*—”

“Ernest Mims, if you don't turn off that awful radio, I'll— O-o-o-oh . . .”

“May! You're sick! I'll call the doctor! I—”

“*Turn it off!*”

He turned it off. He came back to survey helplessly his pale-faced wife. This, then, was the morning sickness which the government bulletin mentioned but for which the government, with a panacea for all other ills, offered no remedy.

“My dear, don't move. Just lie quietly—”

“Oh, keep still!” said May. “Go away. *Get out!*”

He got out.

Never, in all the time he had been married to May, had she once indicated displeasure at those exercises which started his day, as it were, with a bang. Perhaps if he humored her to the extent of taking her a breakfast tray in bed—?

He was frantically fishing eggshells out of the skillet when May appeared, clinging wanly to the kitchen doorframe.

“Coffee!” she murmured with difficulty.

“I'm fixing it, pet. I'll bring it right in—”

“No, no! I can't bear the smell—”

“But, my dear—”

“*Ernest!* Throw it away! Do *something* or—” May headed unsteadily for the bathroom, and her husband, after emptying the percolator, made an equally frantic exit through the back door. For the first time since his marriage, he ate breakfast at the corner drugstore, and savored it not.

His bruised spirit soothed by the walk to the elevated station and the long ride downtown, he was whistling tunelessly as he entered the familiar portals of Johnson & Bliss. There was no reason, he had decided, why he should not approach Mr. Bliss this very morning on the subject of a raise. Not that he had actually much hope of a salary increase. But rather that, having recaptured to a large extent his former rapture, he felt impelled to tell some one of his family prospects. Briskly he tapped on Mr. Bliss' door, and was admitted by Miss Snodgrass.

“Ah . . . good morning, Mr. Bliss. Sorry to be a few minutes late. Uh . . . rather unusual situation at home . . .”

Mr. Bliss grunted.

“Ah . . . may I speak to you privately, Mr. Bliss?” Miss Snodgrass raised thinly penciled eyebrows. She eased out, shutting the door with unnecessary finality.

“What's on your mind, Mims?”

“Well . . . that is to say, Mr. Bliss—I mean, I was wondering— About that salary in—” He came to an abrupt halt, stopped by Mr. Bliss' dramatically upraised hand. Immediately after which Mr. Bliss launched into a panegyric of Mr. Mims' value to the firm, in spite of which, unfortunately, etc., etc., etc. . . .

“But *this* time, Mr. Bliss, my situation is . . . ah . . . somewhat changed. I am— That is, my wife is— *We* are . . . uh . . . anticipating an addition—”

“Huh?” Mr. Bliss' jaw dropped in a way most unflattering in its implications; but Mr. Mims, wrapped in pride, was impervious.

“Yes, sir! Mr. Bliss! An . . . uh . . . blessed event!”

“Mims, my heartiest congratulations!” Mr. Bliss extended a pudgy paw. “What's it to be, boy or girl?”

“Oh, a boy, sir!”

“Well, well, well! *Well!* Harvard or Yale?”

“I haven't quite been able to make up my mind, Mr. Bliss. I thought of starting him with two or three years of general cultural work and then transferring to a school of engineering. Although if he were doing really important things for the school in the way of football . . .”

By noon the whole office was buzzing. Miss Snodgrass softened noticeably her attitude of haughty indifference. Rumor spread and magnified until at closing time Mr. Mims had regretfully to admit to two Acme salesmen that his wife had not the preceding night given birth to twins but was merely “expecting.” Even so, they clapped him on the back, offered a drink. He accepted a glass of beer, wending his way homeward at last in a roseate glow, serene in the knowledge of being a marked man.

Dinner wasn't ready. The breakfast dishes, in fact, had not been washed. May, far from greeting him with her usual calm kiss, was discovered dissolved in a sea of tears. She had broken the Wedgwood platter, her prized possession, her wedding gift from “the girls” at the office. And this, her spouse was soon to discover, was only the beginning. Not only did May's housekeeping, to date so efficient, deteriorate drastically, to his very real discomfort, but May herself disintegrated subtly. She developed odd and unpredictable caprices. He steered an unsteady course through uncharted seas, clinging desperately to the knowledge of his certain eventual reward. In the meantime, of one thing only was he certain: that May must, at all costs, be kept happy.

THAT was why he spent a great many telephone nickels and considerable shoe leather combing the city of Chicago for rhubarb.

“It's a kind of gnawing,” May tried to explain to him. “A craving. I simply *have* to have some rhubarb. Raw, with salt on it.”

It looked simple. Only, as it turned out, there was no rhubarb. The season was over. The hothouse rhubarb would come later, much later. Finally he enlisted the help of an agency whose personnel guaranteed (for a price) to procure anything from a live white elephant to fresh orange blossoms. Fairly bursting with pride and triumph, he made, a week later, his presentation: six lovely stalks of rhubarb wrapped in waxed paper, packed in cotton, packaged beautifully in a flower box.

“May, my darling!” he beamed. “Here it is!”

“Here's what?” asked May.

“The thing you wanted.” And then, as she still didn't seem to catch on, “You know, rhubarb!”

“What rhubarb?”

“But, May! You told me you craved—”

“Oh, that,” said May lightly. “That's all right, Ernest. I ate some raw ham.”

“You . . . You *what?*”

“Raw ham, dear. Now don't look at me like that. I used to eat it, just a little, when I was a girl and grandpa was butchering. It was the salt, you see— After I ate the ham I knew it was just salt I wanted . . .”

Mrs. Newcomb (a slovenly woman whom Mr. Mims despised) had, of necessity, been promoted from general cleaning (once a week, twenty-five cents an hour) to part-time maid and general factotum (six dollars a week and not worth it). This Newcomb, with her irritating habit of beginning all conversations with " Now, when I had my fourth—"

Time went on. And May slept on. Her husband lived in a bad dream. For it appeared that he was only to gain a son at the cost of a wife. She who had heretofore been a sprightly and interested companion now seemed to have lost all interest in higher things. He read aloud to her of an evening, Green's History of the English People. She slept. He tried something lighter, The March of Democracy. She dozed. She slept all night and apparently all day. The only stimulus he could discover which would keep her awake was a movie. So he sat night after night, viewing saccharine films (which he deplored and abhorred) and watching with apprehension the morbid interest May developed in an actor named Robert Taylor. For a wife and expectant mother to evidence such emotion even vicariously was, he thought nervously, not quite suitable. He squirmed.

HE squirmed for another reason more obvious to the public eye. For these movie expeditions were now complicated by the rubber ring. Dr. Harding had recommended purchase and use of same, once May began complaining of aching back and a sore spot " right at the end of my spine." The rubber ring itself had become a sore spot with Mr. Mims, a source of humiliation and embarrassment even from the moment of purchase. Finding it had been simple enough. He had only to walk into a surgical supply house and say: " I would like a rubber ring. The kind to sit on."

" Yes, sir. Of course, sir! " replied an interested and deeply sympathetic clerk. " For you? "

" No! Uh . . . *no!* Certainly not! Uh . . . a baby."

" *Indeed?* " Such was the incredulous consternation on the clerk's face that Mr. Mims felt the necessity of explaining falteringly, " That is—I mean to say— My wife—"

May was delighted with the rubber ring. Her husband, however, was presented with the never solved problem: Should he inflate it at home and carry it, wreathlike, over his arm, feigning quite unsuccessful indifference to public opinion? Or should he convey it, collapsed and folded, to their destination, and then endeavor inconspicuously to blow it up?

Thanksgiving came and went. Christmas passed, made happy by the savings account opened by Mr. Mims in his own name but destined by the simple addition of " Jr." to become his son's. May was pleased with the frivolous bed jacket he gave her. But New Year's came, made horrible by hysteria. The inadvertent admission that Miss Snodgrass had helped select the bed jacket brought down on his bewildered head a storm of jealous rage. In vain did he swear to his own enduring love, protest that his wife's endearing charms had but increased proportionately with her figure.

SHE "PHEW" HOME TO FATHER!

NASAL CRUELTY was the complaint! Tom had a yen for bitter "winegar-woiks" tobacco, and Polly just couldn't stand that harsh and heavy smell. So . . . home she went!

POLLY WAS MAD when she phoned him later. "Do as Dad does, you big chump! Clean your pipe and try a *milder* tobacco. For instance, *Dad's* brand smells good to *me.*"

"IF IT *KILLS* ME, I'll smoke your father's brand! Sir Walter Raleigh? Okay. I'll go right out and get a tin. But *you've* got to come home and *witness* the Great Reformation."

BLISS FOR KEEPS! Tom and Polly never squabbled from that day on. And how he enjoys those 2-oz. tins of sweet-smelling burley! Smells good to the puffer *and* the puffed-at!

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Switch to the brand of grand aroma
SIR WALTER RALEIGH
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HOW TO TAKE CARE of YOUR PIPE

TUNE IN *Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Every Wednesday evening, NBC Red Network.*

Patiently he cajoled and coaxed and flattered. By the time May forgave him (for what, he never did ascertain) he was weak with relief.

Hopefully considering the matter closed, he stopped at the florist's the next morning to order a dozen roses sent. He arrived home to find an excited neighbor and Mrs. Newcomb in charge of his recumbent wife. May had fallen from the high kitchen stool while reaching for the cut-glass vase which was the only one (of an assortment including half a dozen others more easily available) worthy of holding his flowers. The doctor had come and gone. May was to stay in bed for at least a week. May's mother had already been reached by long-distance telephone and would arrive on the ten-o'clock train.

His wife's mother was one of those large competent women who, in her own words, "took hold." The present situation turned out to be right up her alley. Mr. Mims was banished to the lumpy day bed in the dining room, there to lie uncomfortably night after night wondering morosely: *Whose baby is this, anyhow?*

LONG after May was up, her mother lingered on. The two of them and Mrs. Newcomb made a tight threesome from which he was excluded as male and unimportant. Only indirectly did Mrs. Jenkins acknowledge his relationship with the current scheme of things. By numerous veiled innuendoes she indicated scorn for a man who, feeling the need for nefarious carrying on with a certain party (Heavens! did she mean Miss Snodgrass?), had not the grace to conceal same from a wife whose condition was delicate. Never being met openly with accusations, Mr. Mims was unable openly to protest innocence. And he didn't like it.

One slight respite he had. Securing from Mr. Bliss a card to a wholesale dealer in nursery furniture, he spent a peaceful Saturday afternoon selecting a buggy. At last he deposited ten dollars on a handsome one which he was sure would be easy to get up and down curbings. He raced home, eager for May's approval. With what pride and pleased exclamations she showed him a baby coach just delivered!

"From mama!" said May. "Isn't it *sweet* of her, Ernest? She's so thoughtful, Ernest. She looked at all the different kinds. She says this is the most stylish. Ernest! Why don't you say thank you?"

Mr. Mims said: "Thank you."

When he had escorted his mother-in-law to her train for home, he felt that the worst was surely over. From now on it was mostly a matter of waiting; of fastening May's shoes for her; of keeping a firm grip on her, for she had reached the stage of falling over nothing.

He ran happily up the stairs to resume possession of his own home. All unsuspecting, he opened the door to be assaulted by a burst of shrill sound. Only when his shrinking shoulders were shrouded with a blue blanket and his head coquettishly crowned with a pink angora bonnet did he realize he was in the midst of a shower—a "stork shower." All the girls were there: May's former co-workers from Acme as well as the entire female personnel of Johnson & Bliss. They teased and gibed and giggled and shrieked.

Perspiring freely, he responded feebly, waving a rattle which Miss Snodgrass stuck into his limp hand. Miss Snodgrass called him "Mimsy-wimsy," and he watched his wife furtively. It was all right, though. May was laughing. She knew, apparently, that Miss Snodgrass had imbibed too freely of the sherry wine the girls had brought for refreshments. Or was it that May had had too much? With that to worry about, he felt more and more inept. The rest of the evening passed in a nightmarish daze.

It was not long after this that May woke him at two thirty on a chill late-April morning.

"Ernest! Wake up!"

"Huh?"

"Ernest! I—I feel kind of funny, dear. I think you'd better call the hospital."

Shivering, he got out of bed. Stunned and shaken, he stood, helpless. Gone all his fine resolutions never to fail his dear one in her hour of need.

"Oh, May! Is it b . . b . . bad? What shall I d . . do?"

"First you better put on your bathrobe," said his wife calmly. "Or else you'll catch your death."

Somehow he carried out her orders. Helping May carefully down the stairs, he stumbled over his untied shoelace and barked his shin badly. He spoke heatedly to the taxi driver, who had muttered something sounding like "Oh, Lord! Why does it always happen to *my* cab?" May forestalled a more serious argument simply by saying: "There's plenty of time. Just don't hit any bumps." And then May was disappearing, waving back at him, into the yaw of an elevator, and the bored clerk at the hospital desk was asking him a lot of silly questions about what his grandmother died of, and he could remember neither his own nor May's birthday.

They let him go upstairs finally. He saw May for a few moments. She was actually *smiling*. And the doctors and nurses were heartlessly *laughing*.

"Never lost a father yet!" they said—an idiotic statement which they were to repeat at intervals during the next seven hours. They pushed him into a room with a rubber plant. There was another man there, a stringy little fellow who was chewing his fingernails and crying. Mr. Mims offered him a cigarette, and a nurse promptly tripped down the hall to chirp, "No smoking, please!" This she echoed every twenty minutes, which was how often Mr. Mims and Mr. Hovick forgot. At 7 A. M. she sent them out for breakfast. Numbly dutiful, they went downstairs and looked at two cups of coffee and came scurrying back. At seven twenty another nurse told them it was against the rules to smoke. At eight she came again, this time smiling.

"A fine nine-pound boy!" she said.

Mr. Mims seized her arm. "Thank God! A boy, you said? And how's my wife?"

"*Your* wife? Oh, she's coming along nicely. Would you like to see your son, Mr. Hovick?"

IT was all over and he had seen May.

May said, "Oh, Ernest! Isn't it wonderful?" and was back asleep again before he had finished kissing her.

So here he stood, straining to perform a miracle, trying to make himself believe it *was* wonderful: that squalling, reddish-purple thing that was his. But all he felt was fatigue; weariness, even greater disillusion. For, by some flaw in May's character or some unsuspected weakness in his own, he had been betrayed. That squirming monkey-faced bundle was a girl.

He had been wrong, he thought dully, to count so much on a son. Until now he hadn't realized with what tenacity he had clung to the hope of a male heir. And even now he failed to appreciate fully the damage to his ego. To sire a strapping boy baby who would grow up handsome and tall and strong, who would be all the things that his father was not—that had come to be the essential desire of Mr. Mims' libido. A kind of cosmic urge giving point to his own unexciting, unprepossessing, unimportant existence. But boy was girl. Cosmos was chaos.

The office, forewarned by his morning's absence, met him with huzzas and congratulations. And also much ribald comment:

"Oh, Mr. Mims! Are you actually going to send her back?"

"You'll have to try again, Mr. Mims!"

"Got your wires crossed, didn't you, old man?"

A smile cracking his numb face, he saw it through. For two endless weeks he went nightly to the hospital (twice on Saturday and Sunday). Loving May as he still did, she must never know how hollowly his laughter echoed in an empty heart. She was his own dear helpmeet again, reverted to a former sensible self (except for this queer quirk of her nature which was content to mother daughter rather than son). He took her flowers, a ribbon for her hair, two new silk nightgowns (alone and brazenly he selected them). Also, by request, he took her hamburgers in thick buns, flinching embarrassedly over the greasy paper sack, marveling silently at his wife's insatiable appetite.

Dutifully he went each night to look at *her*. Visiting hours being from seven until nine and feedings coming at six and ten, he had not as yet seen *her* close up. Not that it made any difference: what he saw under glass was quite enough discouraging. A brisk head nurse hounded him for a name to put on the birth certificate. His only reaction was negative. Definitely he could not accept May's suggestion, which was "Ernestine."

Gall was added to wormwood on the day his family was to leave the hospital. Summoned to Mr. Bliss' office, he received notification of a five-dollar weekly raise.

"'Preciation of your value to the firm," said Mr. Bliss, and grinned. "You'll be needing this. Girls are expensive. Thing is, Mims to marry 'em off quick as possible!"

So that was to be his future: trying to marry off an unwanted female. . . .

There was some satisfaction and pleasurable excitement in getting May home. Distastefully (and frightened half to death) he carried this bunch of wiggles up the stairs, to have it snatched from his arms by an ecstatic Mrs. Newcomb. "Oh, the tweet itty bitty wittle darling! Itchy goo! *Itchy goo!*"

"Mrs. Newcomb! *If you please! We'll have no baby talk!*" Mr. Mims said sternly.

MAY was settled at last in the bedroom. After the ten-o'clock nursing, Mrs. Newcomb departed. *She* was sleeping in the crib which had been wheeled into the living room.

There was a party going on in the apartment next door. He listened apprehensively just before getting into bed. They'd better not wake *her* up, now that he was in charge. Funny that he couldn't go to sleep. It was warm and he felt stifled, and he had heard of babies smothering. He went into the living room and held a finger in front of where her nose should be. She wasn't breathing! Frantically he switched on the light. Methodic even in terror, he got a mirror, wiped cold sweat from his face when he saw the round spot of condensed moisture that was her breath.

Back to bed. But only to get up and shut one of the living-room windows. He turned on the light again to make certain she was covered. She had faded quite a lot, he noticed; she wasn't nearly as red. The party next door was getting noisier, turning into a drunken brawl. Mr. Mims put on his bathrobe, stalked across the hall, and tapped firmly on the door.

"I'll have to ask you to be more quiet," he said sternly. "My wife is just home from the hospital."

They laughed, but they promised.

She whimpered just as he shut the front door, and immediately his worst suspicions were confirmed.

Only briefly did he consider waking May. This was his problem and he would solve it. But how? The wet diaper came off with no trouble. The dry one was something else again. This way and that he folded it; still it didn't look right. (How was he to know that every diaper in the pile was already folded to the exact wanted dimensions, ready for application?) He got the government bulletin out of the desk, found the page with diagrams and digested it. He spread the diaper on the floor. He took it out to the dining-room table. He came dashing back because whimpers turned to squalls, and *she* was discovered with a bottom cold from exposure.

She had no spine, he found, trying to lift her. No spine and no handles. She was an outing-flannel bag of gelatin—but with character. For when he got her draped on his shoulder she was silent. To eliminate possibility of error on this point, he put her down. She bawled. He picked her up. She shut up.

Amazed and gratified (and with an odd sensation of going soft inside), he viewed her bald little cranium. Intelligence was there, surprisingly enough. She *knew* he was taking care of her!

WITH fervor he renewed his attack upon the diaper. But now he couldn't find the safety pins. Because he had to put her down to look for same, she tuned up with resonance and tone quality that would soon wake her mother. Besides which, the drunken fools next door were making more noise than ever, obviously evicting one of their number. He was half crazy, finding the pins, sticking his thumbs, fastening the diaper. It was not a good job, being too baggy, but she liked it. She sighed sweetly. Her eyelids fluttered sleepily.

Then some one lurched heavily against the door, knocking and shouting, and she was again awake and crying.

In rage such as he had never before known, Mr. Mims advanced upon this disturber of *her* peace. He flung the door wide.

"Now listen!" he hissed. "You keep quiet *or else!*"

He was a large man, a beefy man, red of face, brawny of muscle. He towered above Mr. Mims, leering down at him.

"Sez who?" he inquired belligerently.

Mr. Mims wound up. From his toes (from, indeed, some primeval instinct) came the haymaker which he swung straight to that fleshy chin.

"Sez me!" he said, and shut the door with quiet finality on the figure slumped all of a heap.

Back at his post beside the crib, he surveyed her with outward calm and swelling chest (burning inwardly and deliciously with fierce possessiveness).

"Papa will take care of you," he said—and meant it.

Tenderly he stroked her petal-soft cheek. Tomorrow he would go into the important matter of a name. Proud as he might be to have her called "Ernestine," it was not half good enough, failing by far to express the allure and feminine charm of which his daughter already gave evidence. See how she smiled? Let the books say this was a reflex, her father knew better. This was bewitchment.

Her father smiled back at her.

"Itchy goo!" her father said.

THE END

Smoked all day....
now tastes like hay
"Gargle with PEPSODENT"... says Faithful Fay
Again taste's okay....
end o' perfect day!

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1 BOTTLE PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC EQUALS 3 BOTTLES OF ORDINARY KINDS

Even when diluted with 2 parts water, still kills germs in seconds . . . Lasts 3 times as long!

MAKES YOUR MONEY GO 3 TIMES AS FAR!

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC keeps your MOUTH and BREATH SWEETER

*Suited so perfectly
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● Jantzen's marvelous new Wisp-o-weight suits of pure wool and Lastex yarn smooth and soften unruly curves, slim-line your figure. Just the ideal ratio of *two-way stretch* achieves the comfortable figure-control of your sleekest fitting girdle. They are amazingly light, exceptionally soft, *remarkably rapid-drying*. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada.

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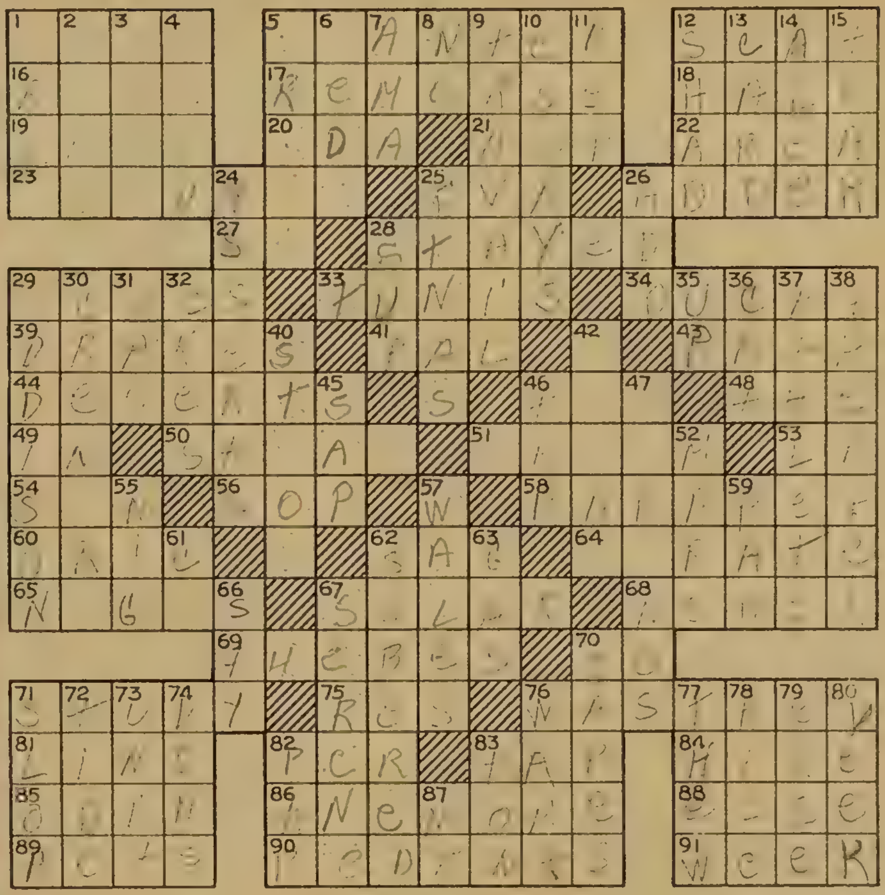
Send me style folder in color featuring new 1938 models. Women's ☐ Men's ☐

Name

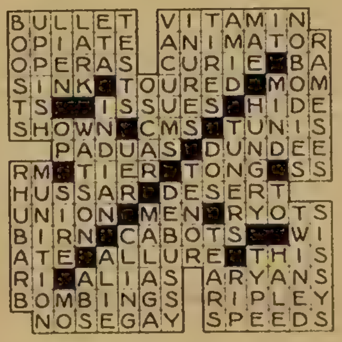
Street City

CROSSWORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 Measure of weight
5 One who confers
12 Go away!
16 Garment
17 Repentant regret
18 Sound
19 So be it!
20 Girl's name
21 Serpent
22 Content of a plane figure
23 Hag
25 Woman's name
26 Snake
27 Japanese measure of distance
28 Postponed
29 Pains
33 City in Africa
34 Old Venetian coin
39 Male ducks
41 Comrade
43 Footway
44 Solitary places
46 Strike against violently
48 Article
49 Into
50 Wandering animal
51 City in Oregon
53 Note of the scale
54 Maxim
56 Something given to pacify
58 Rampart
60 Auricular
62 Droop
64 Freebooter
65 Hot wine punch
67 Of the sun
68 Fresher
69 Ancient Egyptian city
70 Depart
71 Muse
75 The matter (law)
76 Spendthrift
81 Graver's mark
82 By
83 Spigot
84 Rent
85 Norse god
86 A flower
88 Otherwise
89 Fondles
90 Those who make ostentatious display of learning
91 Measure of time



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BULLET VITAMIN 
OPIATE ANIMATOR
OPERAS CURIE■BA
SINK■TOURED■MOM
TS■■ISSUES■HIDE
SHOWN■CMS■TUNIS
  PADUAS■DUNDEE
RM■TIER■TONG■SS
HUSSAR■DESERT  
UNION■MEN■RYOTS
BIRN■CABOTS■■WI
ATE■ALLURE■THIS
RI■ALIAS ARYANS
BOMBINGS RIPLEY
 NOSEGAY SPEEDS
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Answer to last week's puzzle

VERTICAL

1 A slattern
2 City in Italy
3 Biblical name
4 Repair
5 Dirt
6 Man's name
7 Wine vessel (eccles.)
8 Negative
9 Toil
10 Tries
11 A fabric
12 A fish
13 A flat stiff piece of paper
14 Opposite of aweather
15 Rent
24 Declares
25 Cooking vessels
26 Augment
28 Sip
29 County in Vermont
30 Scalloped
31 Possesses
32 Pieces out
35 Above
36 Spiteful woman
37 One who has great activity and strength
38 The drama
40 Sharpening device
42 A Mexican plant
45 Undermine
46 Strike
47 Kind of sheep (pl.)
52 An equine
55 Peruke
57 Part of Great Britain
59 Animal's foot
61 Cumulus (abbr.)
62 Made serious
63 A fuel
66 Enclosure
67 Calm
70 Yawns
71 Spill over
72 Time
73 One
74 Lairs
76 Penury
77 Sinew
78 Stir up
79 Language of Scotch Highlanders
80 A vegetable
82 Infant's food
83 Measure of weight
87 Parent

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 52 SECONDS

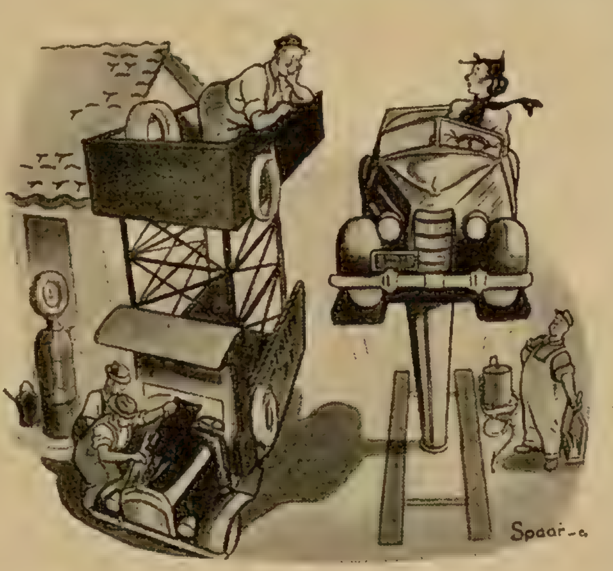
NOBODY knows how many thousands of village and country women go into business for themselves about this time each year, selling rest and refreshment to summer auto tourists. I tried to find out how big the roadside catering industry has grown to be, but none of the travel experts with whom I talked would even guess. They say it stumps their arithmetic. . . . Because so many women open roadside places without experience, I asked Earnest Bearnarth, of the American Automobile Association's National Touring Board, to give me some tips for those of you who may be starting now.

"Milk and eggs are important," he said. "Outside the large towns it is too often difficult for auto tourists to get strictly fresh eggs and Grade A milk. Farmers ship to the cities, without saving enough of the best for home. Tourists who are dieting, or who have babies along, will appreciate any roadside place where they can get certified Grade A milk and real fresh eggs." . . . Other suggestions from Mr. Bearnarth: . . . "Folks of at least middle age are usually more successful than youngsters at running tourist places. They know more about life's troubles—are wiser and more sympathetic when strangers need help. . . . Sanitation and neatness are essential, of course. So are hot dogs and hamburgers of top quality, cooked to a turn. . . . Local specialties pay well. Sea food in New England, Mexican dishes in the Southwest. Roadside eating places in Idaho offer their state's famous potatoes in a dozen ways. North Carolina *roadstresses* play up their superlative cabbage—boiled, creamed, baked with bread crumbs and cheese, made into salads, etc." . . . Bedrooms for overnight auto guests should always look inviting; the sheets and pillowcases must be spotless—a lamp correctly placed for in-bed reading. Sufficient blankets for a quick drop of temperature during the night. Such are the inducements, says Mr. Bearnarth, that bring auto tourists back to the same roadside resort year after year.

✩ An energetic blonde from Maryland came to town for some new scenery. Her name is Matilda. She bought a cute little hat in a cute little shop; said she'd pick it up later. When she returned, the shop had taken a swift nose dive into bankruptcy. A city marshal guarded the door, keeping every one out. But Matilda wanted her hat. And other women were milling around, attracted by millinery bargains displayed in the window. "Look," said Matilda to the marshal. "You're after money, and we are after hats. Why not sell us the hats and take the money?" . . . The beef-jowled marshal, a typical ward heeler, scratched his head and made up his mind. . . . "O. K., lady. It goes!" . . . He and Matilda together sold all the hats in the shop.

✩ She became mildly alarmed awhile ago, Alice Roosevelt Longworth tells me, by the fervor with which her little girl, Paulina, seemed to be worshiping the moving-picture stars.

Mrs. Longworth realized that Paulina's infatuation was one shared by nearly all our twelve-year-old daughters, but she wanted to moderate it just the same. Took Paulina to Hollywood as a cure. Arranged to have her meet any and all of her movie heroes in person. It worked like a charm. Now, when her girl friends speak of a Hollywood Romeo in terms of adoration, Paulina looks bored and says, "Oh, *him*. He isn't very interesting when you get to know him."



✩ Thought I was being kidded when a man told me that camels in zoos are nowadays kept tidy with vacuum cleaners. Called up a vacuum-cleaner company to check the story. And *look* what I learned! . . . Not only are vacuum cleaners used to groom camels, they are also employed to get rid of hornets' nests; to dry-clean pet dogs; and, by reversing from suction to pressure, to blow hot air into frozen water pipes. . . . The French police use a specially constructed type of vacuum cleaner in their scientific method of detecting crime, chemically analyzing all the particles thus collected from rooms where murders have occurred.

✩ Absurd but amusing are these newest fashion fancies. . . . Belt buckles in the form of three miniature books, leather-bound, and gilt-stamped "Vol. I," "Vol. II," "Vol. III." . . . Silk stockings of emerald green in finest cobweb weave, to wear with white summer dresses or gray. . . . *Bridge caps* of grosgrain ribbon, trimmed in front with lacquered leather hearts, diamonds, clubs, and spades. . . . Two great big rhinestone stars—one clipped to the top of your left-hand glove, the other on the right lapel of your suit jacket or the right shoulder of your dress.

✩ Listen, Little Girl, Before You Come to New York. . . . That's the title of a smart new book by Munro Leaf, in which he classifies and describes all the different kinds of jobs a girl *might* get in a big city. (Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

✩ Unlike our great and glorious shortcake, this *Strawberry Loaf* should be prepared long before dinner, and served cold. Abroad, it is a favorite dessert of early summer. . . . Trim all crust from white-bread loaf 2 days old. Cut in slices.

Put into bowl with 4 cups boiling milk and let stand 2 hours. Mix bread and milk until no lumps remain. Add 2 teaspoons vanilla extract, sugar to taste, 2 whole eggs and 4 yolks. Beat well, then stir in 4 whipped egg whites. Pour into a well buttered mold.

Set mold in pan of water; cover with greaseproof paper; cook 50 minutes in a very slow oven. Chill in the mold.

Turn out on deep platter. Surround with plenty of thick strawberry sauce made by poaching half the berries 3 minutes in sugar syrup, and crushing the other berries raw with a little sugar.

The dramatic story of how a master sleuth solved a bizarre crime—and an ironic note on an enigma of today

What Happened to **ELLIS PARKER?**

THE MAN WHO LIVED TOO LONG

BY FRED ALLHOFF

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

WHEN he was thirty-three years old, this young fellow walked into the Broadway Trust Company in Camden, New Jersey, and managed to obtain an interview with the president.

"I need a job," he said. "I'll do anything. A job with a future means a lot more to me than it would to most men, because such a job is harder for me to get."

"And why," inquired the bank president, "should a job mean so much more to you than to some one else?"

The younger man smiled faintly.

"You might as well know the truth. You see"—he licked dry lips, hesitated—"I just got out of the penitentiary this morning."

The bank official rubbed his chin. "What happened?"

"The usual thing. I was young, wild. I liked women too well. Fell in with bad companions. There were many women. More than I could afford to entertain on a mail carrier's pay. I needed more money—and I got it. I got it out of registered mail I had been entrusted to deliver. Not a good recommendation for a bank job."

This is the fifth in a series of true stories of Ellis Parker's cases—mysterious crimes he solved. What caused him, after the long and honorable career these stories typify, suddenly to turn his own hand to crime in the Paul Wendel kidnaping? Who can say? The story of another of his remarkable cases will be told in an early issue of Liberty.

"No, it isn't. What makes you think you've got women, wild parties, that sort of thing out of your blood now?"

"There's a girl," said the visitor. "She's stood by me through all this mess. She's willing to marry me now. I'd have to be pretty rotten to let her down."

"I like the way you've approached me on this," the bank president admitted. "If this young lady's willing to take a chance, maybe we will be, too. There's nothing open here right now. Go out and get any kind of a job you can. I'll keep an eye on you. A month from now—possibly a year from now—I'll send for you if you behave. I mean that."

"Thank you, sir."

"Now, what's your name?"

"David S. Paul. . . ."

THE following year—that was 1895—David Paul went to work at the Broadway Trust Company. The bank people were no fools. They started him at the bottom and let him run interoffice errands and polish brass and work as a general messenger and handy man. They left small sums of money lying about in places where he could easily get his hands on it. Nothing ever happened to a cent of that money. Paul became known by the bank officials, who liked him, as one of the most dependable men they had ever employed.

After several years they entrusted him with money to be delivered to other banks.

By 1920 he had been employed by the bank for twenty-five years. And he was still conscientious, hard-working, reliable. He was nearly sixty by now. Tall and a little round-shouldered. He wore a handle-bar mustache.

At precisely one o'clock on the afternoon of October 5, 1920, he left the Broadway Trust Company, carrying his messenger's worn leather pouch. At exactly 1.15 he appeared at the First National Bank of Camden, where he picked up some canceled checks. At 1.20 he left. He was due, next, at the Girard Trust Company in Philadelphia, across the Delaware River. He could be depended upon to arrive there each day between 1.45 and 2.

On this day he didn't. Two o'clock came—and three—and he was not there. There was much frantic telephoning, between banks, to hospitals and police stations. None of it turned up the missing messenger.

David Paul was gone. And a fortune—$70,000 of the bank's money that had been in the leather pouch—was gone.

The bank officials called the police into the case that night. Chief of Camden County Detectives Laurence Doran and Chief of Camden Police E. A. Gravenor listened to the story. The bank official who told it insisted:

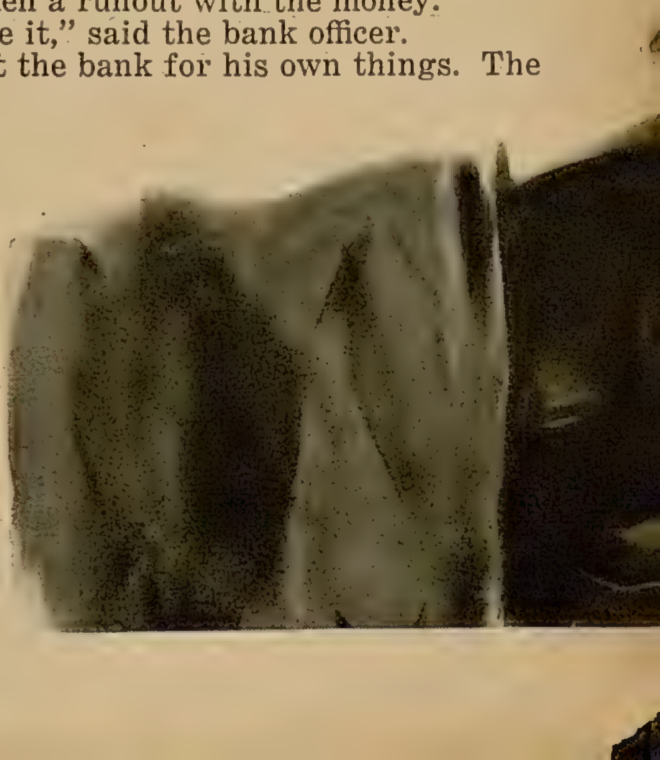
"I'd gamble my life on Paul. He simply cannot have taken that money. I tell you, Chief Doran, David Paul was held up, kidnaped."

Chief Gravenor produced a map, had the bank official indicate the exact route, street by street, that David Paul followed each day to the Philadelphia bank. Then Gravenor shook his head.

"He couldn't have been held up or slugged or even shoved into a car anywhere along that route during the hours he was moving on it, without being seen by a dozen people. Those are all busy streets. Couldn't have been pushed off the ferry, either, in broad daylight. I'm afraid your Mr. Paul has taken a runout with the money."

"I still don't believe it," said the bank officer.

Paul had a locker at the bank for his own things. The police opened it. It contained the usual miscellany—plus a packet of letters and a little black address book. Chief Doran tried the letters first. The first one he unfolded was in a woman's handwriting, smelled of perfume. It began, "Sweet Daddy Paul" and ended, "Your Little Cuddles." Everything in between was tabloid fodder, in-



cluding mention of an evening Cuddles and Daddy had spent together at a bungalow referred to simply as the "Lollipop Inn."

More to the point was a date Cuddles had made with David Paul for the afternoon of his disappearance. The writer didn't say where they were to meet. Nor did her letter give any clue to her identity.

The other letters covered a period of three years, came from many different women. Chief Doran turned to the address book. In it, David Paul, the quiet bank runner, had handicapped more than a dozen women, several of them from Philadelphia. Some were "peaches" and others were "pippins" and a few were "hot babies."

"I wonder," said Doran wistfully, "which one is Cuddles."

This case wasn't Ellis Parker's headache, since it happened in Camden, not Burlington, County. But he was interested. He and Chief Doran had a chat about it.

"We can't pick up a trace of him," Chief Doran admitted. "So far, there hasn't been a single lead."

"What were the denominations of the bills?" asked Parker.

"Twenties, tens, and fives. The cash totaled forty thousand, and half of it was in twenties. The rest—thirty thousand—was in checks."

"How about Paul's lady friends?"

"All we've dug up there is a juicy scandal. Half the women are married. They thought Paul was a banker. Some of them are just young kids, too. Anyway, a bunch of them from here in Camden and from Philadelphia have been throwing wild parties at a bungalow called Lollipop Inn. It's at Clementon. Fellow named Frank James seems to own it. He's an automobile salesman and has a good reputation.

"That's what makes it so hard. Most of the men are reputable business men. Most of the women come from good families. And everybody is very chivalrous and protecting everybody else. There's only one girl unaccounted for. Calls herself Cuddles. Had a date with Paul the afternoon he disappeared."

"Didn't any one suspect Paul was running around?"

"Lord, no. His wife thought he was out bowling. His friends didn't know—unless they're lying to us."

Ellis Parker puffed on his pipe, nodded. "The newspapers didn't make it clear," he observed. "How did you find out David Paul was running around with women?"

"Love letters," said Doran. "There was a whole bunch of them in his locker at the bank."

"At the bank? Say, there's something wrong with this case. It isn't what it looks like."

"What do you mean?"

"David Paul is clever. And if he stole the bank's money, as we think, he did a fine job of planning and covering it up. Why should he leave those letters behind in his locker when all he had to do was take them out and burn them? . . . I don't think David Paul stole that money."

The case dragged on for eleven days and there was not a clue to be unearthed concerning the whereabouts of David S. Paul. Then, on the afternoon of October 16, Ellis Parker got a telephone call. Four Burlington County duck hunters in New Jersey's pinewoods section, near Tabernacle, had come across a suspicious mound of dirt, dug into it, and found a dead man.

Parker and Isaac Cliver, the coroner, immediately went to the spot. The grave had not been dug deep enough, and the dead man was lying in it doubled up. The dirt was loose, so the grave could not have been more than two or three days old.

Parker uncovered the dead man and cleaned dirt and blood from his face. The face, quite fresh and normal in color, was adorned with an old-fashioned mustache. Parker recognized the corpse. It was David S. Paul. His head was smashed in by some blunt instrument and there were two bullet holes in his face.

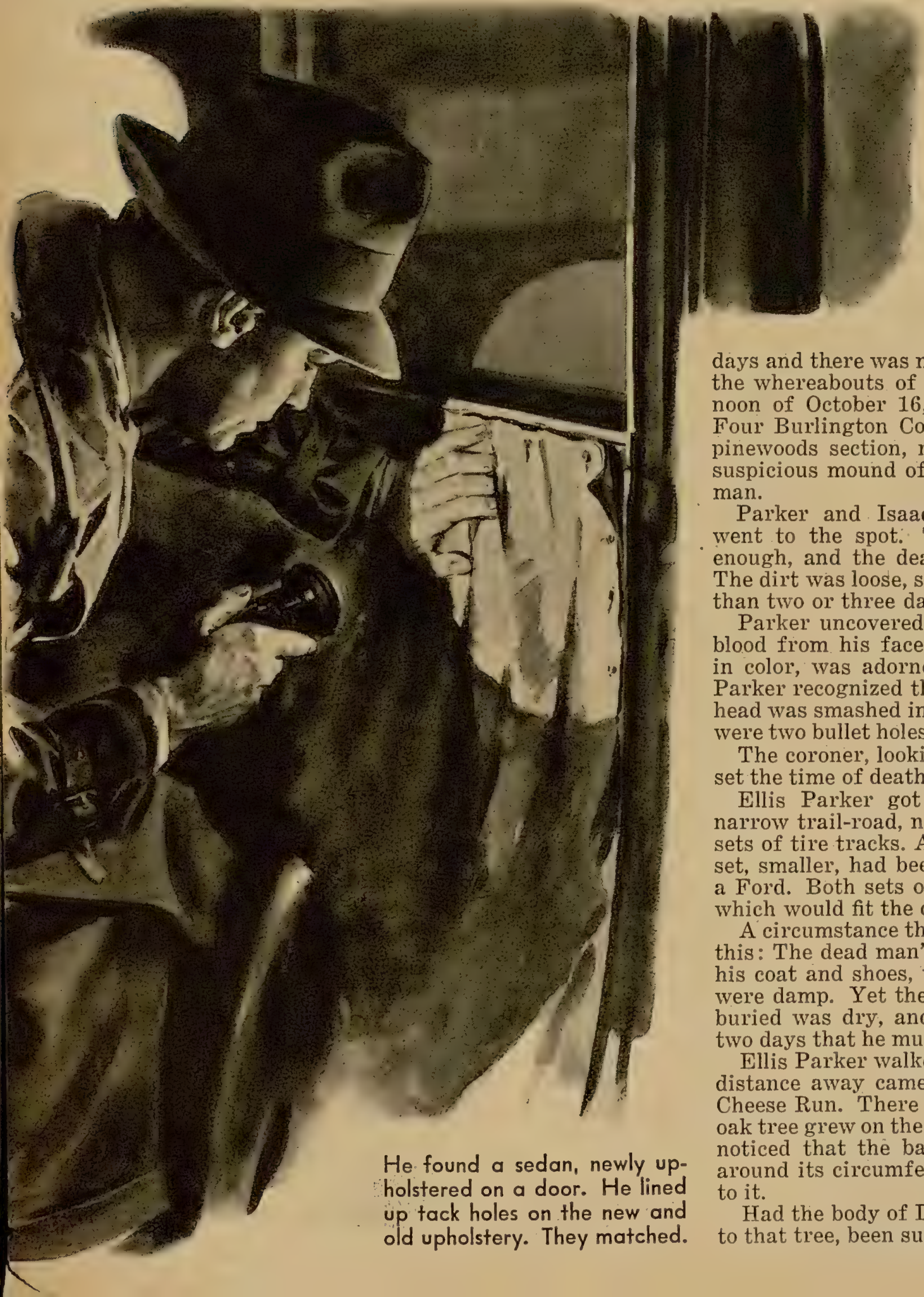
The coroner, looking at the man's well preserved skin, set the time of death as "not more than two days ago."

Ellis Parker got up and looked around. Near the narrow trail-road, not far from the grave, he found two sets of tire tracks. A truck had made one set. The other set, smaller, had been made by some light car, probably a Ford. Both sets of tracks seemed about two days old, which would fit the coroner's guess.

A circumstance that bothered Ellis Parker greatly was this: The dead man's heavy overcoat was wringing wet; his coat and shoes, which would not hold water so long, were damp. Yet the ground in which the man had been buried was dry, and it had not rained during the past two days that he must have lain in the grave.

Ellis Parker walked deeper into the woods, and a short distance away came upon a creek known as Bread and Cheese Run. There was a little bridge there and a large oak tree grew on the water's edge near the bridge. Parker noticed that the base of the tree showed scuffed bark around its circumference, as if something had been tied to it.

Had the body of David Paul, fastened by wire or chain to that tree, been submerged in the creek?



He found a sedan, newly upholstered on a door. He lined up tack holes on the new and old upholstery. They matched.

DANDRUFF?

4 Minute Treatment Stops Dandruff Itch

And Kills Nasty Scalp Odor

Dandruff is the sign of a diseased, unclean scalp. Through neglect, the glands fail to work as they should and become clogged with scales and dirt. The scalp becomes infected by germs and fungi, and the condition spreads.

Skin specialists generally agree that effective treatment for dandruff must include (1) *regular cleansing of scalp;* (2) *killing the germs that spread infection;* (3) *stimulating the circulation of scalp;* (4) *lubrication to prevent dryness.*

The Zonite Antiseptic Scalp Treatment Does These 4 Things

WHAT TO DO: Massage head with this Zonite solution—2 tablespoons Zonite to 1 quart of water. Use same solution for shampoo with any good soap. Rinse very thoroughly. If scalp is dry, massage in any preferred scalp oil.

It is vitally important to use this treatment regularly (twice every week at first) to keep dandruff under control and keep germs from spreading.

If you're faithful, you'll be delighted with the way this treatment leaves your scalp clean and healthy—free from itch and nasty scalp odor

TRIAL OFFER—For a real trial bottle, send 10¢ to Zonite, 618 New Brunswick, N. J.

ZONITE KILLS ALL KINDS OF SCALP GERMS

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name, 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITERS

It didn't make sense. Why would he be dumped in the creek, then removed and buried in the woods?

Ellis Parker walked down to the water's edge and found a spectacle case which relatives later identified as belonging to the murdered man.

He then went back to the grave. Chief Doran and some other officers had arrived. They searched in the vicinity of the grave but found no sign of the missing money pouch. Ellis Parker asked for a bottle, went back to Bread and Cheese Run, knelt down, and filled it with creek water.

Ellis Parker went back to town with three things: the spectacle case, the bottle of creek water, and the dead man's wet overcoat. On the way back he told Chief Doran: "Nothing in this case is what it seems to be. First, all the evidence pointed to Paul's running away with a woman and seventy thousand dollars. It looked like a well planned theft. Well, it was. But Paul didn't plan it. He didn't smash his own skull in."

"Maybe he was in on the job with some one else," suggested Doran, "and they quarreled and Paul got killed."

Ellis Parker shook his head. "They would have divided the money right away. Paul would have been killed the same day. Yet the coroner says he's been dead only two days. His face looks it—well preserved."

"I know," sighed Doran. "That doesn't fit. If Paul was innocent—if some one he knew planned to kill him and take the money, they would have killed him right away to get it."

"Right," said Parker. "We've got to find out how he stayed alive for a week or so after he disappeared."

PARKER, upon his return to town, took the bottle of creek water and the wet overcoat to a chemist.

"I want the water in both of these analyzed," he explained. "I want you to tell me what you find."

Lloyd Wright, a young amateur detective, came to see Ellis Parker the next day. He had gone out to hunt clues, and just off the road, along Irick's Causeway, he had found something. It was a piece of automobile upholstery of the type used to line Fords. It bore stains that looked like congealed blood. There were tack holes in one edge of it. Parker took it to his chemist friend.

"I've analyzed the creek water," the chemist told him. "It has a high tannic-acid content. Were there oak trees along the water's edge?"

"Yes."

"Probably comes from their roots."

"Isn't tannic acid used in the treatment of hides?"

"Yes; it's a preservative."

"Would it preserve human flesh so that if a dead man lay in that water for a week he might not show a single sign of decomposition?"

"Right," said the chemist.

Water squeezed from the overcoat contained the same amount of tannic acid as the sample of creek water.

Ellis Parker breathed a sigh of relief. The lack of decomposition was explained. But he was up against a shrewd murderer, a man ingenious enough to dunk his victim in that creek, retard decomposition, set his pursuers off on a blind trail.

The chemist made tests on the piece of torn upholstery. "That's blood on it, all right," he announced.

Ellis Parker called his friend, Chief Doran. He told him of developments.

"We're pretty sure, now, that Paul was killed the day he disappeared. Whoever killed him must have been some one Paul knew. Some one into whose car he would get without being forced. These playboy friends with whom he went on wild parties ought to furnish some good leads."

"I've already done some checking on them," Doran answered. "The two men Paul seems to have been most friendly with are Frank James, who owns the Lollipop Inn, and Raymond Schuck. Schuck's a married man, respectable and likable. He's manager of a telephone company in Camden."

"YOU might check these angles on both men," suggested Parker. "First, we're looking for a man who knows the pinewoods section here in Burlington County. So our murderer probably's a man who has done some duckhunting. He should be the owner of a car—a Ford. It will either have some upholstery torn out of it or will have a new job of upholstery. . . . Do James and Schuck have alibis for the afternoon of the disappearance?"

"Yes," said Doran, "after a fashion. James is a salesman. He says he was out getting orders. Schuck was home, sick—so he says."

"Well," said Ellis Parker, "see if James and Schuck were away from their jobs on either October 13 or 14, when the body was taken from the creek for burial."

"I've discovered," Doran said, "that Schuck's been going with some stenographer in Philadelphia. I'm going over there today and see what I can find out."

Chief Doran, a clever and persistent detective, found out plenty. He told Ellis Parker about it later.

"James," he said, "has done his share of duckhunting. Schuck hasn't. James had a bank account at the Broadway Trust. That's where he met Paul. Both James and Schuck were away from their jobs on October 13. And they're very good friends. In fact, Schuck may have a part ownership in the bungalow, Lollipop Inn. But that isn't all. James owns a Ford. We can look it over tonight, in his garage, after he goes to bed."

"Good."

"James hasn't been near his office since October 5. He says he's been out on the road all that time. But what is unusual is this: He hasn't sold a single car in nearly two weeks."

"Think he's the one we're after?"

"I think both of them may be guilty," said Doran. "I checked this Philadelphia sweetheart of Schuck's. She thinks he's a single man. Two days after Paul and the money disappeared, she showed up at her office wearing a seven-hundred-dollar fur coat. Said Schucks gave her the money, all in twenty-dollar bills."

"Looks like both of them, all right," agreed Ellis Parker. "Who'd be the one most likely to sing?"

"Ray Schuck," said Doran. "This fellow James has an explanation for everything. But if the upholstery is from his car—well, we'll see if he can talk his way out of *that.*"

That night Doran broke into Frank James' garage. He found a Ford sedan, newly upholstered on the left rear door. He lined up the tack holes of old and new upholstery. They matched. Doran went into the house and arrested James for the murder of David Paul.

James merely grinned when confronted with the stained piece of upholstery. "Sure it's mine. I tore it out and I threw it away. I was out with a woman one night, near Irick's Causeway. We were pretty drunk and upset a jug of Dago red. I didn't want my wife to see that stain. So I tore that piece of lining off the door. Anything wrong about that?"

That was Frank James. He was laughing at them when they locked him in jail. And he laughed at Parker later, when they transferred him to Burlington County jail.

"If I murdered Paul for that money, then where is it?"

Nobody could answer that one. His home and office had been given a thorough going over. But none of the missing money had been turned up.

THE grand-jury in Mount Holly began an investigation of the murder. Raymond Schuck was subpoenaed. When Ellis Parker got him before the grand jury, he ensnared him in lies, produced evidence of recent heavy spending, succeeded in having him indicted for murder.

A few minutes before they entered the jail, after leaving the grand-jury room, a drunken prisoner had bashed in the head of Turnkey Harry King. The sight of the dead man's smashed skull did Schuck's nerves no good.

"Get me out of this jail and I'll talk," he offered.

"All right," agreed Parker. "We'll go for a drive."

On that drive Schuck blurted out the whole story.

James, he said, came to his house at lunch time on October 5 and asked Schuck to drive him to the First National Bank. Schuck said he thought it was funny that James sat in back while he, Schuck, drove James' car.

They parked near the bank. David Paul came along. James offered to drive him to the Girard Trust Company in Philadelphia. Paul agreed. James ordered Schuck to take a deserted side street to the ferry, and while they were on it, Schuck said he turned around to see James beating David Paul over the head with a tire iron. Schuck protested and James stuck a revolver against his neck and ordered him to drive on. Then James fired two shots in David's face. They took the body to Bread and Cheese Run, fastened it to a tree trunk, and submerged it in the water.

James told Schuck that the water would preserve the body; that they could bury it later and that when it was found, the cops would be thrown off the track.

They divided part of the money. There was still a huge pile left. Schuck said he agreed to hide it. He said he had hidden it in a vase on his mother's grave in a Camden cemetery.

Ellis Parker drove back to his office in Mount Holly. He called Doran. He had Schuck tell his story again, before witnesses and a stenographer.

Schuck went over the murder route with them; told them where they might find the shovels used to bury David Paul. He led them to a sewer where the messenger's leather pouch, with $30,000 worth of checks, had been tossed. He led them to the murder gun and the tire iron with which the bank runner had been beaten. He went with them to the cemetery. The money—thousands of dollars of it—still rested in the flowerpot there.

PARKER got everything together on a table in one room—all of the crime exhibits: the shovels, the tire iron, the gun, the leather pouch, the checks, and the stolen cash.

"Now," he said, "we're ready to blast. Bring him in."

They brought Frank James in. He was a tall, lean-faced, intelligent-looking man, with shrewd, large eyes.

He came into the room. No one said anything to him. He looked around curiously. He saw the display on the table—and his eyes popped larger than ever. He looked furtively from one to another in that room. Still no one spoke, and the bitter acid of silence began eating through to his taut nerves. At last he exploded:

"All right, you've got me." His lips curled. "I suppose I can thank Schuck for this. And I suppose he unloaded all the blame for it on me. He'll not get off that easily. He is the one who actually murdered Paul."

They went to the chair together, still arguing about who really had murdered the bank messenger.

It was a strange case—and during it Ellis Parker made a remark that had an ironic significance.

Early in the case, when it looked as though David Paul had skipped out with his employer's money, some one said: "But it isn't possible. David Paul was a scrupulously honest man for twenty-five years. He wouldn't turn absconder overnight."

"Nonsense," replied Ellis Parker. "A man might be the soul of honor all his life and wake up one morning a criminal."

Ellis Parker, saying that, was wrong—and right.

David Paul—an honest man for a quarter of a century—didn't turn criminal. But, sixteen years later, Ellis Parker, who had been an honest man all his life, did.

THE END

WILL I GET ME MONEY BACK IF IT DOESNA KILL FLEAS?
SURE, SCOTTY SKIP-FLEA IS GUARANTEED TO DO THE TRICK!
SERGEANT
Sergeant's DOG MEDICINES

SURE DEATH TO FLEAS

Sergeant's Skip-Flea Powder contains a deadly flea-killing ingredient. Your money will be refunded if you find live fleas on your dog's coat 24 hours after Skip-Flea Powder has been applied. Get this protection.

Wash your dog with Skip-Flea Soap. It grooms as it cleanses as it kills fleas! Soothes flea bites too!

There are 23 tried and tested Sergeant's Dog Medicines. Trusted by dog lovers since 1879. Constantly improved. Made of the finest drugs. Sold under a money-back guarantee by drug and pet stores. ASK THEM FOR A FREE COPY OF SERGEANT'S DOG BOOK, or write:

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$2,000 IN 223 CASH PRIZES: YOUR CHANCE TO WIN MONEY IS EXCELLENT

STARGAZING CONTEST

START YOUR ENTRY NOW!

ON THIS page Liberty gives you an opportunity to hitch your financial wagon to the stars! As explained in the rules, which you should read before starting your entry, the names of twenty of the best known stars of microphone and screen will be hidden in the stars in the puzzles of this series. By way of illustration, Puzzle 1 on this page, which obviously solves into the name of Mae West, has been presented to illustrate how to solve the succeeding puzzles of the series. Puzzle 2 is not quite so simple. What is your solution for that one? Fine! Now you are well on your way toward the completion of a successful entry. You may be the one to win the $500 cash First Prize. There may be that big a fortune in the stars of this contest for you. Or you may win the $200 second money or the $100 Third Prize. And just look at the other opportunities to get into the money! More than 200 of them. Be sure that you take full advantage of this chance to find your fortune in the stars. The $2,000 has been set aside for the winners. It's ready and waiting. Will you claim your share? The third and fourth puzzles will appear next week.

THE RULES

1. This contest will cover ten weeks, ending in the issue of Liberty dated August 6, 1938.

2. Each week of the contest the names of two prominent stars of radio or pictures will be presented in jumbled form, a total of twenty names to solve.

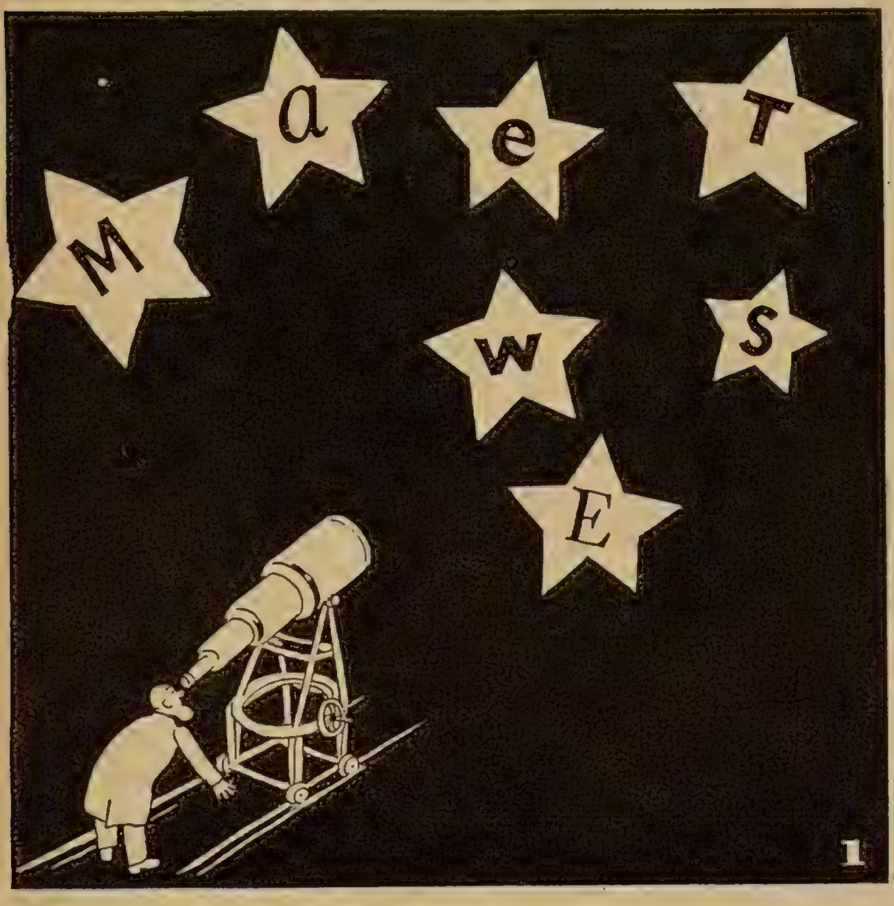
3. To compete, simply unscramble the jumbled letters of the two names presented each week into their correct order. For instance, the various letters in a puzzle might be B-R-O-C-S-I-N-G-B-Y and could be rearranged to spell BING CROSBY. The scattered letters S-A-M-H-A-N-J-O-R would rearrange into JOAN MARSH. Write your solutions in the space provided under each puzzle. Save all solutions until your set is complete at the end of the game.

4. Then write a statement of not more than 100 words explaining "The entertainer named in this contest whom I like best, and why." This statement is required with every set of solutions.

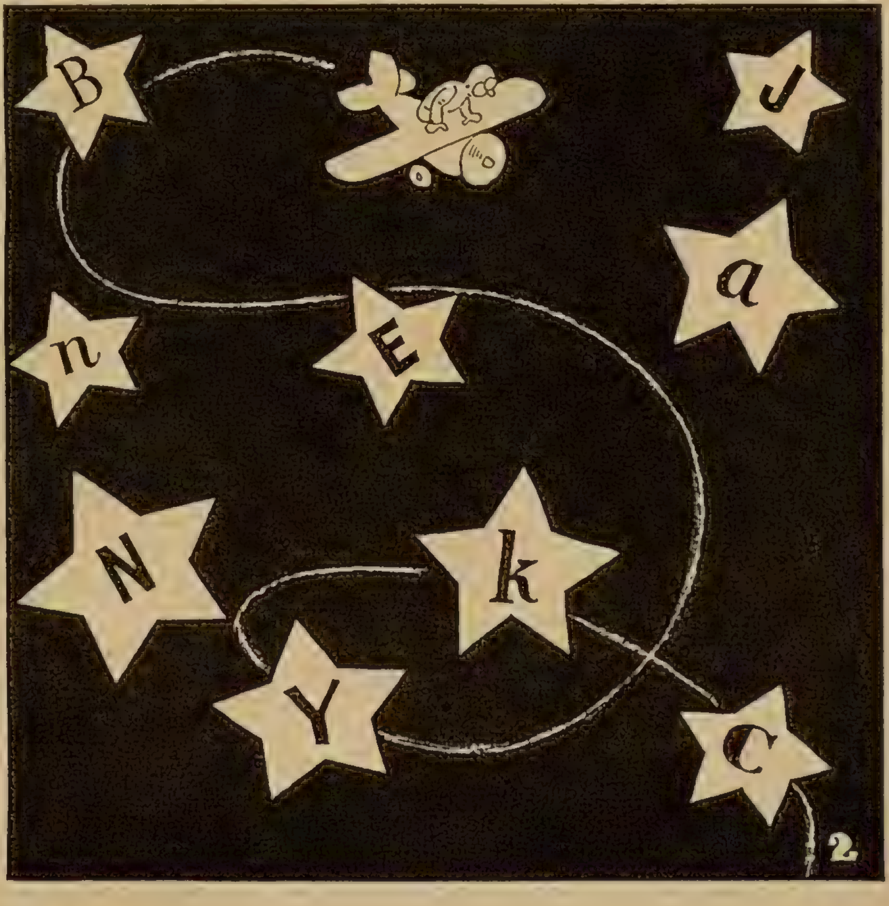
5. The entry with the greatest number of correctly solved jumbles, accompanied by the most logical and convincing statement, will be considered the best and will receive the $500 cash First Prize. In the order of their excellence on this basis other entries will be awarded the following prizes: $200 Second Prize; $100 Third Prize; twenty prizes, each $10; 200 prizes, each $5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

6. Submit entries by first-class mail to Stargazing Contest, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., in time to be received on or before Friday, August 19, 1938, the closing date of this contest.

7. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families. We cannot enter into correspondence concerning any entry and no entries will be returned. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best



NAME ______________________________



NAME ______________________________

Robin Hood Rides Again

Mr. Flynn reincarnates history's fightin'est hero in a lively pageant of color and melody, battle and love

By RUTH WATERBURY

Vital Statistics by Beverly Hills

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD

THE PLAYERS: Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, Basil Rathbone, Claude Rains, Ian Hunter, Eugene Pallette, Alan Hale, Melville Cooper, Patric Knowles, Herbert Mundin, Una O'Connor, Montagu Love, Robert Noble, Robert Warwick, Lester Matthews, Howard Hill, Leonard Willey, Kenneth Hunter, Colin Kenny, Harry Cording, Ivan Simpson. Original screen play by Norman Reilly Raine and Seton I. Miller based upon ancient Robin Hood legends. Directed by Michael Curtiz and William Keighley. Produced by Warner Bros. Running time, 90 minutes.

ALL the nations now engaged in armament races should see The Adventures of Robin Hood. For then they would discover we don't need masses of guns and battleships. We just need more men like Errol Flynn. Surround him with battalions armed to the teeth and he throws a table here, a candelabra there, and before you can lift a mace, he's off because he's out. Of course Mr. Flynn does all this as Robin Hood, and the time was the twelfth century, when you could put an arrow through a man with all the ease of putting a hot knife through so much butter. Still, you never saw a male wiggle out of so many tight corners as this Robin Hood Flynn in all your life.

You must remember the story—how Robin Hood took from the rich and gave to the poor, all in the interests of good King Richard, away fighting the infidel while his treacherous brother John was trying to get cozy on the throne of England. Our Robin Hood soon stops that, even if he does have to fight John's entire army, win archery contests, and fall in love with Olivia de Havilland, all simultaneously.

This is done with a vast, exhilarating sweep, magnificent color effects, and a glorious music score. Mr. Flynn flashes his teeth, Miss de Havilland registers her bemused beauty, and Claude Rains and Melville Cooper manage somehow, and very subtly, to make genuine and amusing human beings of the wily Prince John and a silly High Sheriff respectively.

VITAL STATISTICS: Robin Hood probably existed in actual fact, was a great yeoman; may have been the last of the Saxons, holding out guerrilla-like against the Norman conquerors of England. Time ivied his legend, glorified him into the Earl of Huntingdon, nickname for a hunter, made him the first human hero of the lower classes. Hood's been the hero of a thousand poems, books, plays, operas, movies since, has had a profound influence on human character, childhood, Hollywood. . . . Well, sir, I'll be darned if it wasn't all of 15 years ago that Doug Fairbanks, Sr., wore the iron underwear of Robin Hood, slid down the ivory towers of the beautiful ladies, spent about $400,000 on his silent, uncolored production, large moneys for those prosperous times compared to the million 400,000 spent on this colored lavish produksch. Doug's Hood wandered all over England and the Crusades; this one provides an entirely "original" story confined to Nottingham (Notnum) and Sherwood Forest (Sherfst). Of Doug's cast only Alan Hale was tapped for this, plays Little John again, says his own ghost kept looking over his shoulder prompting him: "We didn't do it that way, you twerpish dolt!" . . . Sherwood Forest's the natural woods around Chico, Cal., 600 miles from Hollywood, studio added a lot of phony trees for the stuntmen to swing from and monkey around. Workmen flung up one of those solid plaster-and-chicken-wire castles. . . . All Hollywood Stunt and Bump men worked 6 weeks mastering archery, fought with rubber-tipped arrows, filed tin swords. Some let pro World's Champion Bow-and-Arrow Man Howard Hill potshot them with real steel-tipped arrows shot from a 96-lb. bow as they galloped by cameras on horseback, wearing steel vests covered with balsa wood so's the arrows would stick.

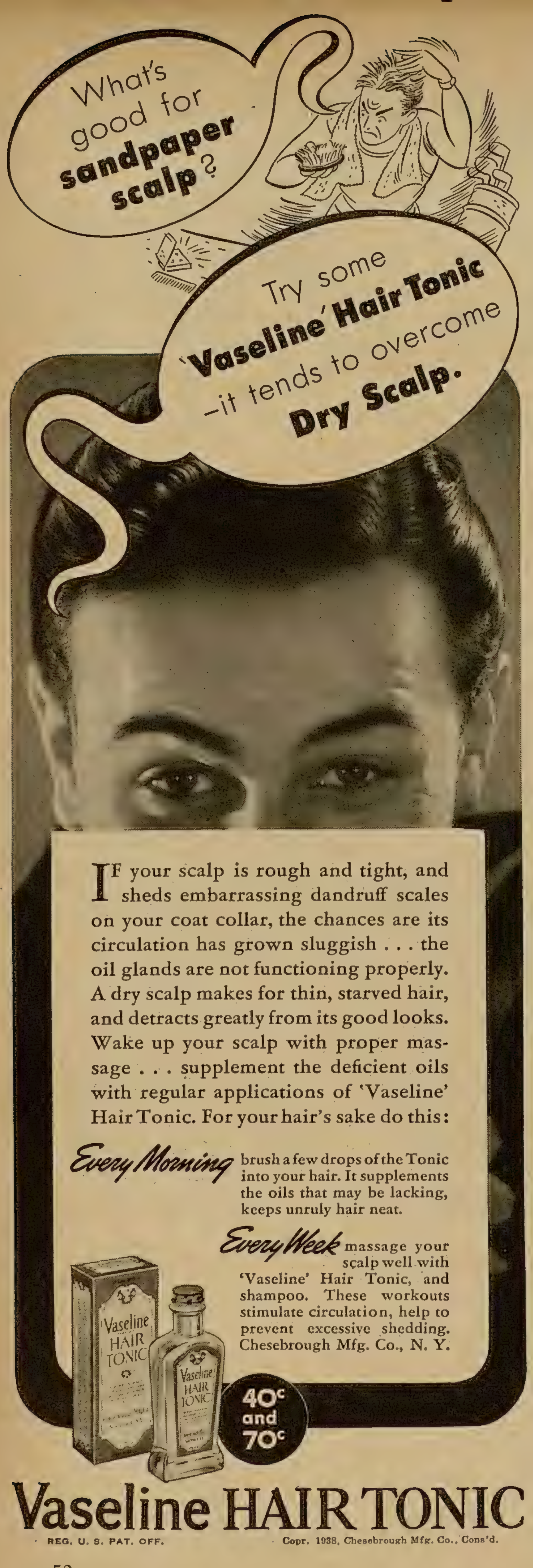
★ ★ THE LAW OF THE UNDERWORLD

THE PLAYERS: Chester Morris, Anne Shirley, Eduardo Ciannelli, Walter Abel, Richard Bond, Lee Patrick, Paul Guilfoyle, Frank M. Thomas, Eddie Acuff, Jack Arnold, Jack Carson, Paul Stanton, George Shelley, Anthony Warde. Screen play by Bert Granet and Edmund L. Hartmann from the story and stage play by John B. Hymer and Samuel Shipman. Directed by Lew Landers. Produced by RKO-Radio. Running time, 65 minutes.

THE law of the underworld, this proclaims, is that a gangster must not get sentimental.

By way of proving this text, the case histories of Anne Shirley and Richard Bond are revealed, two naïve kids about to be married. They are stuck up by Eduardo Ciannelli, who robs them of the $136 they had earmarked for their nuptials. Desperate, they stalk Ciannelli for a return stick-up on him that evening and thereby walk into the gang of which Ciannelli is only a minor member and Chester Morris the head. Chet decides two such innocents can be useful to him and, under threat of turning them over to the cops, gets them to join him in the robbery of a jewelry store a few days later. There is a kill-

Olivia de Havilland and Errol (hero) Flynn in The Adventures of Robin Hood.


What's good for sandpaper scalp?
Try some 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic —it tends to overcome Dry Scalp.
Vaseline HAIR TONIC
40c and 70c

IF your scalp is rough and tight, and sheds embarrassing dandruff scales on your coat collar, the chances are its circulation has grown sluggish . . . the oil glands are not functioning properly. A dry scalp makes for thin, starved hair, and detracts greatly from its good looks. Wake up your scalp with proper massage . . . supplement the deficient oils with regular applications of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. For your hair's sake do this:

Every Morning brush a few drops of the Tonic into your hair. It supplements the oils that may be lacking, keeps unruly hair neat.

Every Week massage your scalp well with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic, and shampoo. These workouts stimulate circulation, help to prevent excessive shedding. Chesebrough Mfg. Co., N. Y.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. Copr. 1938, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd.

ing, and the trusting kids face taking the rap for it. But Chester violates his own law and confesses, that they may go free. And what does that get him? No, not gratitude. The electric chair.

All of which is melodrama admittedly, but with melodrama's virtues of action, suspense, and the villains always pursuing everybody. The cast is so competent in making the rather worn situation appear thrilling that you may like this little quickie better than whatever "main feature" it is billed with.

VITAL STATISTICS: Law of Hollywood: Throw together a Master Mind of a Capone, a Boy and Girl in his Fell Clutches, a big gun battle, and a lot of talk about "ice," "molls," and "racket"; cast it with non-expensive free-lance feature players with good box-office names; spend about $200,000—and get a serviceable double-feature Grade B program buffer, which may clean up anywhere from $50,000 to $500,000. Reason: Kids and other adults of 12 like unashamed blood-and-thunder. Edgar Wallace never dies and occasionally a gangsterino turns out quite good and successful à la Alcatraz. J. Edgar Hoover, however, is reputed to have said, "Hollywood producers still live in the mobstered world of the 1920s. Some even dream of its return!" . . . Over ten years ago, Chester Morris, the Perfect Playboy-Killer type, played this same part on stage when it was a play called Crime. . . . Frank M. Thomas is also a vet of the stage play Crime; is father of young Frank, Jr., who makes a living himself on the boards. . . . Walt Abel paints, can't resist slipping struggling painters a financial crutch, has helped loads of them. . . . Eduardo Ciannelli has an M. D. stuck away somewhere, hauls it out only when he doctors himself. He's a Neapolitan.

★ ★ COCOANUT GROVE

THE PLAYERS: Fred MacMurray, Harriet Hilliard, the Yacht Club Boys, Ben Blue, Rufe Davis, Billy Lee, Eve Arden, Harry Owens, George Walcott, Dorothy Howe, Red Stanley. Original story and screen play by Sy Bartlett and Olive Cooper. Directed by Alfred Santell. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 100 minutes.

VAUDEVILLE died several years ago and it seems reasonable to assume that it died because the public was no longer sufficiently interested in it to support it. Therefore it stumps us to try to figure why Hollywood should put out vaudeville shows, very slightly disguised as musical movies, and expect them to clean up millions.

Fred MacMurray portrays a band leader in this, who is always losing his temper and his jobs. Somewhere he annexes a little boy and has to hire a teacher for him.

Harriet Hilliard is the inspiration that encourages him to hitchhike cross-country, with the band tagging along, to try to get into the Los Angeles Cocoanut Grove as the main attraction. When they are about all set for this triumph, she misunderstands, thinks Fred is in love with another girl. He isn't, though. The most satisfactory things in all this clutter are the film's several tunes.

VITAL STATISTICS: Twice a week Hollywood washes and polishes itself, hangs on it all available glass, furs, bank books, and pretense, and foregathers at the Cocoanut Grove, at the Ambassador Hotel, along Wilshire Blvd., where it wines, dines, gossips, indulges in one-punch fights, makes love, rumbas, snoots, and generally enjoys itself. It's been going on for years; nothing ever changes, except the dance bands. . . . Whenever Fred MacMurray feels he's going Hollywood or getting swell-headed, he thinks of the time he was a tender tyro from a small town trying to crash a big-time with a saxophone being paid for on time. . . . All rain in this (and there's plenty of it) courtesy of Don Harrison, the Jupiter Pluvius of Hollywood. Harrison's been making rain for 18 years. First rained in The Furnace, a Milton Sills silent pix; had to climb a 75-foot pole with a hose to get the effect. Nowadays he just rigs up a movable sprinkler system, works a switch. . . . That trailer is actually run into by that train, no doubles or miniatures—just occupants removed from trailer. . . . Borrowed from RKO, Mrs. Ozzie (Harriet Hilliard) Nelson leaves the home lot for the first time in her screen career; felt as if she'd left home for college. She's truly blonde, of Des Moines; there's a young Nelson.

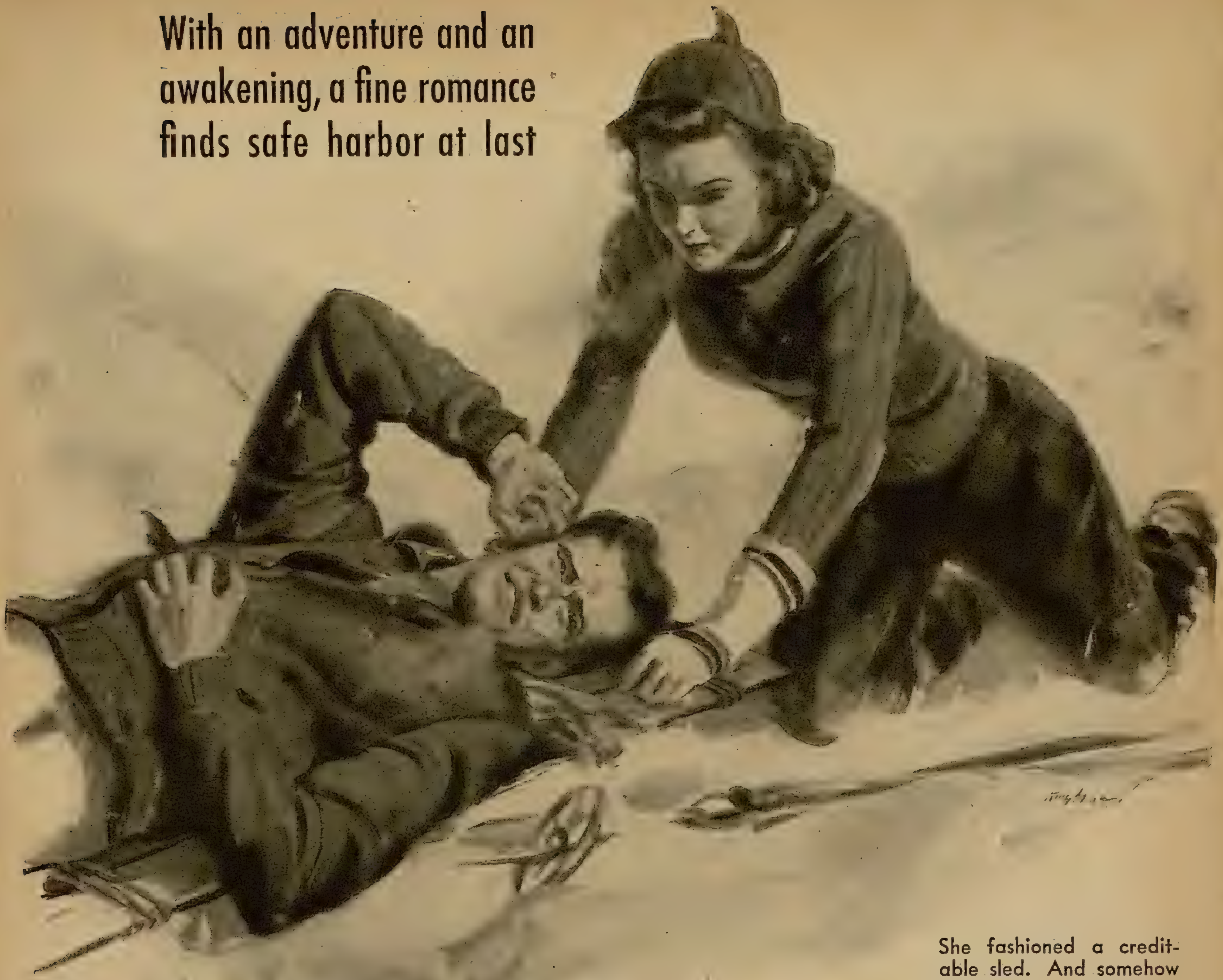
FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Mad About Music, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.

★★★½—Four Men and a Prayer, Merrily We Live, The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, In Old Chicago, Tovarich, Conquest, Heidi.

★★★—Test Pilot, There's Always a Woman, The Girl of the Golden West, Joy of Living, Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, Bluebeard's Eighth Wife, Condemned Women, Everybody Sing, Hawaii Calls, The Adventures of Marco Polo, The Big Broadcast of 1938, The Baroness and the Butler, Romance in the Dark, Gold Is Where You Find It, A Yank at Oxford, The Goldwyn Follies, The River, Swing Your Lady, The Buccaneer, I Met My Love Again, Hollywood Hotel, Love and Hisses, Peter the First, Rosalie, You're a Sweetheart, Wells Fargo, Nothing Sacred, A Damsel in Distress, True Confession, The Hurricane, The Awful Truth.

With an adventure and an awakening, a fine romance finds safe harbor at last



She fashioned a creditable sled. And somehow got him on it, and somehow pushed him along.

Hotel Hostess

READING TIME
21 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

by FAITH BALDWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES KINGHAN

PART TEN—CONCLUSION

MONDAY was sunny, clear, and cold. There were heavy clouds low over the mountains, and Sam, the Rivermount porter, was the only one who believed that they portended more snow. But people were so accustomed to Sam's prognostications that no one paid much attention. The weather report promised fair, clear weather, ideal for winter sports, Bert told Judith.

Judith was curious to learn what Candace would be up to, now that she had won her point and was staying on. She did not appear for breakfast, and when, at the time Bert had designated, Judith arrived in the lounge equipped with warm garments and a pair of skis, she found Bert alone and ready, carrying a pack in which he assured her were the makings of a lunch.

"Where's Betty?" asked Judith. "I spoke to her last night, and she said she'd be delighted to join us—Tommy Dean is staying over and she was going to ask him."

"I just saw her," said Bert; "there'll be some delay. I suggested we go on, and they'll join us later. Tommy had to wait for a long-distance from his father, and Betty would wait for him."

"What about Candace?" asked Judith.

Bert's face was grave. "Poor child," he murmured, "she thinks she is well enough to join us. But I persuaded her that it would be very foolish. I left her snug in bed, with a pitcher of fruit juice beside her and an armful of the latest magazines from the newsstand."

Judith concealed a smile. She had a vivid mental

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picture of Bert explaining to Candace soberly that it would be the height of folly to rise from a bed of pain—or at least sniffles—and venture out. There was nothing Candace could do about that, short of admitting that she hadn't had the vestige of a cold.

Bert had a sleigh and driver waiting, and they drove to the foot of the trail leading up to Halfway House, the guest cabin maintained by the hotel for summer outings and winter sports. Bert told the driver when to return, and they got out and started up the trail.

"It may not be sporting," said Judith firmly, "but I am not going to climb this on skis. I'm going up on my two well shod feet. It's a lot quicker and, as far as I am concerned, safer."

It was hard going. They slipped and slithered, and once Judith slid into the deep-piled powdery snow on the side of the trail. Bert pulled her out, brushed her off, and they went on, using their ski poles as support. Once he called back, "You look very fetching in blue gabardine and a red toque," but that was the extent of their personal conversation.

REACHED, the log cabin seemed almost luxurious. There was a great fire laid, and plenty of logs, paper, and kindling. In a short time Bert had the fire going and the deathlike chill of the place dispelled. Cutlery and paper plates and tin cups were at hand; there would be plenty of hot water after Bert got the kerosene stove going. The rough table even had a red cloth, and there were fur rugs and comfortable chairs.

Judith struggled out of an extra sweater, mittens, and scarf, and went to the door and looked down the mountain, and then up the trail to the first ski jump. It was fairly stiff, she thought, but she could manage if she didn't attempt any fancy work. The sunlight was cold and clear, and long blue shadows lay on the snow . . . you could see the world, or a lot of it, from halfway up the mountain. You felt small and lost but exhilarated.

"Get busy," ordered Bert; "I'm starved." He came up to smack her on the shoulder, comrade-wise, and Judith turned and went back into the cookstove alcove.

The hotel had provided steaks, potatoes cut for frying, a can of shortening, a bottle of cream, coffee, fruit and cake, and water. "I swing a mean steak," said Judith, but halted. "I wonder," she added, "if I should wait till we see the kids coming along the trail."

"They aren't coming," Bert announced calmly.

"Bert!" She stared at him angrily. Then she sighed. "I might have known," she murmured. . . . "I'm a fool; it was perfectly obvious from the first. But what on earth did you tell Betty?"

"I had a little chat with her last night," he said, unashamed. "I asked her . . . as a favor . . . to accept the invitation ostensibly and then to forget to come."

"She's under obligations to you," said Judith slowly, "and has been so frightened, poor kid, that you'll tell somebody about the Boston business. You mentioned that, no doubt," she added. "Didn't you? A touch of blackmail!"

"Not exactly," he said, undisturbed. "I just said, 'Fair exchange is no robbery,' or something like that."

"Listen," said Judith. "Why all this elaborate intrigue? It doesn't make sense."

"Would you have come with me alone?" he asked.

"No," she said after a moment. . . . "Yes . . . I don't know."

"There you are," he said triumphantly. "I haven't any evil designs, my dear, unless wanting to marry you comes under that category. I just wanted to be alone with you. I'm really not much of a menace."

"Yes, you are," sad Judith slowly. "You're more of a menace since you stopped being smart-aleck and show-off, and began to be rather nice, than you were before, I think."

He took a step toward her. . . "Then you mean—" he began eagerly, but she waved him back.

"No, I don't mean that," she said firmly. "I mean you're more of a menace because I suspect it's an act. Front. Façade. Whatever you want to call it. A man doesn't alter what appears to be his basic character as quickly as you seemed to, Bert, despite what the books tell us about the ennobling influence of a great love. Because I don't believe in your great love. I think you're a spoiled boy who can't get what he wants one way, so he tries another."

HE tried to smile; succeeded—but his eyes were not pleasant. Judith caught her breath and turned back to the stove. For the first time in her knowledge of him, she was really frightened.

But all he said, cheerfully enough, was: "O. K. by me, baby, if that's the way you feel. Not that you're right. How about a little lunch?"

She said, "I oughtn't. I ought to go back . . ."

"It's a long walk from the foot of the mountain to Rivermount. Our equipage has orders to call for us later. You wouldn't sit in a snowbank all that time, would you? It would be pretty silly."

She said, "All right, you win. But I don't feel especially flattered and I don't think any the better of you for it."

She had made up her mind that she would say no more than that. They'd have their lunch and their skiing, and then they would go down the trail again and meet the sleigh. And that would be that. And after this experience, job or no job, she would avoid Mr. Bert Wallace as much as possible.

Lunch was good; the steaks and potatoes perfection, the coffee superb, the cake and fruit all that one could expect. Bert, passing his cup, remarked, "You are one of the world's wonders—a woman who can really make good coffee."

"It's the measuring and timing," she said solemnly. "Likewise the old-fashioned pot. I love them. And the good spring water. Nice of Rivermount to provide us with plenty of water. Why don't they keep it up here?"

"It would freeze, silly."

"So will we if we sit around a fire and then go out into the snow. Let's wash up and get going," she suggested, gathering the cutlery and cups together. "You do the pans. I hate to!"

Presently they had shut and locked the cabin, after kicking out what remained of the fire, and were off again up the trail to the first ski jump. It took some time. But when they finally reached it and looked out over the wide wonder of New England in winter, Judith caught her breath. It was more beautiful than she had remembered.

For the next hour or so she was too intent on keeping her balance to think. Not that she always kept it. Once Bert pulled her out of a snowbank, and several times he had to help her up. He was a fine skier, almost professionally good.

Better than the ski jump Judith liked skiing across the long valley of snow. It wasn't as exhilarating but it was much less alarming.

AFTER what seemed like a long time, she said: "I haven't the remotest idea of the time, Bert, but hadn't we better start back? It's growing a little dark."

"Just clouds. Look, let's try the high jump. That one is only for beginners."

"Not me," she said firmly. "I've decided I'm a beginner too. But I'll come up and watch you."

But, before they reached the highest jump, it had started to snow and the sky was uniformly overcast.

"We've got to get back," said Judith anxiously.

"Nonsense—it's just a flurry. Oh, all right, if you're so worried. But—one jump, then. Come on, be a sport! I've been fooling around with that baby jump just to keep you company. That's not for a man."

"Very well," she said. But she was still anxious. However, it was not snowing very hard and perhaps he was right—it was a passing flurry.

She stood on the top of the high jump and watched him take off. That's what it reminded her of—a plane, a bird in flight. Everything was beautifully timed. But . . . suddenly, disaster. . . . He wavered, did not recover himself, and fell, sprawling and skidding.

She cupped her hands about her mouth and shouted, "I told you so!" But he did not stir. There was no answering hail. He did not get to his feet again. . . .

She said aloud, "He's hurt . . . perhaps badly."

She looked at the jump. She was not sufficiently expert, she realized, to

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make it except by luck, so she took off her skis, slung them across her back, and started off, stumbling and slipping in her heavy boots, down the trail. It took so long to reach him, and the snow was blowing from every direction. The sky was darker now; a wind had risen. It cut her cheeks, and the tears were on her lashes and froze there. She was cold and frightened. It was so far down the trail to where the sleigh would be waiting very soon!

When she reached him, he was struggling to rise on one elbow. "I've broken my leg!" he said, and, despite the increasing cold, sweat ran down his face. "You've got to do something . . . get me to the cabin . . . somehow . . . get my skis off," he ordered, watching her as, fumbling a little, she obeyed.

His right leg was useless. The cabin was situated not far below them. She thought and then spoke. "I'll do what I can," she said; "you'll just have to stand it."

"My God!" he said. "I'll freeze to death . . . this storm and all . . ."

I'll freeze to death.

She took off her heavy scarf and, despite his protestations which were almost screams, bandaged his leg as best she could. Then she took her skis and lashed them to his. She had an extra scarf, he had one, there were the leather thongs. She fashioned, after what seemed an eternity, a fairly creditable sled. And somehow got him on it, and somehow pushed him along the flat stretch of open plain which was the end of the jump, and then down the incline to the trail past the cabin.

It seemed years before they reached the trail and comparative safety. Bert said, speaking for the first time . . . "I might crawl." And painfully he crawled as far as the door, then fainted.

Beating her mittened hands together, the sharp tears from the cold frozen on her face, the increasingly heavy snow blinding her, Judith managed somehow to get the key of the cabin out of his pocket, drag his heavy weight across the threshold, and close the door.

Then, after helping him to inch across the floor, she put a pillow from a chair under his head, and one of the fur rugs over him, although the added weight made him curse with pain.

Sobbing under her breath, Judith relaid the fire and lit it. She lighted the stove, and measured coffee into the pot. If only she had some brandy!

Bert spoke heavily: "If we aren't there waiting for the sleigh, he'll go away."

"Of course he won't," she said, turning. "He'll wait. When we don't come, he'll know something's wrong . . . and get help. We have warmth and food. It's just a question of being patient."

"You'd talk about patience," he said, "if your leg was broken! No, he won't wait; I told him not to—"

"*You told him—?*"

She set the pot on the stove. Her hands were shaking and she felt sick, but her voice was steady.

"Why?" she inquired.

"Don't be a fool," he said, irritated. "I thought, Well, if we're here overnight . . . the last weather report said storm . . ."

"You lied to me!"

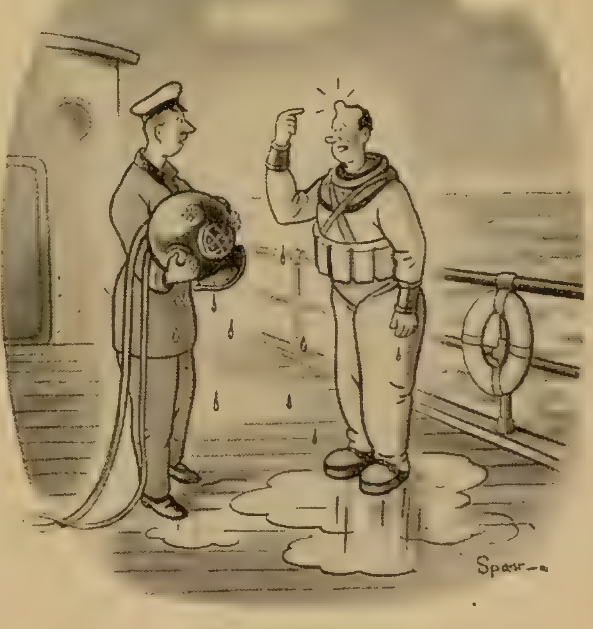
"Don't be melodramatic. Sure I lied. We had plenty of food—I saw to that — and firewood . . . I wanted time to persuade you, and a situation which might add persuasion. Don't look like that!"

"But the hotel—the people—" she said slowly.

"Do you suppose I'd care what they thought? Besides, if it did storm, my excuse was perfect. No one can guard against accidents of nature."

She said, "So I was to spend the night here with you, whether I wanted to or not."

He said, "I didn't break my leg on purpose. I wouldn't love any woman enough for that!"


"I sneezed."

After a moment Judith said, "I could go down the trail, and wait till some one passes, if the sleigh isn't there."

"It won't be. And you can't leave me alone!" he said, his voice rising. "The fire might go out. Or something might catch and I'd burn to death—helpless—"

"If we don't come back they'll send some one from the hotel. The driver will report."

"I told the driver if we didn't show up in fifteen minutes we might have come down earlier and picked up the early Valleytown bus . . . the highway runs across the mountain road which leads to the trail."

"You think of everything," she said bitterly.

The storm was increasing in velocity. The windows rattled and they heard the soft slurring of the snow. There was a cold draft from the chimney.

She had done what she could to make him comfortable. She sat thinking. Then, "They will send from the hotel when we don't come back. Betty will . . . and," she added after a moment, "Bill Martin . . ."

"You're pretty sure of him, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am. Of his friendship and his loyalty. That's all one needs to be sure of, Bert."

"Well, I can't stay here all night," he said.

"I offered to go—but you were afraid to be left alone," she reminded him. "Oh, Bert, what *do* you want me to do?" she added despairingly.

There was a long silence. He said harshly, "I've got to have medical attention . . . I'll take the chance . . ."

Judith got to her feet. She buttoned her collar high, after putting on the extra sweater she had removed when they came in. . . . She thought aloud:

"There's no house near by on the mountain road . . . but I can get to the highway, walking, if no one comes by. There are houses there, and telephones . . ."

"You'll hurry?" he asked.

The cabin was warmth, light, shelter. Outside, the snow was driving in swirling, biting flakes. If she lost her way . . . if she lost the trail, now hidden from her, if she stumbled and fell and died there on the mountainside? She hesitated, her hand on the door, and looked back at the fire.

Bert spoke impatiently. "Well," he said, "get going, can't you?"

OUTSIDE, the door closed between her and warmth, between her and security, Judith began to laugh silently. Love, she thought, is a wonderful thing! A man makes elaborate plans, she went on thinking, struggling to orient herself—here was the trail, if only she could keep on it—to force her to stay with him in a mountainside cabin overnight. . . . Why? Because he loves her! But before that he breaks his leg, which wasn't part of his plan. And he is therefore in pain. Where's love then? Self-preservation, she thought crazily, slipping, falling, getting to her feet, is the first law. Bert obeyed it. Why didn't I? Why didn't I stay in the cabin, no matter what he said or did? He couldn't do much; he's hardly, in his present condition, a physical menace!

She was trying not to sob. Her lungs hurt her, the snow blinded her, and the sky was very dark. There was just a faint gray light by which she fought her way along the trail. Sometimes she missed it. Often she fell and lay there gasping. Then she struggled painfully to her feet and went on, always finding the trail again by some miracle.

The last time she fell, she thought she would never get up. She was so terribly tired. She felt, even, a little drowsy. She must, she thought, be losing her mind. She heard voices. People always heard voices when they lost their minds.

She got to her hands and knees, wavered to her feet. The snow had not ceased; it was thicker than ever.

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when he lost his hair

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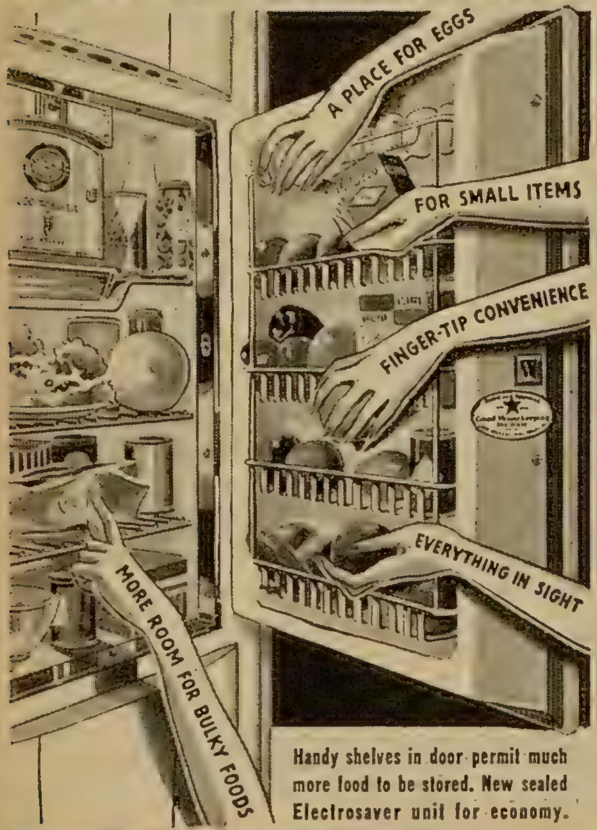

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GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

How much farther . . . how much farther . . .?

The voices did not stop—they sounded louder and nearer. They must be real voices! She made a strangled sound . . . and Bill heard her. . . .

"Judith—*Judith*—!"

That was a real voice—Bill's voice. Or was she going crazy again? She began to run in sliding, stumbling steps. "Bill," she called. "Bill!"

He bulked before her, looming up among the shadows. His arms were around her. . . . "Steady," he said quietly. "Where's Wallace?"

"At the cabin," she gasped. "His leg is broken."

Still holding her, he issued his short commands to the men he had brought with him. He and Sam would go on up to the cabin. Mark was to take Miss Gillmore down the rest of the way and get her to the hotel. Dick, one of the guides who took out skiing parties, would go back and commandeer a sled.

Judith said low, "I thought you wouldn't come—I hoped you would."

She felt his mittened hand on her numb cheek. He said, "I came . . . you should have known."

She had, it appeared, almost reached the end of the trail, and, with Mark's strong arm around her, she stumbled the rest of the way and to a waiting sleigh.

WHEN they reached the Rivermount, it was Betty who met her, took her in charge, and got her to bed, between warm blankets and hot-water bottles. Bill had left orders before he left. And Betty sat beside her while she sobbed and shivered into something approaching quiet.

"It was my fault," said Betty, after a time.

"No; Bert's. . . . He told you not to come. I'm glad you didn't. Because you would have been caught there too . . ."

"When you didn't come back," said Betty, "I called Rogers at the livery. He told me what Bert Wallace had told him. It sounded—crazy to me. . . . So I told Bill when he came in . . ."

"Thank heaven you told Bill!" said Judith.

"Bill," reported Betty, "was like a crazy man." She swallowed. It was the hardest thing she had ever said. But not as hard as something she must say. "He's so terribly in love with you," she added.

"Oh, no—" said Judith—"no . . ."

"Yes, he is. Judy, when I told Marge I had seen you in his arms, I had . . . no, don't interrupt. It was the morning you found the man who shot himself. I was riding along the river. You had fainted. Bill had you in his arms. I heard him say, 'Judith, my darling' . . ."

"But," cried Judith, sitting up against the pillow, her eyes brilliant, her cheeks flushed, "why didn't you tell me when I asked you in the train . . .?"

"I saw that you didn't know. That you'd really been unconscious. So I didn't *want* to tell you. . . . You see," said Betty, "I—I'm in love with him, too . . ."

"My dear—"

Betty lifted her chin. She said, with little-girl dignity, "I'll get over it. I'm just a kid, I guess. I've been such a fool! And—mean . . . about Saks, too. That was all my fault. I don't feel the way I did toward him now . . . since I knew how Bill really feels about you. . . . And I'll be going away soon, to Boston and then to Europe. Maybe when I come back I might even want to see Saks again."

She'd be in love half a dozen times before then, thought Judith. Or maybe not. But out of love, surely, with Bill. Then perhaps Saks would come back again to Rivermount, to Betty. Perhaps things would work out.

"I could kill Bert Wallace!" said Betty definitely.

"Don't bother. His broken leg is enough. He'll be laid up here," said Judith, "for a long time, unless he insists on getting himself back to town on a stretcher through a car window. I don't know. But wherever he goes or stays, Candace will be with him, I imagine."

She began to laugh, and Betty looked at her in alarm. "I believe you've a fever!" she said.

"No, I haven't." But she went on laughing. She couldn't tell Betty the joke. But it was one—the funniest she had ever heard. . . . For, if she knew anything about women, Candace would make hay while the sun shone, while Bert was quite helpless. And she was willing to bet next month's salary that Bert would be married before he knew it.

DINNER came on a tray, and Betty practically fed her. "But your own dinner?" protested Judith.

"I couldn't eat a mouthful," said Betty, and then cleaned up most of the tray under Judith's amused eyes.

After a long time Bill arrived.

Betty opened the door to his knock. She signaled for silence and whispered, "Judy's asleep." She yawned. "Late, isn't it? She says she feels all right, as I told you when you phoned a little while ago. . . ." She was a child anxious for praise.

He said, smiling at her: "You're a great little nurse, Betty. Thanks a lot." He patted her shoulder. "Run along now. Mrs. Ellis is waiting in my office. She'll take the room next door and look after Judith."

"Mr. Wallace is very sick—I hope?" asked Betty.

Bill laughed. "Hospital, broken leg!" he reported. "Fracture reduced and X-rayed. No, he's all right."

Betty closed the door softly. Her life was blighted. But now that it had happened, now that she too had made her confession, she felt much better. Debuts were fun. Europe was fun.

After a while Judith opened her eyes. Bill sat there beside her, his hand over hers.

"You came?"

"As soon as I could. I phoned Betty when I reached the hospital with Wallace. He'll be all right."

"I mean, you came—back there on the trail?"

"Of course. Betty told me . . . I talked to Rogers. . . . Wallace," said Bill, "is a fool. I'd like to break his neck. But it's his leg. I wish I'd had the pleasure."

"I thought Betty was going with us. I didn't know what he told Rogers," she said.

"Of course not. Don't talk. I will. I haven't ten millions, darling, but I have Aunt Hetty and the Parker Street house. She'll give it to us as a wedding present. I telephoned her, you see. I knew she'd worry when I didn't come home, although she'd never admit it. And she said, 'You marry that fool girl, Bill, and keep her out of trouble. If you do, I'll give you the Parker Street house.'"

He paused, and Judith said dreamily: "I hope she'll live with us."

"Then you do love me—?"

"So much— Oh, couldn't you kiss me," she inquired, a little dolefully, "and stop talking?"

It was an effective way.

MUCH later he said contentedly: "I've loved you since I all but knocked you down last spring—but—I hadn't anything to—"

"You're crazy," she said. "You have everything, including Aunt Hetty and the Parker Street house. But I'm—penniless, dearest. I'll be a burden." . . .

"You aren't penniless," he said firmly. "You see, she's giving the house to *you!*" . . .

A moment later she asked: "When are we going to be married? I always wanted to be married in the spring."

"Spring," said Bill, "is a long way off. What about tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow," she told him, "is all right. Or any day . . . any day. I love you so much, I thought I'd die loving you—ever since last May—May and December," she said slowly. Slowly her eyes were closing. . . .

She was asleep. He put her back among the pillows and sat watching her—the tossed red hair, the broad white lids hiding the black eyes, the curve of her cheek, the smiling red mouth. He bent quietly and laid his own upon it, and she stirred and spoke his name.

He stood by the bed looking at her. Tomorrow . . . or as soon as possible . . . She'd want to go home, he thought, or have her people here with her when they were married. And then they would be together for all the tomorrows.

He thought of her lashing the skis together, dragging Bert Wallace to the cabin, leaving him there and struggling out into the storm. For a man she despised . . . she didn't have to assure him that she despised Wallace. If she would do that for a man she despised, what would she not do for the man she loved? . . .

He was that man.

THE END

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Vox Pop

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Business Bureau Gets No Reply from U. S. Treasury

VERNON, TEX.—I attach herewith a copy of a letter sent under date of March 13, and signed by me, to the Secretary of the Treasury at Washington. The letter speaks for itself:

Dear Mr. Secretary:

The issue of Liberty for March 19 now on the stands has a blistering story on The Income Tax on page 28 of this influential publication. To save you and your staff the trouble of going to your publication files, I enclose herewith the pages referred to.

There are a number of serious business men here who are vigorously debating this particular story. Almost to a man, they believe the conclusions of the text. For my own part, I frankly do not know!

But the thought occurred to me that you might be willing to have a member of your executive staff take the concrete cases referred to by Mr. Robert Neal Leath and give us the government's answer to this serious challenge. If, and when, this is done, I will see to it that it (the answer) is published in the local press which goes into 4,500 homes.

I presume this is a fair request to make of your department, under the circumstances. As a firm believer in the philosophy of the income tax, I dislike to feel that the present program is " vicious " or even unjust. What is the answer to Leath? Write us in detail.

To date (April 13), Mr. Morgenthau's office has utterly refused to even acknowledge receipt of my inquiry. Why?

Folks in this little north Texas town of 10,000 souls have been very much alive to the challenges embraced in these income-tax articles, and the publisher of a large paper here indicated strongly that he would publish a story dealing with the income-tax stories carried in your publication, in the light of the Treasury's answer to my inquiry. But it seems that dictatorial Washington has nothing to say!

Knowing, from years of employment in the United States Senate, just how well organized is the staff of the Treasury Department and how capable of turning out information when it wants to, the silence of the Department respecting my letter of a month ago is not misunderstood!

You have my permission to make use of this letter, and the enclosure, as you may feel best may serve the public interest.

I'm compelled to believe that if I had written a breast-beating note of praise for the accomplishments of the New Deal's financial policies, I'd have gotten an immediate response under government frank. But, under the circumstances, the Treasury of the United States is silent as the tomb.—*Thomas Hudson McKee, Director, Vernon Business Bureau.*

EASTER CAROL, 1938

BOSTON, MASS.—

Sad conflict mars the peace of human
souls,
Intruding on this Easter morn serene,
Ascendancies divergent as the poles—
The Nazi gospel and the Nazarene.
—*Arthur W. Bell.*

BEAUTY FOR EXPECTANT MOTHERS

OAKLAND, CALIF.—That bit by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin (April 2 Liberty) regarding the expectant mother attending the high-brow radio broadcast causes one to wonder why there is not more done for the benefit of such ladies and their treasures.

When Athens was noted for her well formed and well disposed men and women, expectant mothers were encouraged to attend musicales, visit art galleries, flower gardens, and other places of beauty when convenient, and they were accorded the utmost honor and respect for their own well-being and for the sake of the unborn.

Unfortunately, the only sign of luxury some mothers see about their homes today are ash trays, spittoons, and stagger-juice bottles.

At least we should be good neighbors to our future citizens.—*Ida Clare.*

ANSWERS TO PRAYER

GREENVILLE, S. C.—Flowers for the living rather than for the dead. Liberty has for years been my favorite magazine. I might not have agreed with everything you published, of course, but I enjoyed your selection just the same.

The article, however, about the child out in Kansas being saved by prayers offered in various parts of the nation was, in my opinion, one of the finest things I have ever read (April 2 Liberty). The introduction also gave me an understanding into the nature of the men who publish Liberty, making me consider them as both human and humane.—*C. H. Garrison.*

KIRKLAND, WASH.—This is my prayer: That the two pages of your magazine that you gave to God may bear fruit a millionfold—that every one who reads may say, " I believe in God." So many minds swinging from the current of hate, fear, doubt, despair, selfishness, war, death, to the current of love, hope, faith, joy, peace, life—could save the world.—*Honor Turner.*

ST. LOUIS, MO.—I want to offer you my sincere thanks for publishing an article like that of Barbara Maclaren in Liberty, and for throwing your columns open for the publication of other experiences and instances where prayers have been answered.—*E. Mason Roberts.*

[Among hundreds of others who wrote us on the subject were the following:

Hugh Manners, San Haven, N. D.; Mrs. G. H. de la Vergne, Brooklyn, N. Y.; William U. Reese, Youngstown, Ohio; Tirzah R. Simpson, Farmington, N. M.; W. R. Bowditch, Philadelphia, Pa.; D. Lee Churchill, Macon, Ga.; Nancy Westover, Seattle, Wash.; Mrs. Louise Ramone, Oakland, Calif.; Mrs. T. L. Barr, Owensboro, Ky.; Edward E. Finn, Miami Beach, Fla.; Alla H. Edwards, Long Island City, N. Y.; W. A. Tarbet, Artesia, N. M.; Mrs. A. C. Gill, Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. Grace Morris, Boomer, W. Va.; Hilda M. Radey, Collingswood, N. J.; Mrs. D. B. Free, Jonesville, S. C.; Mrs. Lucy Britton Wall, Fort Worth, Tex.; H. C. Jones, Coulee Dam, Wash.; J. L. Collins, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Ernest Stauffer, Abbeville, La.; Miss Lucille Kane, Phoenix, Ariz.; Mrs. Clarence E. Merrill, Lakeport, N. H.; W. J. Drumpelmann, New York, N. Y.; Marguerite Hagen, Rainier, Ore.; Mrs. Nellie Neely, Idaho Falls, Ida.; Louise Sommerkamp, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. E. L. Hayward, Weldon, N. C.; W. A. Ritchie, Clarksdale, Mo.; Mrs. James L. Godfrey, Boonton, N. J.; Glenna H. Van Wormer, Cedar Rapids, Ia.; Charles Carroll, Ferndale, Mich.; and Albert D. Zimmerman, Fort Peck, Mont.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

BOBBY BREEN'S " HAIRBREADTH ESCAPE "

HONOLULU, HAWAII—The movie review Vital Statistics for Hawaii Calls (April 9 Liberty), featuring Bobby Breen's hairbreadth escape in not being blown " over Pali into the blue tropical sea " has great dramatic possibilities indeed.

Picture Bobby being lifted by the wind over the four-foot stone wall which protects our Pali road, floating gracefully through space to the azure ocean several miles away, his imaginary wings beating time to That's the Hawaiian in Me, leaving behind the sorrowing would-be heroine, sister Sally!

Aloha nui!—*Gladys Morgan Henderson.*

PROFESSIONAL PRIDE

CHARLESTON, W. VA.—After reading Dr. " Raymond's " Doctors Don't Tell, your publication is no longer needed in my wastebasket and certainly not in my office.—*V. E. Mace, M. D.*

LEWISBURG, PA.—We know that the author of Doctors Don't Tell is a real doctor because he has such a good opinion of himself.—*Leslie M. Pinney.*

HOW ABOUT IT, MR. FARLEY?

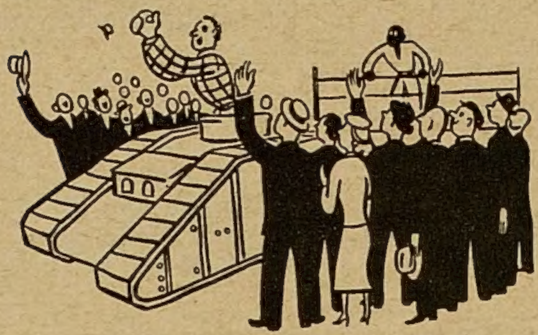
CHICAGO, ILL.—*Re* April 30 Vox Pop: Here is a passing thought that we believe is better than our original one.

Why not utilize a symbolic G-man design on a postage stamp?—*J. L. Lambin.*

GIVE US OLD MIKE McTIGUE

LIBERTY, S. C.—Why not give us a story about Old Mike McTigue, the Irish light-heavy who rode to the fight in a tank when he fought a French Negro fighter; who fought young Stribling in Columbus, Georgia, and was escorted from the ring by police and soldiers; and who then defeated Paul Berlenbach when he was thought unbeatable?

Think it would make a great story for fight fans.—*A. C. Ware, Jr.*



REFERS MR. SOKOLSKY TO WILLIAM THE SILENT

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Josh Billings wrote about the number of people who know things and said that many of the things they know " ain't so."

Mr. George E. Sokolsky says in April 23 Liberty that religious freedom existed nowhere on earth, except in the United States, at the time of the French Revolution. I think he's wrong.

That tough old warrior and lawgiver, William the Silent, established religious tolerance and equality before the law in the Low Countries more than two centuries earlier. His laws on the subject are still in force.

Writers ought to do a little reading sometime.—*A. J. Dekker.*

GNASHES TEETH, CRIES, " GO TO IT, MA! "

CLEVELAND, OHIO—That April 23 Vox Pop letter of some female who calls herself A Respecter of Motherhood has set my teeth to gnashing.

I'm the daughter of a mother of eight—a mother who never drinks gin highballs. Would I blush for shame if she did, since I had my share before I was married? Not on your life!

I'm the mother of three myself and I've been married five years. I had a few drinks now and then, too, before I settled down, and I wouldn't label myself as knowing all the tricks. I can't believe our unmarried youth has changed that much in five years.

It may be that the so-called respecter of motherhood is trying to excuse herself by saying all young people know every sin short of murder.

My mother is fifty-five years old, but if she painted her lips and did the big apple I'd yell, " Go to it, ma! "—*Mrs. M. A. Snyder.*

GENERAL WESTOVER, YOU SING 'EM TO TUNE OF PRETTY BABY

ATLANTA, GA.—My compliments to General Westover (April 9 Vox Pop). Here's a line for his Air Corps Song. I heard it bring down the house and stop the show at Rich Field, Waco, Texas, about December, 1917, to the tune of Pretty Baby:

" If you want to join the Army,
Join the Aviation Corps.
Pick and shovel,
Pick and shovel! "

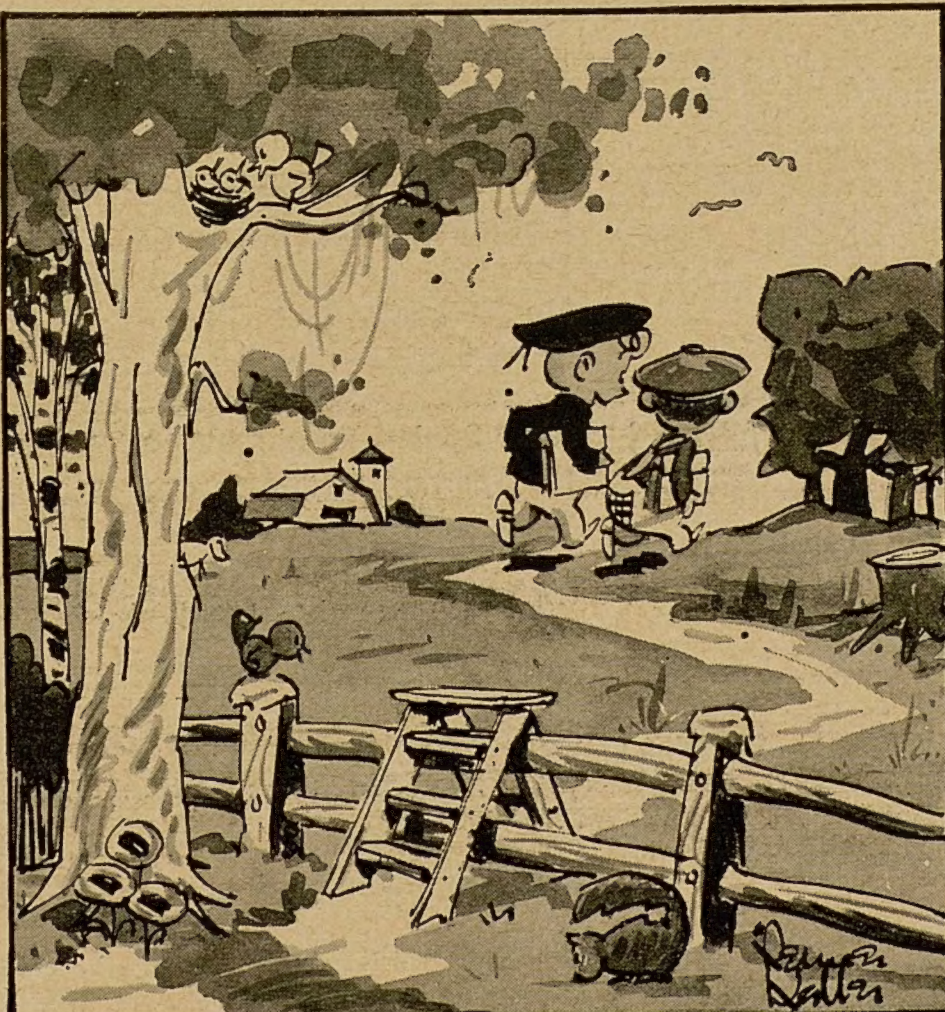
—*Geo. D. Barr (Ex-Second Lieutenant, Air Corps.)*

DON'T SHOOT!

HOUSTON, TEX.—Have an awful complaint to make. My husband is a traveling man, and on the day we buy Liberty he parks on the highway and reads it, while I hold my hands.

Advise me, what shall I do, buy two Libertys or shoot him?—*Mrs. V. J. A.*

"HARDTACK"

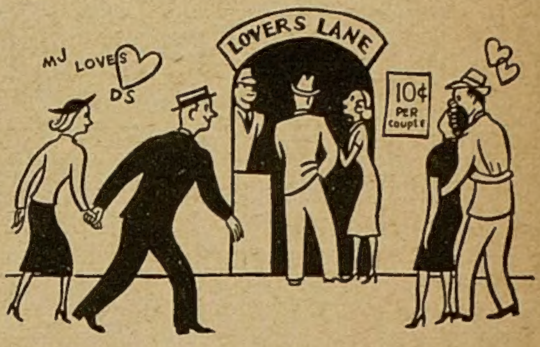


" I'm doin' my homework myself tonight—it's pop's birthday and I'm givin' him the night off."

LET'S TAX LOVE

WOODWARD, OKLA.—In these dire days when death is no longer as certain as taxes, how come the great gazabos in Washington have overlooked their greatest taxable item?

I refer to love. Now, there's a pastime that never has a depression. And unless you're too old, you know its vast possibilities.



My suggestion is this: Every city build its own Lovers' Lane. Tax each couple ten cents an hour for the use of it. Of course, the Easterners would have to make a different arrangement, because I don't suppose many of them could stand the bright stars, the fresh air, and the brilliance of the moon that we have out here. Perhaps some unventilated apartment house filled with smoke and loud music would fill the bill. At any rate, taxing love and romance would be a sure road to prosperity.—*Mildred Rice.*

START OF A MUTUAL ADMIRATION SOCIETY

SCARVILLE, IA.—We have read the opinions of Clark Gable and Robert Taylor each about the other (April 16 and 23 Liberty), and finding them rather tame and wishy-washy, we would suggest you apply the scheme to other " pairs " in the nation who might be able to pack more punch in their opinions.

You might team Roosevelt and Garner; Farley and Hamilton; Lewis and Green; or countless other combinations. How about it?—*John Solomonson.*

TO MAKE PEOPLE THINK AND OBSERVE

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Congratulations and thanks for 32 Ways to Make a Million Dollars, by R. F. Yates (April 23 Liberty). Not that I am or will be an inventor, but to me (and probably to many others) this is a useful and attractive way to make people think and observe common events in daily life.

Moreover, this article distracts the mind from sex and crime, the two most read and written about subjects.—*Mrs. M C. H*[redacted]*oppner.*

Another New Jersey Governor Talks

SECRETS from behind the scenes of the Lindbergh-Hauptmann case were recently told in these pages by former Governor Hoffman. . . . Now his successor in office, Governor A. Harry Moore, comes to Liberty next week with another Pandora's box of surprises. Not about the murder-and-kidnap mystery. . . . Governor Moore talks on a subject much closer to the lives and welfare of Americans. . . . His title is facetious: HOW TO WIN ELECTIONS AND INFLUENCE VOTERS. . . . His mood is good-humored, although slightly acerbic. . . . But embedded in the heart of his talk is a simple hunk of dynamite. . . . There is explosive excitement in other items, too. . . . For example: HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE MAN YOU LOVE? . . . The authorship is anonymous. . . . You will quite understand the reason for that after reading the article. . . . WHY I QUIT FIGHTING has also some TNT . . . The author is the former champion, James J. Braddock, and in this frank statement he lifts a load from his chest—to quote his own words. . . . Then there is JEZEBEL'S REVENGE—A SECRET FROM BETTE DAVIS' PAST, which gives a hitherto untold picture of the early career of this lovely and talented movie actress. . . . Marcia has another set of dynamic fortunetelling memories of the Harding administration. . . . Good short stories by Phyllis Duganne, Llewellyn Hughes, and Bert Green, a thoughtful article by Arthur Garfield Hays on balancing the budget, with other features and installments of serials, a prayer experience, and another detective adventure of Ellis Parker make up a generously interesting table of contents. . . . AT DINNER one evening recently we had a charming talk with Sergei Koussevitzky. . . . The conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is a modest man of deep convictions. . . . Not only about music but the whole range of a cultured life. . . . We asked about one feature of his conducting. . . . No flamboyant gestures . . . no capers . . . great economy of gesture. . . . Yes, he said, simplicity. . . . But we could not guess how hardly that simplicity had been won. . . . He had not begun by being simple. . . . He had worked up to it painfully. . . . Koussevitzky was right. . . . It is so in everything. . . . Example: There are few mechanisms so compact and effective as the modern bicycle. . . . It did not begin that way. . . . Early bicycles were preposterously complicated and ineffective. . . . Only through long years did inventors find their painful way to simplicity. . . . This issue of Liberty is dated June 4. . . . And here is a question: . . . Who can remember what happened on June 3 of last year? . . . Well, Mrs. Wallis Warfield Simpson and the Duke of Windsor were married at Château de Cande. . . . And [illegible]? . . . Amelia Earhart started out with Captain Fred Noonan on a world flight from which neither was to return. . . . And on June 17, ten years ago, Miss Earhart flew across the Atlantic Ocean, from Trepassey, Newfoundland, to Burry Estuary, Wales. . . . The first woman to cross the Atlantic. . . . She made the trip in 20 hours and 49 minutes, flying with Wilmer Stultz as pilot and Louis Gordon as mechanic. . . . We were proud to have Amelia Earhart write for Liberty, proud to have her friendship. . . . Ten years have gone . . . and one year has gone. . . . *Vale*, Earhart! . . . Now to look forward a few days. . . . Some years ago the Florists and Flower Growers Telegraph Delivery Association started a good movement. . . . They named June 10 as National Flower Shut-In Day. . . . On that day florists sent a gift of flowers to every permanent "shut-in" in the United States and Canada. . . . We understand that abuse led to its discontinuance, although individual florists continue the practice. . . . We hope some day that the abuses can be eliminated and the whole idea carried out. . . . Leonzo Frumble writes: "I think somebody should explain to France and Great Britain the difference between 'cool heads' and cold feet." . . . Received in the mail a copy of THE CRUTCH, a weekly publication just started by a staff composed of victims of anterior poliomyelitis (infantile paralysis), all Warm Springs patients. . . . The paper has been started with the objective of keeping up the fine work at Warm Springs. . . .

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty-*for Liberals with Common Sense*

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

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2 teaspoons of Powdered Sugar
Juice of 1 large Lemon
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Shake well with cracked ice and strain into a tall glass. Add cube of ice, fill up with club soda and stir well. Decorate with maraschino cherry and slice of orange.

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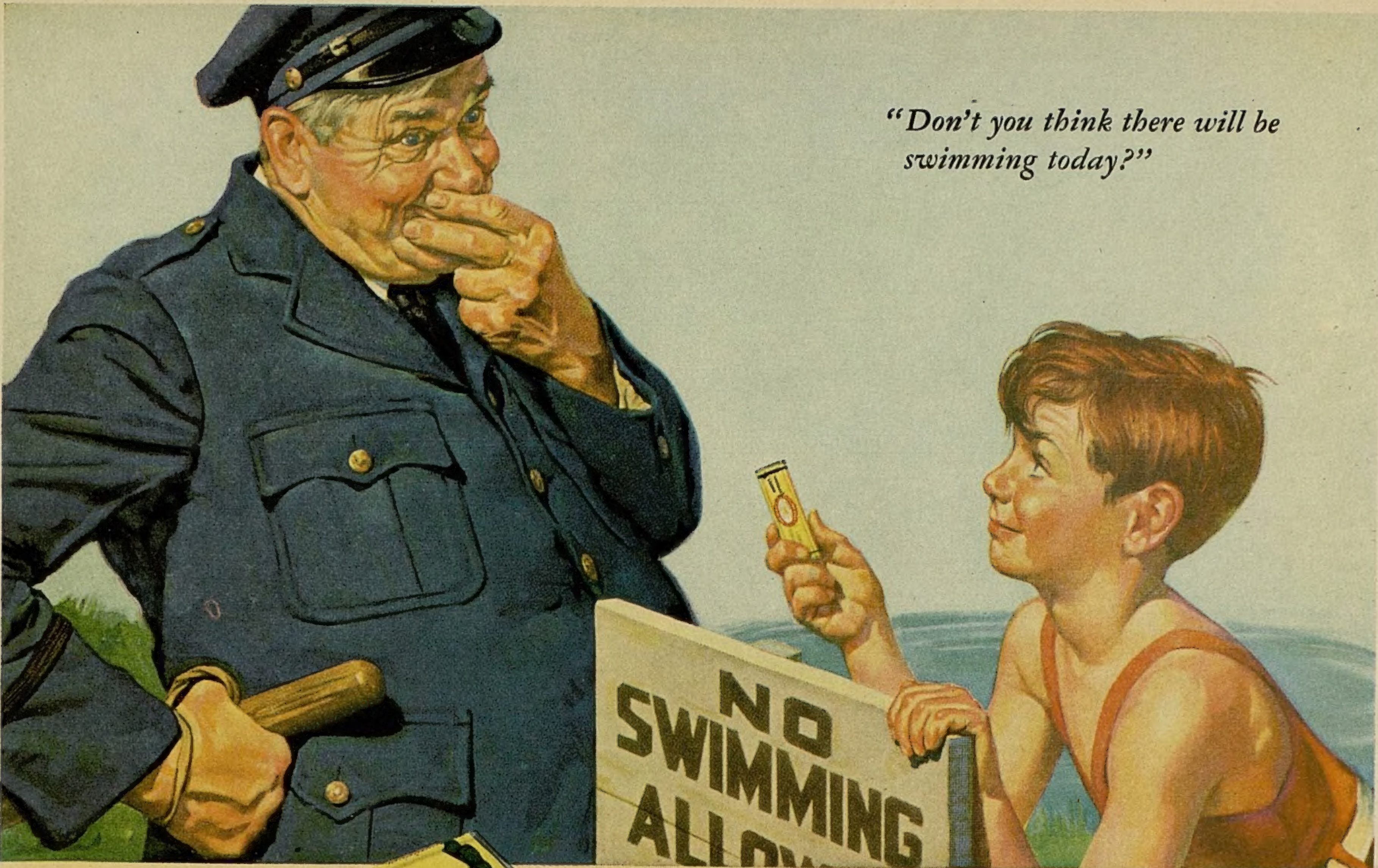
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Beech-Nut Peppermint Gum is so good it's the most popular flavor of gum in America. Beech-Nut Spearmint has a richness you're sure to enjoy.

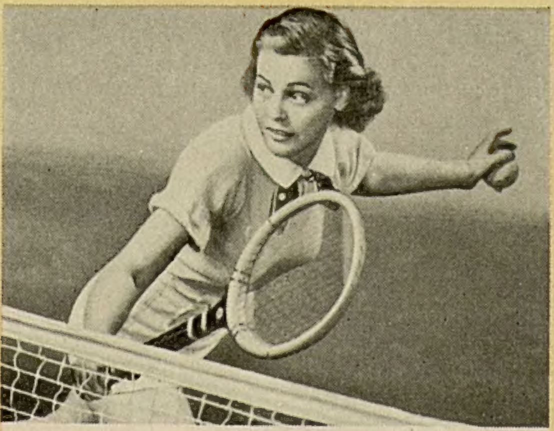
3 KINDS OF BEECHIES

A package full of candy-coated individual pieces of gum...in three flavors...Peppermint, Pepsin and Spearmint...select the kind you like.

"CHEW WITH A PURPOSE"

Oralgene helps keep teeth clean and fresh-looking.

WHEN WORK PILES UP... and you're under pressure there's real relief from tension in the use of Beech-Nut Gum! Tests in a large university show that chewing gum helps lessen fatigue... improve alertness and mental efficiency. Have a package handy.



WHENEVER YOU PLAY... gum helps keep you "on your game," it aids in steadying your nerves... helps keep mouth and throat moist. When you are driving the car Beech-Nut Gum not only adds to your pleasure but it helps you stay awake and alert.

THE USE OF CHEWING GUM... gives your mouth, teeth and gums beneficial exercise... Beech-Nut Oralgene is specially made for this purpose. It is firmer, "chewier" and a definite help in giving your mouth the exercise it needs.